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11

THE
GLEANER.

A

MISCELLANEOUS PRODUCTION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By CONSTANTIA.

Judith Sargent Murray

Slow to condemn, and seeking to commend,
Good sense will with deliberation scan;
To trivial faults unwilling to descend,
If Virtue gave, and form'd the general plan.

VOL. I.

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Dedication.

TO

JOHN ADAMS, L.L.D.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH I am aware, that by electing for my humble productions a patronage so distinguished, I hazard the accusation of presumption, I rest confident that your candour will ascribe my temerity to the best possible motive.

THAT benignity and dignified affability, which is perhaps inseparable from a truly noble mind, may be compared to the lucid veil, that, thrown around the orient beam, accommodates to our imbecile gaze those splendors, which might otherwise dazzle and confound; we trace with enkindling ardor the mildly attempered radiance, we learn to appreciate its worth, and spontaneously we bless its genial path.

To dwell with accumulating energy upon the pleasing past, is one of the appropriate felicities of reason; and, amid the review of other times, retrospection frequently presents to my mental eye, a period which memory piously consecrates, when, privileged by an opportunity of contemplating

contemplating the President, during the white moments of social pleasure, the domestic virtues collected and embodied, were exemplified with uncommon lustre; and while the recollection of his philanthropic manners, and uniform elevation, gives me to mark with additional complacency, the ascendancy he hath so meritoriously obtained in the public mind, I regard the authority to inscribe these volumes to him among the most elating circumstances of my life.

WERE I to indulge the genuine language of my heart, it would be a task of no ordinary description, to circumscribe within due bounds those expansive effusions resulting from admiration of his character, and from affectionate gratitude for the very essential services he hath rendered to a country, that may consider his birth as an era in her annals, and that justly places this event among her highest honours.

THE homage we yield to eminent abilities, and luminous rectitude, can never involve the charge of singularity; for genius, elevated by virtue and unimpeached integrity, adorned by literature, elegance and taste, have in all ages commanded the esteem and veneration of mankind: but although I might plead the sanction of numerous and respectable examples, I cannot,

not, however, discern the utility of essaying to prove, that the majesty of day illumines our world, or that his salutary influence, like some gladdening deity, diffuses over the face of nature, consistency, harmony, and unrivalled beauty.

THAT America has looked up to you, Sir, as her second hope, is a truth which carries in its bosom a panegyric upon your virtues more impressive, than if an angel had pronounced your eulogy ; and while our fervid benedictions must ever follow the retiring Chief, whose guardian care conducted our benighted footsteps over paths untried and perilous, to a brilliant morning, the refulgent dawn of which is regarded as the harbinger of a glorious meridian, we hail with ardent expectancy his patriotic successor, who, like another Elisha, clothed in the sacred vestments of authority, inherits a full proportion of that spirit, which rested upon him, who, emancipating his country from unwarrantable usurpations, will ever be recognised as her DELIVERER : Thus, in the same moment that to the name of Washington, respectful gratitude, bending over the unperishing record of his illustrious acts, establishes in the Columbian bosom her eternal monuments ; we exult in an ADAMS, whose transcendent tal-

ents, and whose vigilance, are fully adequate to the emergencies and the dangers of a **FREE GOVERNMENT**; whose wisdom and magnanimity will firmly guide the helm of State; who, although contending storms may assail, and the big waves of opposition may lash the bark, will pursue with unwavering intrepidity, his destined way; while rectitude his chart, and experience his compass, he must assuredly make the broad and ample harbour of Security.

YES, Sir, I indulge a hope that your name may not only shield me from the oblivion I dread, but possibly confer a degree of celebrity, to which my own merit may not furnish a title; yet whatever is the fate of pretensions originating perhaps in arrogance, may you, Sir, pursue your course with ever new effulgence. The guardian of a nation's weal, you will watch over us for good. May you long continue to direct, enliven, and invigorate; and may your parting moments set serenely bright.

I HAVE, Sir, the honour to be, with every sentiment of esteem and veneration,

Your most obedient,

And very humble Servant,

CONSTANTIA.

BOSTON, March 15, 1797.

PREFACE to the READER.

MY Readers will not call my veracity in question, when I assure them that I am ardently anxious for their approbation. A lover of humanity, I do not remember the period when I was not solicitous to render myself acceptable to all those who were naturally or adventitiously my associates. Had I possessed ability, I should have advanced every individual of my species to the highest state of felicity, of which the present scene is susceptible; but circumscribed within very narrow bounds, I have, I had almost said momentarily, been reduced to the necessity of lamenting the inefficacy of my wishes. Yet this my *ruling passion*, a fondness to stand well in the opinion of the world, having given a prevalent hue to every important action of my life, hath operated powerfully upon my ambition, stimulated my efforts, and implanted in my bosom an invincible desire to present myself before a public which I reverence, irresistibly impelling me to become a candidate for that complacency we naturally feel toward those persons, or that performance, which hath contributed to our emolument, or even amusement.

My desires are, I am free to own, aspiring—perhaps presumptuously so. I would be distinguished

guished and respected by my contemporaries ; I would be continued in grateful remembrance when I make my exit ; and I would descend with celebrity to posterity.

HAD I been mistress of talents for an achievement so meritorious, my first object in writing would have been the information and improvement of my readers ; nor will I deny that a pleasing hope plays about my heart, suggesting a possibility of my becoming in some small degree beneficial to those young people, who, just entering the career of life, may turn, with all the endearing ardour of youthful enthusiasm, to a *New Book*, to an *American Author* ; and while with partial avidity they pursue the *well intended* pages, they may select a hint, or treasure up a remark, which may become useful in the destined journey of life.

BUT vanity, in the most extravagant moments of her triumph, having never flattered me with the capability of conveying instruction to those, whose understandings have passed the age of adolescence, my view has only been to *amuse* ; and if I can do this without offending, I shall be honoured with a place in some gentle bosom where I should else have been unknown ; I shall obtain a portion of esteem, and my *ruling passion* will be thus far gratified.

To have presented a finished or perfect production, (such is my fondness for literary fame) I would gladly have relinquished my *present mode of existence* ; nay, more—I would have laboured for the completion.

tion of such a composition through a long succession of lengthening years, although my life had been a scene of *penury* and *hardship*.

WITH such sentiments I shall not be suspected of writing hastily or carelessly. The truth is, I have penned every essay as cautiously as if I had been assured my reputation rested solely upon that single effort: yet defects of almost every description may too probably occur; the Grammarian, the Rhetorician, the Poet, these may all trace such palpable deviations from the given standard, as may render me, in their opinion, an unpardonable offender against the rules of language, and the elegance and graces of style. Possibly too, thus laid open to all the severity of criticism, I may be arraigned, tried and condemned; and in this case it is certainly true, that I am preparing for myself the severest pangs. But, be this as it may, I rest assured, that the feelings of the Moralist being in no instance wounded, he will accept with complacency my efforts in the common cause, and humanely shield me from those shafts which might otherwise transfix my peace.

HAVING, in the concluding Essay, given my reasons for assuming the masculine character, I have only further to observe, that those who admit the utility of conveying instruction and amusement by allegory or metaphor, and who allow the propriety of giving a tongue to the inanimate world, and speech to the inferior orders of the creation, will not object to the liberty I have taken. It is
superfluous

superfluous to add, that allegory and fable are not only authorized by the best moral writers, but are also sanctioned by holy writ.

I CANNOT urge in defence of my temerity, that the importunity of friends hath drawn me forth—certainly not. But, worthy reader, I repeat that I have been animated, in this my arduous pursuit, *by a desire to be introduced to thee, by a wish to make one in the number of thy friends. I am solicitous to obtain an establishment in the bosom of virtue*—I would advance my claim to the sweetly soothing strains of just applause; and I would secure for myself, and for my infant daughter, (should our future exigencies require it) thy amity and thy patronage.

IF thou proceedest through the volumes before thee, we shall pass on together through many a page; the sentiments of my heart will be unreservedly portrayed; and I fondly persuade myself that thou wilt, without reluctance, embrace in the arms of thy complacency, thy most obedient, and sincerely devoted friend, and very humble servant,

CONSTANTIA.

BOSTON, March 16, 1797.

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THE GLEANER.

N^o. I.

Yes, I confess I love the paths of fame,
And ardent wish to glean a brightening name.

OBSERVING in the general preface, published in the *December Magazine*,* a hint which I have construed into a desire to increase the number of your miscellaneous correspondents; and, stimulated by the delicate reproof upon literary indolence, which that elegant exordium contains, I feel myself, while sitting quite at my leisure, on this evening of January 27th, 1792, strongly incited by my *good or bad genius*—the event must determine the character of the spright which is goading me on, to take into my serious consideration, the solicitation which in said preface is so modestly urged, and which squares so wonderfully well with my ideas of the reason and fitness of things.

Not that I shall aim at palming myself upon the public, for a son of literature, a votary of the nine, or a dabbler in wit. I have no pretension to any of these characters. I am *rather* a plain man, who, after spending the day in making provision for my little family, sit myself comfortably down by a clean hearth, and a good fire, enjoying, through these long evenings, with an exquisite

* The reader is requested to remember, that the Essays which compose this First Volume were written purposely for the *Monthly Museum*, in which they originally appeared; and that they now stand precisely in the order, and nearly in the manner, in which they were first presented.

quisite zest, the pleasures of the hour, whether they happen to be furnished by an amusing tale, a well written book, or a social friend. Possibly I might have jogged on to the end of my journey, in this sober, tranquil manner : but alas, for some time past, I think, as near as I can remember, ever since the commencement of your Magazine, I have been seized with a violent desire to become a writer. To combat this unaccountable itch for scribbling, it is in vain that I have endeavoured ; it follows me through all the busy scenes which the day presents ; it is my constant accompaniment in every nocturnal haunt ; and it often keeps me waking, when, I verily believe, but for this restless desire, I might enjoy, in the fullest latitude, every blessing which hath ever yet been ascribed to sleep.

The many comprehensive titles, and alluring signatures, which have from time to time embellished your Magazine, have well-near captivated my reason ; and among many *et ceteras*, which might be enumerated, the following appellations have had for me peculiar charms : An ample field seemed opening in the title page of the *General Observer* ; the name *Philo* appeared replete with studious lore ; the *Politician* was indefatigable for the good of the nation ; the *Philanthropist* bled sympathy ; and with the *Rivulet* I was enraptured. At the bar of fancy, many a title for my intended essays hath been tried, and hath been successively condemned. A variety of signatures have been deliberately adopted, and as deliberately displaced, until my pericranium hath been nearly turned with thinking. Unfortunately, with my wish to commence author, originated also, a most inordinate ambition, and an insatiable thirst for applause. In whatever line I made my appearance, I was solicitous to stand unequalled.—I would be Cesar, or I would be nothing. The smoothness of Addison's page, the purity, strength and correctness of Swift, the magic numbers of Pope
—these

—these must all veil to me. The Homers and Virgils of antiquity, I would rival ; and, audacious as I am, from the Philenia's of the present age, I would arrogantly snatch the bays. Strange as is this account, it is nevertheless true. And, moreover, all these wild extravagancies have been engendered in a brain, which it may be, doth not possess abilities adequate to the furnishing a paragraph in a common newspaper ! My case, I assure you, Gentlemen, hath been truly pitiable, while, for three years past, I have been struggling with an inflatus, which hath been almost irresistible. Reason, however, aided, as I said, by a conviction of inferiority, hath hitherto restrained me ; but your last preface hath done the business—it hath interested my feelings, and induced *even reason* to enlist under the banners of temerity—the fire thus long pent up, cannot now be smothered, but acquiring, from its confinement, additional fervour, it at length produces me a candidate for that applause, by a prospect of which, you are solicitous to engage your readers in the arduous pursuit of fame.

Thus resolved, the die is cast, and this ungovernable mania admits of one only remedy. But having once made up my mind to write, an appellation is the next thing to be considered ; for as to subjects, my sanguine hopes assure me they will follow of course. A writer of facetious memory, hath represented his dear Jenny, when she could not obtain the tissued robe, as meekly assuming the humblest garb which frugality could furnish. I am fond of respectable examples, and I have humility enough to be influenced by them.

My title having much exercised my mind, and being convinced that any considerable achievements are beyond my grasp, upon mature deliberation I have thought best to adopt, and I do hereby adopt, the name, character, and avocation of a GLEANER ; and this appellation, I do freely confess, gives a full and complete

complete idea of my present amazingly curtailed views.

Here pride suggests a question, What is any modern scribbler better than a Gleaner? But, I very *sagaciously* reply, Let my brethren and sisters of the quill characterize themselves; I shall not thus, upon the very threshold of the vocation of my election, enter the lists.

The truth is, I am very fond of my title: I conceive that I shall find it in many respects abundantly convenient; more especially, should an accusation of plagiarism be lodged against me, my very *title* will plead my apology; for it would be indeed pitiful if the opulent reaper, whose granaries are confessedly large, and variously supplied, should grudge the poor Gleaner what little he industriously collects, and what, from the richness and plenty of his ample harvest, he can never want.

With diligence then, I shall ransack the fields, the meadows, and the groves; each secret haunt, however sequestered, with avidity I shall explore; deeming myself privileged to crop with impunity a hint from one, an idea from another, and to aim at improvement upon a sentence from a third. I shall give to my materials whatever texture my fancy directs; and, as I said, feeling myself entitled to toleration, as a Gleaner, in this expressive name I shall take shelter, standing entirely regardless of every charge relative to property, originality, and every thing of this nature, which may be preferred against me.

Mean time, should any of the Parnassian girls, or his godship Apollo, or any other genius, sylph, or gnome, of legendary or fairy ancestry, fond of encouraging a young beginner, throw into my basket an *unbroken sheaf*, you may depend upon it that I will assay to form the valuable original, with all the care, accuracy and skill which close thinking, deep study, and an ardent desire to excel, can bestow; and you may farther

ther assure yourselves, that when thus highly wrought, I shall haste to present the precious gift, a fit offering at the shrine of the Massachusetts Magazine. Thus having, as far as it lays with me, adjusted preliminaries, I propose myself, Gentlemen, as a candidate for a place in your Magazine. If my pretensions are judged inadmissible, presiding in your respectable divan, you have but to wave your oblivious wand, and I am *forever* silenced. I confess, however, that I have no violent inclination to see the Gleaner among your list of acknowledgments to correspondents, set up as a mark for the shafts of wit, however burnished they may be.

You, Gentlemen, possess the specific at which I have already hinted, and by which I may be radically cured; and if this attempt is really as absurd as I am even now, at times, inclined to think it, your non-insertion of, and silence thereto, will operate as effectually as the severest reprehension, and will be regarded by the Gleaner as a judgment from which there is no appeal.

N^o. II.

Whether o'er meadows, or through groves I stray,
Industry points her broad directing ray;
With care I glean, e'en in the well trod field,
The scatter'd fragments it perchance may yield.

TO the Editors of the Massachusetts Magazine I make my best *congee*, and without any further prefatory address, I shall, in future, produce my piece-meal commodities, fresh as I may happen to collect them.

Bless me! cried Margarett, while, in the hope of meeting something from the pen of Philenia, she threw her fine eyes in a cursory manner over the index to the February Magazine. But pray, it may

be asked, who is *Margaretta*? Curiosity is, without doubt, a useful if not a laudable propensity; and, if it is the parent of many evils, it is but fair to acknowledge, that it hath also among its numerous sons and daughters some extremely well favoured children. Curiosity hath given birth to the most arduous pursuits; its achievements have been of the greatest utility; and without this stimulus we should have great reason to fear an universal stagnation in every branch of knowledge. Moreover, this same curiosity comforts, at this present, very exactly with my feelings; for the question—Pray, who is *Margaretta*? involves a subject upon which I expatiate with infinite satisfaction, and upon which I have never yet lost an opportunity of being loquaciously communicative.

At the close of the late war, when I was an idle young fellow, fond of indulging myself in every luxury which the small patrimony that descended to me from a very worthy father, would permit, I conceived an invincible desire of becoming a spectator of the felicity which I imagined the inhabitants of South-Carolina, particularly the suffering metropolis of that State, would experience on their emancipation from a succession of evils, which, for a period of seven years, had continued to occupy their minds, giving them to taste deeply of every calamity consequent upon a war, conducted in that part of our country with almost unparalleled barbarity. I had early connected myself in the bands of wedlock with a young woman of a mild and conceding disposition, who sincerely loved me, and who, accommodating herself even to my caprices, hath made it the study of her life, when she could not convince my judgment, however rational her arguments in her own estimation, to bend to my purposes her most approved wishes.

When I announced my intention of visiting South-Carolina, she could not forbear suggesting some economical ideas; but upon a declaration that I was determined to execute my plan, she submitted.

mitted with that kind of acquiescence, which our sex is so fond of considering as the proper characteristic of womanhood. For a progress then of many hundred miles, in a one horse chaise, we commenced our journey; we intended to pass on by easy stages; and, moreover, we were accompanied by one of the patriotic exiled citizens of Charleston, with whom, during a struggle which associated the remotest subjects of the union, we had contracted an intimate acquaintance. The kindness of this gentleman, who was well mounted, serving us as a relay, we proceeded expeditiously enough; and I do not remember that I ever in my life passed my time more agreeably. Many scenes novel and interesting, prospects extensive, and views truly picturesque, arrested our attention; and were I not hasting to give a solution to the reader's question, I might perhaps amuse him very tolerably, in the descriptive line, through two or three pages close printing; but in a course of publications, I may possibly again recur to exhibitions which pleased me so highly at the time, when I may be more at leisure to glean whatever flower recollection may furnish.

On our arrival in Charleston we found our most sanguine expectations answered; the joy of the liberated citizens was unbounded—it was beyond description; nor can I give a better idea of their satisfaction than by pronouncing it in exact proportion to, and fully commensurate with, their preceding sufferings. Our companion, however, was, by the same unwarrantable measures which had wrecked many a princely fortune, stripped of his whole inheritance; so that being entire strangers in Charleston, we were necessitated to provide ourselves with hired lodgings.

Our landlady was a widow of reputation, whose house was frequented only by people of the utmost circumspection. The second day after our arrival, as the good woman was pouring the tea, which
we

we had chosen for breakfast, a gentle tap at the door drew our attention. My wife, who is in fact the pink of civility, was mechanically rising to open it, when she was prevented by our hosts, who cried, Sit down, Madam, it is nobody but the child. My dear Mary, who is extravagantly fond of children, catching at the sound, eagerly replied, "Then, Madam, you have a young family." "No, Madam," returned the hosts, "it is long since my young folks have been grown up about me; but this little creature belongs to an unfortunate lodger of mine, who is continually weeping over her, and who I am afraid will not long be an inhabitant of this bad world; indeed I suppose her present errand is occasioned by some new distress of her mother's, for the pretty thing is wonderfully sensible for such a mere baby." My poor wife, in whose composition humanity is the paramount ingredient, instantly found her benevolence engaged; all her tender feelings took the alarm; and, precipitately quitting her chair, in a tremulous voice she exclaimed, "Pray, Madam, neglect not the unfortunate sick person for us; I can fill the tea, and I beseech you to admit the little petitioner." The good woman, pronouncing a panegyric upon the tenderness of my wife's disposition, forthwith threw open the door, when a little female, apparently about ten years of age, presented herself; she was beautiful as innocence, and her figure was of that kind, which seems formed to interest every benign principle of the soul; which is calculated to invigorate, even in the bosom of the most phlegmatic, the latent sparks of pity, although nearly smothered there.

"Oh Mrs. Thrifty!" exclaimed the heart affecting pleader, "will you not come to my mamma? will you not give her some more of them blessed drops which yesterday made her so much better? she is—indeed she is"—Here, casting her eyes toward us, whom her concern had before prevented her from seeing, and who were regarding her with a mixture of pity and admiration,

admiration, a modest blush tinged her cheek, which, even at that early age, had been too often washed by the tear of sorrow; and, bursting into an agony of grief, she remained silent. "Go on, Margaretta, said Mrs. Thrifty; let us know what new complaint you have to make; this gentleman and lady are very good, and will excuse you." Mary took the hand of the weeping cherub, and drawing her to her, imprinted upon her humid cheek one of those balmy kisses which she is always ready to bestow upon the young proficient, thus early enlisted under the banners of misfortune. "Mrs. Thrifty says right, my dear, every body will love and pity you; tell us, how is your mamma?" The child, hanging upon the arm of my wife, expressed by her intelligent eyes a thousand mingling sensations; surprise, love, gratitude, and a corrected kind of joy, seemed to grow at once in her soul; and, bowing upon the hand of Mary in a perturbed manner, she spontaneously expressed the involuntary emotions of her bosom: "Oh my dear lady, will you not see my mamma? certainly you can make her well, and she is indeed very sick; I thought this morning she would speak to me no more—she looked so pale—and was so long before she bid me repeat my morning hymn: Oh if my poor mamma should die—I cannot—indeed I cannot stay here."

Mary, it will not be doubted, bent her utmost efforts to soothe the sweet mourner. But not to dwell longer upon a subject, on which it will perhaps be thought I have already too much enlarged, it shall suffice to say, that, through the good offices of her little friend, Mary soon procured an introduction into the chamber of the sick—that, feelings, which at first originated in compassion for the charming child, meliorated into a sympathetic kind of amity—and that, for the course of one week, she passed a very large proportion of her time in endeavouring to mitigate the calamities of the suffering matron.

ron. Her assiduities, however, were not crowned with the salutary effects she wished ; the patient, it was but too apparent, was hastening on to the hour of her dissolution ; her disorder was a regular decline ; the shafts of a deep-rooted and incurable grief, must, of necessity, be unerring ; and it was evident, that in the bosom of the fair afflicted, corroding sorrow had infix'd its envenomed tooth. My wife often recommended a resignation to, and reliance on, the dispositions of a paternal God ; but the dying woman shook her head, and continued her pity moving sighs : And about ten days after our abode at Mrs. Thrifty's, the poor lady recovering from a fainting fit, during which it was supposed she had breathed her last, summoned us into her apartment, and, consigning Margareta to the care of Mrs. Thrifty, she thus addressed us :—

“ You see before you, my friends—for friends, short as is the interval in which I have known you, a number of concurring circumstances evinces you, in the most exalted sense of the term, to be ; but you are uniformly, I doubt not, the friends of the unfortunate, and the Searcher of all hearts knows that my claim to your regards in this character is indubitable. You see before you, I say, a very distressed woman ; for the sake of the child who is just gone from me, I will briefly recount to you the outlines, if I may so express myself, of my life. She is not, as she supposes, my daughter—I never was a mother—I was the eldest of two sisters, who saw ourselves reduced from affluence to penury ; we were orphans, and we were, by the rapacious hand of unexampled fraud, despoiled of our patrimony ; our mutual affection, however, survived ; and, upon the altar which our misfortunes had erected, we exchanged vows of eternal amity. To a small town in the environs of London we retired, endeavouring to shelter our defenceless heads, and to seek from honest industry, that support, of which, by faithless trustees, we had been robbed.

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"My sister was addressed by a young man, whom I conceived altogether unworthy of her ; for the pride of my heart was yet unsubdued ; she, however, notwithstanding all my remonstrances, persisted in encouraging the pursuit of young Melworth ; while, so rooted was my aversion, so impassioned my declarations, and so unyielding the anger which deformed my soul, that I rashly protested, the hour which made them one, should fix between us an everlasting bar, and that I would on no account, after such an event, hold with her the smallest intercourse. Their marriage nevertheless took place, and to my sister's entreaties for a restoration of our former amities, my obdurate heart continued insensible.

"About this time, Captain Arbuthnot made his appearance in our village ; a tender friendship grew between us ; it meliorated into love, and he, in some sort, supplied to me the place of my lost sister : Hymen sanctified our union, and I esteemed myself the happiest of women.

"Of my sister, I knew but little ; common fame indeed informed me, that she was satisfied with her connexion, that her circumstances were easy, that she had given birth to one daughter, and with this intelligence I was well enough contented. It is true, I was, by private whispers, assured that she pined after a reconciliation, and that she had often been heard to say, that a renewal of our once warm and glowing attachment, was the only remaining requisite which was yet wanting to complete her felicity. Still, however, I was unmoved ; and I verily believed that every tender sentiment, in regard to my sister, was eradicated from my bosom. It was at this juncture that I accompanied Captain Arbuthnot in a journey of some months ; and on my return, being upon a visit, among other occurrences which were retailed to me, I learned that Mr. Melworth, having engaged on board a ship which had foundered at sea, every life had been lost ; and that Mrs. Melworth,
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whose health was before in a declining state, was fast sinking under this calamitous event. The feelings of nature, were now, as by a shock of electricity, instantly roused. Unspeakable was the agony of my soul ! with the utmost speed I hastened to her abode ; but alas ! I was only in time to receive her last sighs ! the dart which my unkindness had aimed at her peace, urged by a stroke so fatal, deeply transfixed her spirit, and she was absolutely expiring a martyr to the severity of her fate. Yet, ere she breathed her last, she bequeathed her little Margaretta to my care. The sweet infant, then only two years old, intuitively, as it should seem, threw her arms about my neck, while in the presence of Heaven, and in the hearing of her departing mother, I solemnly swore never to forsake her ; and, since that hour, to shelter, to soothe, to restrain, and to direct my lovely charge, hath been the prime object of my life ; but, yet a little while, and I shall be here no more. Oh thou fainted shade of my much wronged Margaretta ! may my death, so similar to thy own, expiate my injustice to thee, thou first, most indulgent, and mildest of women.

“ In one of the regiments stationed in Ireland, and in the year eighty-one ordered to America, Captain Arbuthnot had a command ; he was now my only friend, and with my little orphan, who imagined us her real parents, I resolved to follow his fortunes. We had been induced to suppose that ease and affluence awaited us here ; that the country was subdued, and that nothing remained for us but to take possession of the forfeited lands ; but we have been miserably deceived. Landing in this city, upon the third of June, as early as the seventh of the same month, the troops marched under the command of Lord Rawdon, encountering inconceivable difficulties, in a rapid progress beneath the intense rays of a burning sun, through the whole extent of the State. My unfortunate husband fell a victim to the climate, and to the wounds which he received in the engagement, which

which took place near Shubrick's plantation. Need the rest be told?—Upon the evacuation of Charleston, I was unable to embark with the troops. For my little Margaretta, my last sigh will be breathed; it is for her, as I said, my humane friends, that I have thus long detained you. By the injuries of which they complain, the benevolent feelings of the inhabitants of this city are blunted—what can I do? strangers as you are, I solicit your advice—was she but provided for, my passage out of time would be easy; for, with regard to myself, I know no prospect so pleasing, as a speedy reunion with my Henry and my much injured sister." Mary cast upon me her intelligent eyes; I understood the reference, and I hastily replied, If, Madam, your confidence in us is sufficient to calm your mind, you may make yourself entirely easy about your girl; for, from this moment, we jointly invest ourselves with the guardianship of the little orphan, and we promise to consider her as the child of our affection. This was enough; the matron yielded up her spirit without a remaining regret; and, after assisting at her obsequies, we returned home, well pleased with our new acquisition.

N^O. III.

To catch the moments as they rapid fly;
 To send them mark'd and gild'd to the sky;
 Fraught with the incense diligence extracts,
 Which still improves, and not one hour protracts;
 This is the hyblean art, whose honied sweets
 From circling angels glad acceptance meets.

"**B**LESS me!" cried Margaretta, "as I live, here is, in this Magazine, a publication entitled the Gleaner!" As she spoke, she bent her lovely face toward me, in order the more attentively to observe what effect this information produced in the lines of

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my countenance, I endeavoured to preserve my accustomed gravity. Margaretta interrogated—"Dear Sir, did I not lately hear you say, that if you ever appeared in the world as an author, you would certainly be known by this appellation?" I was still silent—Margaretta continued,—“I protest, Sir, I am sorry you are forestalled, for I had promised myself a fund of improvement, whenever you should employ your talents as a writer: I expected also, much entertainment from the various conjectures which I imagined would have been hazarded, relative to the real character of the Gleaner, and I was positive, that from the commendations which would undoubtedly have been bestowed upon my best friend, I should have experienced some of the finest sensations of which my gratefully dutious heart is susceptible.” I saw that having entered upon a subject that her ingenuity never fails of rendering sufficiently copious, she would so manage it, as to prattle on, till her tender volubility had made of me the fool, into which it is always in her power, (my boasted equanimity notwithstanding) to convert me. I judged it proper, therefore, to stop her in her career, and drawing my pipe from my mouth, I hastily exclaimed—I tell you, child—I tell you, Miss Melworth, that the universe containeth not so vile an assassin of our best purposes, so detestable a murderer of time, as that hangdog scoundrel—*Procrastination*. The poet was too cool when he pronounced him only a thief; for he who steals a commodity, may turn it to his own use, reaping thereby, at least a temporary advantage; whereas this same Procrastination, is in no sort benefited by what he seizes, since he absolutely ingulfs, nay annihilates, the precious moments upon which he lays his torpid paw; or, in other words, I aver, that even in the most virtuous bosom, every principle of firmness evaporates at his corrosive touch, and that his fangs are more deadly than the most mortal pestilence, for from the death which he inflicts, there

there is no resurrection. Had I, immediately on my election, engaged in a composition of some kind or other, (for the versatility of the title allows the utmost latitude) had I forthwith sent it forward to the Editors, I should thus have secured, by appropriation, the designation of my choice; but what regrets can redeem the past? read it, however, my dear, and let us profit by every means.

The reader will remember that at the time of this confab, the second number of the Gleaner was not written.

Margaretta read, and when she had finished the piece, I proceeded, without commenting thereon, to harangue the good girl, and Mary my wife (though I must confess, that few females stand less in need of lecturing) upon the value of time, upon the necessity of seizing it by the forelock, &c. &c. &c. And indeed is there a more estimable gem, a pearl of more intrinsic worth, than that quota of days, which is committed to every hand? and, since by grasping the moments we cannot detain them, since when once they have winged their flight, it is only by reflection that they are known, what industrious lapidaries ought we to be, that so their radiant influence may emit the most superb and lengthening beams of light. I have long been a warm admirer of that Roman Emperor, who is represented as lamenting in so impassioned a manner, the loss of a single day; and in truth, he could not possibly have been furnished with a more rational cause of regret; for, had he been robbed of his possessions, as an individual, the wheel of fortune is still revolving, and his ancient patrimony might have once more been established; were his vast dominions in any part dismembered, armed for conquest, he might have gone forth, and his victorious arm might possibly have reunited the severed district; was he deprived of the choicest of his friends, with the gods they still remained, and futurity would doubtless restore

restore them ; but alas ! the lapse of time he could never overtake, its course must be ever progressive, no hand can roll back its career. Neither Joshua nor Hezekiah, though they may justly be deemed Heaven's first favourites, though the condescending Deity propitiously bending his ear to the prayer of their supplications, added whole years to the life of the one, investing the other with full power to arrest and suspend the operations of nature, giving the sun at his command to stand still upon Mount Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon, yet they could not so far prevail with their God, as to induce him to recal a single moment which had passed by.

If then, time is a good, which when gone is beyond redemption, utterly and altogether irretrievable, the wonder is, that we are so little attentive to its waste that in its regulations and distribution we economize so little ! I have thought, that if parsimony is ever tolerated, it ought to be in the disposition of time, and that the generous hand, when employed in apportioning the moments, may with propriety be accounted under the direction of virtue. It is strange to hear from the mouth of one who murders above half the hours, by consigning them to oblivious sleep, a complaint of the shortness of time, and yet nothing is more frequent. Six hours in four and twenty, devoted to sleep, when the constitution is naturally good, is said, by the most eminent physicians, to be fully adequate to every purpose of health. If we have accustomed ourselves, when the sun is upwards of fifteen hours above our horizon, to prostrate before the drowsy god, until the hour of eight in the morning, let us by perseverance acquire the habit of quitting our pillows at five, at a moment when the blushing face of nature is clothed in tranquillity ; when every breeze seems commissioned to invigorate the mind ; when the weary frame which the evening before sunk down languid, debilitated, and almost exhausted, is as it were renovated ; when, aided by
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fancy, we might be induced to conceive ourselves again in the morning of our days ; when every circumstance disposeth to the peaceful enjoyments of contemplation, and the most philanthropic sentiments are originated in the bosom : Let us, I say, resolutely and cheerfully embark in this *speculation*, and we shall find that three of the most delightful hours are every day gained ; that twenty-one hours are cleared in the course of one week ; and how many months may be thus added to a common life, let the expert arithmetician calculate. It is certain that sleep is a figure of death, that while wrapt in its embraces, we are in *effect* as *helpless*, and in *fact* as *unconscious* of every thing which in reality passeth upon this globe, as the body which hath been for many years entombed ; and as it is quite as possible to commit a debauch in sleeping as in eating or drinking, it must be acknowledged as an undoubted truth, that every moment thus devoted, which is more than sufficient to restore the tired faculties, is worse than lost. But it is not enough that we become careful to enrich ourselves by an accumulation of hours, an exact attention to their appropriation being to the full as requisite. It is in vain that we have amassed much property, if we lavish it in a profuse or thoughtless manner. Order should be employed as the handmaid of time ; she should mark, arrange and decorate every movement ; thus protecting from the inroads of confusion, which would engulf even the longevity of an antediluvian.

It would be pleasant to observe the contrast between a family, the females of which were properly methodical, and economical in their distributions and expenditures of time, and one accustomed to leave every thing to the moment of necessity, to conform to no regulations, but to crowd the affairs which ought to take rank, in the different divisions of the week, into some contingency for which they are totally unprepared : The one is the habitation of

tranquillity ; it is a well ordered community ; it is a complicated machine, the component parts of which are so harmoniously organized, as to produce none but the most concordant sounds, to effectuate none but the most salutary and uniform purposes ; in short, it is a terrestrial paradise, where dwells love and unity, attended by all the blessings of contentment. While the other,—but who can delineate the other ? It is a restoration of the reign of chaos, and genuine pleasure is a stranger to its abode ; and yet, perhaps, the lady paramours of each family, are equally well meaning, good kind of women ; although the want of a little perseverance, which would aim at producing a laudable habit, presents this melancholy reverse.

I wish not, said Ernestus to Crastinatus, to entrust my only son to the fluctuating waves of the treacherous ocean ; but, in my opinion, neither Charybdis nor Scylla, though armed with all the terrors once attributed to them, is half so fatal to a young fellow, as a mind unoccupied by laudable pursuits, and that pernicious habit of idly dissipating time, which hath dashed so many high raised hopes. Why do you not take him into your counting-house, replied Crastinatus, he will certainly find full employ there, for I declare for my own part, that though I constantly retain two clerks, I am yet notwithstanding, inexpressibly fatigued by the multiplicity of attentions which my business involves. Well, I do not know how it is, returned Ernestus ; but I assure you, neighbour, upon my honour, though I have not the smallest assistance, that were it not for the amusement of reading, riding, visiting, &c. &c. &c. I could not possibly contrive to fill up time.

But the business of Crastinatus is more various, more extensive, and his avocations are more multiplied. Ernestus, it may be, moves in a more confined sphere. No such thing—the calls upon them are exactly similar, and the same line of conduct would be proper to them both ; to integrity they are equal-
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ly devoted, and equity in their dealings is alike the goal of their wishes.

But the close of every week states exactly the accounts of Ernestus; the posting of his books was, from the first, the work of every day; as often as possible he passeth receipts; and when this desideratum cannot be obtained, so precisely is debt and credit announced, that the foot of every page presents the most unerring information; the whole amount of his *possessions* he knows; every farthing for which he is indebted is in legible characters expressed, and in a very short space of time, he can estimate to a penny, what he is *really* worth; no person demands of Ernestus a second time his dues, for he never *hazards larger sums, than his capital can at any time command*; this enableth him to wear the wreath of punctuality, and he supports, unimpeached, even by the tongue of slander, the character of an honest man. The happy effects of such a mode of procedure, are too obvious to be pointed out, and Ernestus *feels* them all.

The heart of Crastinatus is equally good, but irresolution hath affixed its stamp upon his mind, and he hath not perseverance enough to break the force of habit; a demand upon Crastinatus for a settlement, throws him into the utmost confusion; his accounts have run so long, that they involve a thousand intricacies; all hands are at work to investigate; to come at truth is difficult, if not impossible; and it is a wonder if a rupture is not the consequence. When Crastinatus hath paid the great debt of nature, his affairs will lay open to the inroads of fraud, his widow and his orphan children will be the sufferers, and the probability is, that an insolvency will take place. Whereas, had he——But it is time that I recollect myself; it may be thought that I encroach too far upon a department, which may be considered as already filled. Well then, having gleaned thus much, I will only add, that a late ingenious writer would have observed—Crastinatus. “doth not work it right.”

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 N^o. IV.

But let us give the present times their due.

THERE is scarce an observer in all the parlious of contemplation, but must recollect, in some part or other of his life, to have met with spirited declamations upon the degeneracy of the times. O Tempora ! O Mores ! is an exclamation frequently in the mouths of those who inherit much, and who are, by the good and wholesome laws of their country, guaranteed the peaceable enjoyment of their ample possessions. There is a set of people who can never see a tax-bill, or attend to the requisitions of government, without mutinously, if not treacherously, running the parallel between what they term the present exorbitant demands, and the moderate charges of the British administration ; and while they are blind to the emoluments of independence, they seem to forget that *house keeping is of necessity more expensive than a residence in the dwelling of a parent or a master.* If the spirit of discontent was peculiar to these inconsiderate cavillers, it would be well ; but we are concerned to find, that it pervades all orders of men, from the philosopher down to the veriest grumbler—from the priest to the cobbler—from the aggrandized lawyer to his fleeced client—from the most enlightened physician to his suffering patient—from the statesman to the beggar—and from the liberally endowed and independent gentleman to the common day's labourer. In short, every description of people are found crying out on the depravity of the times ; and were we to give full credit to the testimony of those, who, from age to age, have taken an unaccountable pleasure in *depreciating the time being*, we should be ready to conclude, that we must at length have arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of turpitude,
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and have become adepts in every species of atrocious criminality. Yet the accusation proceeds from the lips of very respectable complainants, whose judgment, in many respects, is hardly problematical, and to whose decisions we submit perhaps with too much docility.

In order to exalt the ancients, and to render them supreme in the scale of excellence, it is customary to level the moderns; and the fame of the one is appreciated, in an exact ratio, as that of the other is undervalued.

We are told much of the *golden age*; but the most careful investigator is at a loss at what period of the world to date its epoch; since, immediately upon the expulsion of Adam from the paradise which he had forfeited, the battery of hatred and malevolence was opened; giants were abroad in the earth, and nations no sooner existed, than they learned war.

The golden age, then, with all its splendid characteristics, we are fain to consign to the region of fancy, denying it a being, but in the breath of poetic fiction, or the annals of imagination.

The superiority which we are so ready to award to the ancients, may be equally without any foundation in reality; and it is in my humble opinion probable, that their principal advantages were derived from their being first upon the stage of action. Methinks I see the blush of indignation tinge the face of the reader, and he is ready to execrate the Gleaner, for attempting to pluck from the venerable brow of antiquity the smallest twig of fame. Yet, while I reverence a prejudice, which very possibly originates in the most laudable affections, I nevertheless reply—But let us give revolving time its due. Pray, my good Sir, or Madam, if a certain opulent possessor is endowed with vast dominions, in consequence of his eldership—am I, an honest Gleaner, to whom only a few barren tracts remain, or whose lot, perhaps, it is to examine with unwearied diligence every spot of the
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the wide domain, if perchance I may glean the pittance which affluence has overlooked—am I, for this, in a judgment of unimpassioned reason, to be the less regarded? or, what principle of equity, passing sentence without a trial, will pronounce, that had I been placed precisely in the situation of the original occupier, I might not have laid out my grounds to equal advantage, supporting a character to the full as dignified, as consistent, and as becoming.

Man is ushered into being; he finds himself exposed to all the vicissitudes with which the various seasons are replete; the wintery storms are abroad; hail, rain and snow possess a power essentially to afflict him; he burns beneath a torrid zone, or he freezes beneath a frigid; in short, every thing points out to him the necessity of a shelter, and accordingly, he sinks the hollowed cavity, or he raises the thatched hut; with proper repairs, this homely dwelling would answer full as well for his successor; but his son improves thereon, and every generation adds something, till at length the finished edifice becomes complete. Now, I would ask, is not every generation entitled to its quota of praise? and since the original inventor was urged merely by necessity, and performed no more than what the beaver and other animals have frequently done, may not the *improver*, who had not this incitement, come in for his full share?

Surely the annals of antiquity record instances of barbarism in persons, when the manners were deemed highly polished, which would shock the present feelings of the most illiterate. Let us take a view of the Athenians, at an era when a state of great refinement was attributed to them, when they were, it is said, an intelligent and a learned people; let us take a seat in their theatre; let us listen while they, almost unanimously, applaud the coarse ribaldry of an Aristophanes, while they complacently attend the degradation of virtue, encouraging a rude and indelicate

icate buffoon to hold up a Socrates as a fit subject for the ridicule of the people !

But the ancients made many discoveries—very true—and is not the reason obvious ? *There was much to discover* ; moreover, necessity, as hath been before hinted, is an excellent stimulus to promptitude ; yet, in some respects, it would seem that they were vastly deficient in ingenuity : For example ; through revolving centuries they remained ignorant of the art of printing, by which they might so eligibly have transmitted to us their elaborate productions, although they could not set a foot upon the *yielding* earth, without producing an *impression* sufficient to suggest to them so valuable an idea.

The education of a modern student is by no means finished, without an extensive acquaintance with the history, learning, manners and customs of the ancients ; the best part of his life is therefore devoted to acquire this knowledge, and when thus accomplished, he finds that the age of fancy is well near fled, and that to him the door of originality seems effectually barred. The student of antiquity was not thus encumbered ; from his predecessors he had little to reap, and the volume of nature was opened before him ; yet his acquirements were often superficial, while the deepest researches, with their consequent improvements, were reserved for later ages.

How dreadful are the preparations for war, which the page of antiquity recounts ! their terrific habiliments ; their deathful chariots ; their elephants, with all the shocking apparatus ! scarcely are they exceeded by the arrangements of an American savage, and hardly are the tortures which he meditates, more fearfully tremendous. What scenes of blood and devastation doth the annals of ancient history exhibit ! how frequently are the feelings of humanity pierced to the very soul ! what fratricide ! what parricide ! while instances are not wanting of *mothers*, who wade to empire through the blood of those children, in
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whose vital stream they had, with remorseless cruelty, imbrued their hands ; sons incestuously pollute a father's bed ; and fathers, most unnaturally, snatch to their libidinous embraces the trembling female to whom they gave existence !

The government of the ancients, whether democratical, aristocratical, monarchical, simple or mixed ; all these, if examined by the eye of impartiality, the boasted wisdom of their legislators, yielding in many respects to modern improvements, will, if I mistake not, by exactly striking the balance, prove the arrangements of Deity to be equal, and manifest him distributing with a paternal hand, to every age their exact proportion of talents, endowing every division of time, with men possessing understandings alike capable of profiting by the circumstances in which they were involved. With regard to the religion of the ancients, I suppose it will be granted, that it was a heap of absurdities ; that it consisted of contradictions, impurities, and mysteries ; the character of their very deities are lewd and otherwise immoral ; with the rivalry and contention of their gods we are disgusted ; and even the history of their Jupiter is replete with crimes, that abundantly justify the ill humour of his Juno, that would have warranted the most coercive proceedings against him, for which he merited condign punishment, and which would have induced us wholly to acquit his brothers, Pluto and Neptune, (their own enormities notwithstanding) if they had, uniting their powers, precipitated him from his Olympian height, and confined him in adamant chains to the Stygian flood, or the Tartarean gulph.

But to resume the language of reason ; this fond predilection for, and preference of the ancients, is, in reality, altogether unaccountable ; it is a singular trait in the history of mankind, since, in every other instance, the persons, places and things, with which we have associated, and to which we are accustomed, possess a charm, the blandishments of which we find
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it impossible to escape : With what ardour do we remember the scenes of our youth ! upon the tablets of our breasts how indelibly is the love of the place of our nativity engraved ! what noble enthusiasm fires the patriotic mind, when the interests of his country are at stake, and how gladly would the man of filial integrity, sacrifice his fairest hours, to advance the importance of his parent soil ! More than one instance hath occurred of the most dignified characters, who have, from circumstances, been compelled to a state of banishment, breathing out their last wishes, that their remains might be conveyed to the much loved spot, there to mingle with the dust, upon the surface of which they first drew their vital breath. Indeed this attachment to country is astonishing, and not seldom doth it betray the mind into prejudices and conclusions, extravagant and unjust. But one of the most pleasing effects of this local affection is, that genuine transport which so agreeably surprises the soul, upon unexpectedly meeting, in a distant land, an acquaintance, a townsman, or even a subject of the same government ; perhaps in the streets of our own district, we should have passed him with the utmost indifference ; but absence still more endears to us every natural connexion ; reflection meliorates our ideas ; circumstances in themselves of little or no consequence, acquire a tender kind of importance ; recollection presents the scenes of home-felt enjoyment ; and though, probably, they were undistinguished by any prominent feature, by any particular refinement, or impressive softness, yet, registered in the store-house of memory, they rise up dignified and respectable claimants, they are cherished with augmenting regard, they point us to anticipated good ; and the traveller, who would once have been viewed as a stranger, standing as a memento, is embraced with the ardour of friendship.

But quitting a field, in which the Gleaner had not intended at this time to have wandered, I proceed to say, that though, as it is an article of my creed, that

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all things are in a state of progression, I cannot regard the present, *as the best of all possible times*; yet I do conceive, that at no period since the lapse of Adam, was the world in so high a state of improvement, as it is at this very instant; it is less malevolent, and more philanthropic; it is less barbarous, and more civilized; it is less vicious, and more moral; it is less rude; it evinceth an increasing share of urbanity; in short, the augmentation of its virtues is rapid, and the probability is, as progressive movements preclude a retrograde idea, that having rounded the circle, it will finally regain the point from whence it commenced its career.

Let us take a view of the present order and decency observed in society; how superior is it even to the patriarchal age: Let us attend the rise, the progress, and the termination of the hostilities of adverse nations; how multiplied are their precautions; how accumulated their manifestoes; what strict justice, or at least the semblance thereof, are the contending parties obliged to exercise; with what regularity is the whole process conducted; how great is the faith and confidence of treaties; what odium attends the infringement thereof; with what cordiality, when the sword is sheathed, do the battling heroes embrace! resentments immediately subside, and the captured and the wounded become the objects of generous and instantaneous attention; hospitals, refreshments, and a variety of solaces are prepared, and it is the pride of the foe, that the defeated warrior should receive every alleviation, of which the circumstances of his situation are susceptible. By these means so abundantly are the calamities of war softened, that military engagements, comparatively speaking, assume the form of an amicable intercourse.

The present age is justly styled the period of revolutions; let us just glance at the most prominent events. The struggles of the French nation have been, and still continue, truly interesting; the rights of man are placed in a conspicuous view; many glorious

rious exertions have been made ; they are rapidly posting on to the desired goal ; and their King, if he possesseth that genius, that philanthropy, and that patriotic glow, which the sentiments he hath avowed, and many corroborating testimonies incline us to attribute to him, while his brow is encircled with the brightening gem of real worth, will doubtless find himself embosomed in that tranquillity which conscious rectitude creates, and which all the pageantry of false greatness could never have bestowed.* But, passing on, we behold another crowned head, voluntarily, without a single hint from his subjects, divesting himself of every vestige of despotism, augustly making the good of his people the prime movement of his actions, and with an ardent and a generous enthusiasm, which will transmit his name with eternal honour to the latest posterity, hailing upon equal ground his fellow-men ; restoring to the body of the people their privileges and immunities, and once more investing them with their native and inherent rights. If we turn our eyes toward our own country, we shall acknowledge that a few years have produced the most astonishing effects : Unnatural and inadmissible claims have been made ; they have been investigated ; they have been weighed in the balance, and they have been found wanting. The genius of liberty, invigorated in this younger world, hath arrayed itself for the battle ; it hath gone forth ; it hath originated opposition ; its banner have been displayed ; it hath enlisted its worthies ; the struggle hath been arduous, but the event hath crowned us with success ; over veteran foes we have been victorious ; independence claps her wings ; peace is restored ; governments are formed ; public faith established ; and we bid fair to become a great and a happy people. Yes, governments are formed ; and what hath hitherto been

* The Gleaner regrets, that the deplorable catastrophe, which, since the production of the above essay, closed the virtuous life of a Prince, acknowledged amiable, hath furnished so striking a proof of the ferocity of the present times.

been deemed a solecism in politics, now becomes, to the eye of experience, a palpable reality. We are free, sovereign, and independent States, and yet we are amenable to the Federal Head. Governments within governments exist; their component parts are adequate to the purposes of jurisdiction; they are members of the national government; they are united, as it were, by a sympathetic thread, symmetry, and its concomitant harmony, presides, and federalism is the talisman of their importance. Perhaps the principles of concentration are not susceptible of close investigation; like the immortal spark by which we are animated, it takes the alarm, and flies off, when we would apply to its vital parts the instrument of dissection. Yet to the captious reasoner, the answer is as ready, as to the sophist, who asserted the nonexistence of motion, merely because he could not move in the place where he was, and it was impossible he could move where he was not; but we cannot admit his ergo, for experience proclaims that we absolutely do move, and it is a fact, that these governments, simple and complex, have, in reality, an energetic and respectable being. Thus, in this instance, we have refined upon the plans of our ancestors, and we are happily reaping the genial fruits of a wise and well concerted system. Our admirable Constitution unites the advantages which are attributed to a monarchical government, to an oligarchy, and a democracy; since sufficient power is lodged in the hands of the Chief Magistrate, to benefit the people; since an order of nobility is instituted, an order, to which all our worthies may pretend—the order of *Virtue*—which, in truth, is alone ennobling; and since the career being open to all, we may with democratical equality pursue the splendid prize.

It is with glad complacency we mark the honours which encircle the head of our immortal Chief; we congratulate our countrymen, that they have, to the utmost of their power, with becoming unanimity agreed to reward his patriotic worth; that, investing

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him with due authority, they have reposed in his revered bosom the highest confidence ; that, superior to the narrow politics of the Athenians (the splendour of his character notwithstanding) they prepare no ostracism for his virtues ; but that, on the contrary, with a glow of superior pleasure, they listen while the tongue of sapient age expatiates upon his justice, his disinterestedness, and his paternal attachment to his country ; that they delight to hear the voice of lisping innocence pronounce his venerable name ; that they rejoice in his echoing fame ; and that his praises vibrate sweetly upon their finest and most rational feelings.

Nor, though that fell despoiler, slander, hath dared to infix its envenomed tooth in the fair and consistent character of our illustrious Vice-President, will the public mind submit to the deception which audacious accusation would presume to fabricate ; it will not suffer a man, who would have conferred honour on any country in which he had happened to be born ; who adorns every department which he is called to fill, from the tender domestic scene, to the highest offices of state, with elegance and propriety, with the most undeviating firmness, and unblemished integrity ; whose interesting and highly finished literary productions will transmit his name to ages yet unborn ; when the invidious caviller, and the writer of this essay, will, it is probable, be whelmed in the gulph of oblivion ;—the public mind, I say, will not suffer such a man to sink ; they will not suffer the opaque cloud, which for a moment may have shaded the disk of so bright a luminary, long to intercept its radiance ; no, it will judiciously decide, and rising superior to prejudice, it will still confer on him its unsuspecting confidence.

Mentioning the Vice-President, I am reminded of a tour I lately made through a neighbouring State, when falling into company with a leading man in the government, he expressed himself with a considerable degree of acrimony of that gentleman ; and upon

my gravely demanding in what he was culpable, the disaffected person, in so many words, replied, that he did not like him; that he believed him to be haughty and unyielding; that in his progress through that State, he, the objector, had been one of a number who had been solicitous to do him all the honour in their power; that they assembled in large companies, collected the militia, rung the bells, &c. &c. but that Mr. Adams contrived, by some means or other, to elude their wishes, for he had absolutely, in defiance of all this homage which was prepared for him, passed unmindful on, incog. as it were, refusing in fact every acknowledgment of their allegiance. Such, and so enormous, are the pretended misdemeanours of the Vice-President; yet, nevertheless, I persuade myself that the assemblage of virtues which brighten his character, will at length flash conviction upon every eye, and that the *many* will know to distinguish, and to value that noble independence of spirit, that inborn worth, and intrinsic greatness, which, avoiding an ostentatious display of grandeur, contents itself with innate consciousness of real elevation.

But, to the most interesting and important particular, in which the present times may justly boast their superiority over former ages, we have yet to attend. Religion looks abroad with all her native honours thick about her; the days of massacre; the bloody, the execrable administration of a Mary; the affrighted hours which witnessed the horrid transaction upon the eve of St. Bartholomew; the Irish persecutions, and succeeding murders; the government, or rather mortal tyranny of James, with the more recent, though not less fatal American bigotry; all those days are now gone past, and I supplicate the Saviour of sinners, that they may no more return: Religion, as I said, now descends among us, and she is clothed in all her native loveliness. On her head she wears a wreath, entwined by the fingers of clemency; virtuous indulgence is expressed in every feature of her face; her eye beams tenderness, and her bosom is the seat
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of compassion ; the un sullied whiteness of her flowing garments denotes the purity and uprightness of her laws ; beauteous and prepossessing is her countenance ; benign is her sway ; reason and humanity are her daughters ; and while rectitude is the moral of her life, she throws over her faulty children the mantle of forbearance. Under her correcting auspices, what wonders are at this present exhibiting in the earth ! her well aimed shafts have pierced the very vitals of bigotry, liberality of sentiment is established, a Calvinistical church is permitted almost in the heart of the Papal dominions, it is consecrated with much solemnity ; magistrates of all descriptions, with the clergy of the Roman Lutheran, and Calvinistical persuasion, join in the *te deum*, and, the most God honouring effects are produced. But it is not at Stratsburg alone that the triumphs of true religion are manifested ; her divine and elucidating powers seem penetrating into every corner of the globe, while in our own country, her progress is remarkably and gloriously rapid. The shackles of superstition are thrown off, ignorance and bigotry give way ; the benign agency of toleration is established, and a spirit of equality, and of free inquiry, is abroad. Parents, enlightened parents, at this day are not solicitous to implant in the tender minds of their offspring the seeds of prejudice, or enthusiastic zeal ; they judge it sufficient if they can instruct their children in the nature of their moral duties, what they owe to society, and to themselves ; if they can give them an early and deep impression of their dependence on, and their obligations to, a creating and a paternal God ; if they can sketch for them the outlines of the fall, and the restoration, pointing to Jesus as the Redeemer of men ; if they can teach them to view their fellow mortals as descending from the same original ; if they can, by degrees, accustom them to regard *this world as the path through which they are to shape their course to their native skies* ; these leading points, if they can accomplish, they are therewith content, wisely leaving the election

election of a particular sect of Christians, with which to coalesce their sentiments, with all the thorny road of disputation, to the matured growth of fully informed reason.

Glorious, happy, and august period ! The Gleaner is grateful to the Power which hath given him his existence in so favourable an epoch ; he gladly *renders to the present times their due* ; he feels therein the utmost complacency, and the tranquillity which this speculation diffuseth through every faculty of his soul, he is ardently solicitous to communicate to his reader.

N^o. V.

The virtue, Fortitude, to mould the mind,
Bends smiling forward, on herself reclin'd ;
To meet the ills of life the soul she forms,
Accommodation in her cause she arms ;
While fathien'd thus, we mark the various scene,
And firmly stand amid the storm serene.

“**G**OD tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.”—
Sterne certainly possessed the happy art of cloathing his ideas in figures which pointed them to the heart of his reader. Not seldom doth the humid eye of sensibility confess that the writings of that exquisite sentimentalist abound with flowers of the fairest growth, and though the delicate mind is too often lacerated by the thorns, which in some instances deform his high-wrought scenes, yet so sweet is the fragrance of the rose, that the softest hand is reached forth to pluck it—yea, even at the risk of being deeply pierced by the formidable points which surround it. But, however rich his eccentric pages may be, (and I have not the smallest objection to allowing them their full value) they produce not, I take upon me to pronounce, a more strikingly comprehensive passage, than that which I have selected above—
“**B**ut, God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.”—
It is, methinks, a sentence containing a system in itself ;

self; and it is replete with the quintessence of morality, religion and divinity—It is replete with morality, for example is on all hands allowed to be more influential than precept; and it exhibits a view of the Lord of Universal Nature, bestowing such minute regards upon the feelings of the family which his omnific word had commanded into being, as to be attentive even to the wants of the bleating innocent, who, shorn of its fleecy covering, stands in need of the vernal zephyr which is then commissioned to move gently over the warm surface of his disrobed body.—Here, I say, is a rich lesson of morality; for if God thus tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, are we not hence taught to respect much more the feelings of our fellow men—to regard as sacred the relative duties of life, and to become reverentially observant of those calls which, upon the utmost efforts of humanity, a social intercourse with mankind is so frequently making. It is, in an especial manner, replete with religion; for an assurance that God tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb, naturally originates in the bosom the most unwavering faith; we cannot but confide in the Sovereign Power which is thus benignly exercised; our hearts become the seat of acquiescent tranquillity; the altars of unwavering assiance are erected there, cheerfully we sacrifice thereon; before the surrounding Deity we devoutly prostrate, worshipping with all adoration the Father of eternity, the God of the spirits of all flesh.—It is replete with divinity; for its excellence can hardly be surpassed; it whispereth to the care-worn mind the genial voice of consolation; it comforteth, it erecteth the superstructure of its peace upon the only solid and rational foundation; upon a reliance on the paternal goodness of the Sire of angels and of men, and thus pointing directly to heaven; thus by its animating powers soothing the soul, it is undoubtedly the language of the Spirit of truth; it indisputably partaketh of the divine nature. “But, God tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb.”—Poor Maria, no wonder that

that thy desolated bosom disdained every mitigating consideration, not immediately derived from that omnipotent Being, who, having "twice bruised thee," could alone alluage thy lacerating sorrows. Doubtless it was the angel of compassion, who, breathing over the chaos of thy deranged ideas, illumined them by that irradiating light, which shall one day make glad the whole creation of God. But not to Maria only, is the all healing hand of divine benignity even now extended. To the sons and daughters of humanity, the winds of heaven are still attempered, and the Source of all intelligence regards with an equal eye the creatures whom he hath made: The destitute orphan, who trembles on the threshold of an arraigning, a censuring, and an un pitying world; the childless parent, who once beheld a lovely group of sons and daughters; the widowed fair one, whose blasted hopes, and whose short withering joys seem to condemn her to unceasing tears; the once happy husband, bending over the untimely grave of a beloved wife; the brother, the sister, the friend, torn from the embraces of the object whom they held most dear; these have all been enabled experimentally to say, "But, God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." The angel, Fortitude, armed with unyielding firmness, issues from the right hand of the Most High; to this lower world she shapeth her course; in the garments of inflexibility she is cloathed, and always sure of her path, while she wears upon her brow the wreath of rectitude, she turneth neither to the right nor to the left; perseveringly she passeth on; she taketh possession of the mind, and she fashioneth it to her purpose; with the genuine spirit of heroism she endoweth it, and pointing it to an elysium of future bliss, she investeth it with superiority over the ills of time: Resignation and acquiescence are in her train; for, fixing her eye upon one grand object, she bends accommodating, and with becoming reverence to the will of Him from whom originates every good. Thus, in sickness and in death, she fortifies, supports, and strengthens

strengthens the mind, enabling the man piously to exclaim, "But, God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." I said, in sickness; and a reflection upon this particular calamity, bringing me back from my present ramble, suggests to the *Gleaner* a question—Whether it may not be well to account for his being induced thus to wander, in a field where, the soil having been so often trod, he could expect to glean so little? And with the association of ideas perhaps every observer, though not absolutely a Locke, is more or less acquainted.

Patrolling one superbly mild evening, in the course of the last visibility of the moon, the streets of the metropolis of the State of Massachusetts, I felt a very strong inclination to step for a little space into the coffee-house; yielding to the impulse of the moment, I entered with as little observation as possible, and, seating myself in one of the open apartments, I listened to a very warm dispute which was carried on by a trio, consisting of a merchant of great note, a military officer of some eminence, and a sea commander. The skill and abilities of the Boston physicians was their subject, and they seemed to discuss and compare their several qualifications with much vehemence. Lloyd, Danforth, Warren, &c. &c. all passed in review before them. People in general are as much attached to the Esculapius of their choice, as to the religion of their election; and our combatants shewed themselves in earnest by disputing every inch of ground, yielding no point, and mingling at length in their retorts and rejoinders no small proportion of acrimony. It is true, that upon the merits of the gentlemen in question, they might be inadequate to decide; but they proved themselves, however, capable of arguing, and they seemed in no sort conscious of insufficiency. After summing up the evidences which had been produced upon the tapis, the merchant gravely and peremptorily insisted that the *balance* was entirely in favour of Lloyd; the military gentleman swore, and he confirmed his
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award by many oaths, that Danforth ought to be created *generalissimo* of the college of physicians ; while the sea captain, who appeared to be a mild man, closed the debate by protesting, that he had *boarded them all three, without being able to obtain a market for any part of that cargo of complaints, with which his shattered bark had been so long laden.* The subject thus continuing a moot point, I was disposing myself to retire, when the sea captain, putting himself in the attitude of a narrator, again arrested my attention. " You know, gentlemen," said the son of Neptune, " that I am moored, when at home, in a harbour considerably distant from this town ; and " I declare to you, upon the honour of a sailor, that " we have now laid up in our port, a little snug honest fellow, who makes the prettiest way imaginable ; " and who, if he continues to carry sail upon the " ocean on which he hath embarked, with as much " undaunted boldness, and to steer as safely as he hath " hitherto done, will stand as fair a chance to enter " the desired haven, and to hoist his flag upon the " highest eminence of fame, as the most skilful navigator of them all ; and that he is acquainted with " every rope in the ship, I will, if you please, produce " a reckoning, that shall fully evidence." The captain proceeded ; but not being sufficiently versed in his vocabulary, to produce his account verbatim, I shall take leave to render his deposition in my own manner. It seems, in a small village in the neighbourhood of the residence of the captain, a poor man hath lately been called to pass through all the stages immediately preceding death, of what is termed a regular decline, or consumption ; he was not more than twenty-seven years of age, when he was seized with the pain in the side, the breast, hectic fever, suppuration of the lungs, cough, purulent expectoration, &c. &c. all which train of dreadful symptoms, in their gradual and distressing order, successively took place. At length the hour of his dissolution was supposed at hand ; his father was no more ; and
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he was the son of a widowed mother. Repeatedly the matron, not possessing strength of mind enough to witness the dying agonies of him, on whom she had placed her maternal hopes, had quitted his apartment, yielding him to the care of those who were engaged to perform for him the last offices. But while there is life, a latent hope will play about the heart: The villagers insisted that the captain's little saug honest fellow should be called in. The young doctor, who hath hardly completed his twenty-third year, approached; he examined, and he drew his conclusions; one only experiment remained, it was painfully hazardous, and its effects extremely precarious; *but certain and speedy death was the only alternative.* In the breast of the young man, though having been repeatedly captured in the course of the late war, suffering much in guard-ships and prisons—though having been so often afflicted by the infirmities of a debilitated constitution—he had deeply tasted of the bitter cup of calamity; yet in his breast a love of existence still predominated, and when he consented to an operation, which it is conceived hath been seldom performed in our country, and was certainly a novel event in the village of B——, he was believed to be the drowning man grasping at a straw. The patient, however, witnessed, unappalled, the dreadful preparations. The bedstead was planked, the matrafs was nailed thereto, and he, with his face covered, was placed thereon. In the country, upon any extraordinary occasion, the whole village seems but one family; no wonder then, that at such a period the apartment of the emaciated sick man was much thronged; a number stood over him; if he struggled, they were to confine him, and their hands were lifted up for that purpose; for a moment he threw the handkerchief from his face—he beheld the formidable apparatus—the surrounding visages, which resembled his, who drew Priam's curtains at the dead of night, and would have told him half his Troy was burnt—he breathed short; he gasped—stop, Sir—one sigh—

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it is over—I am myself again—and you may proceed. The muscles between the fourth and fifth ribs, an inch nearer to the centre of the breast, than the back bone, were cut through ; the pleura was pierced ; and, to enlarge the aperture into the cavity of the breast, the proper instruments were introduced ; two fingers of the operator were then insinuated, and, passing through the wound, were pressed on the external surface of the diseased lobe, when instantly the seat of the vomica, was by its tremulation discovered ; it was at this period, that some person, to whom years had given an advantage over our physician, vehemently exclaimed, Doctor, we beg that you would proceed no farther ! Is it not a wonder that terror at the sound of this imprudent interposition, cut not the slender thread of the patient's life ? The operator, however, made sure of success, warmly replied, “ By heaven, I will not now be stopped ; ” when, penetrating the investing membrane of the right lobe, into the abscess, and dilating it three quarters of an inch, its contents, blood and purulent matter, to the quantity of a pint, were immediately discharged ; the consequences of this operation have been most happy, the patient, from not being able to repose for a single moment upon either side, now stretches himself at his ease, and slumbers sweetly upon his bed ; his cough, night sweats, sore mouth, and swelled feet are no more ; from extreme debility, he is sufficiently strong to walk abroad, and he eats, drinks, and digests, perfectly well. What a transition !—he is regarded as one raised from the dead ; while every person admires the cool, courageous, and determined resolution, with which he submitted to so fearful an experiment. He is of the lowest grade of industrious poor ; the powers of his mind were never remarkable ; his life had contained no striking exertions ; he had seemed only in the common way to yield to the necessity which his misfortunes had created—had any one, in the morning of his existence, officiously presented him a picture of the ills which he was to endure, doubtless

doubtless he would have started with horror from the view. Is it not surprising that he did not thus argue : " My physician is a young man ; older practitioners have never once suggested so hazardous an expedient ; it is an unheard of operation ; shall I yield this emaciated body to an enterprizing genius, who possibly is only seeking his own emolument in the experiment which he is solicitous to make ? " To the reflections of imbecility, I say, such arguments might naturally have presented themselves ; but the mind of this poor, emaciated, illiterate sufferer, was intuitively, it should seem, endowed with fortitude ; suddenly he is converted into a philosopher ; he reasons justly, and with sedate composure he meets his fate. What shall we say ? we can only repeat, that, in deed and in truth, " God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

The Gleaner comments no further ; but, retiring, he gives place to a timid suggestor, who hath chosen to bring forward a proposal, through the medium of this publication.

To the GLEANER.

State of Massachusetts, June 1st, 1792.

S I R,

NOT possessing merit sufficient to claim, in my own character, even the smallest niche, in that very useful and respectable repository in which you, by repeatedly appearing, have, I presume, obtained a considerable interest, I take leave, through your means, to introduce to the gentlemen Editors, a proposal, which, if they think proper to lay before the public, may possibly be attended with the most agreeable consequences. The idea, which to embody and effectuate, I would not only relinquish whole years of my existence, but I would absolutely be contented to live and die in obscurity, originated in an hour, which having appropriated to some choice spirits, I passed convivially over a bottle ; we were not, however, bacchanalians, and our wine but served to meliorate and give an edge to our reflections.

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Our subjects were multifarious, and with the utmost freedom we arraigned, tried, and condemned. Among other matters of speculation which we had taken it upon us liberally to analyze and critically to scan, the cause of the little encouragement which is generally throughout the world, and especially in our own country, given to genius, we carefully endeavoured to investigate; but for this absurdity, it was in vain that we assayed rationally to account; and we were reduced to the necessity of lamenting a fact, the sources of which, our utmost researches could not penetrate. The disappointments of a Butler, the melancholy fate of an Otway, with a long train of *et-ceteras*, we could not review, without pathetically deploring; and so far were we from conceiving that the taste of the present times was in any degree refined, that one of our party gave it as his decided opinion, that if Pope, Addison and Swift flourished in America, their merit would be almost entirely disregarded, and that there would scarce be found a single wight, who would acknowledge their superior claims. From regretting, we naturally proceeded to devising the ways and means, and our pericraniums were fruitful in expedients to remedy an evil which we regarded as a real blot upon the rising fame of this new world. After many pro's and con's; it was unanimously agreed among us, (and I do assure you there was in our junta many respectable persons) that it would be a most happy arrangement, if the constitution of the United States of America would admit an additional article, providing for the establishment of *real genius*, whether it be found in the male or female world. It is not seldom the case, that, to answer the pressing wants of life, the efforts of the mind are so wholly engrossed, that the operations of genius are suspended, if not wholly blasted, and the door to intellectual fame is thus of necessity barred. Against this inconvenience, in its utmost latitude, our plan went to the providing. Congress should appoint persons, duly qualified to examine every literary

literary pretender, and by this means, while the road would be open to all, only *real worth* would receive the palm. To obviate the necessity of every pecuniary attention, out of the Treasury of the United States, pensions, competent to the decencies of life, according to the wants and degrees of merit which the candidates possessed, should be decreed, and regularly paid; and to preclude every reasonable objection, the *sinécure* should be continued (except in cases of natural and absolute decay) no longer than while the benefited remained, to the utmost of his or her power, in the full exercise of those talents which procured from the liberality of government so honorary a distinction.

If this scheme, or rudiments of a scheme, might serve as a hint, to be wrought into form by the legislators of the Union, the probability is, that the Muse, in such regulations of State, would not be called to mourn the "*chilling blasts of penury; the genial current of the soul would no longer be frozen;*" the fostering ray of prosperity, would lend to the *real gem* its beautifying splendour; "*upon the desert air the flower would not then waste its sweetness,*" but borne on the wing of the more propitious zephyr, taste would acknowledge, and *fame* disseminate its fragrance: "*Knowledge would unfold her ample page,*" and the child of nature "*would wake to ecstasy the living fire—*" "*the village Hampdens, with dauntless spirits, would arise,*" "*and a mute inglorious Milton would no more be found.*"

Not well versed in the history of mankind, I am ignorant if any plan similar to the one proposed, hath ever yet, by any government, been adopted; but I think its utility can hardly be deemed problematical, and if the sons of genius, in this Columbian world, were thus secured from the fear of want, the goal of eminence being thrown open before them, to the highest grades of excellence they might aspire; and the probability is, that, commencing with youthful ardour the great career, they would, in their various pursuits, rival the brightest names.

Once more, good Mr. Gleaner, I request you to usher these hints to the public eye; and you will, in so doing, much oblige your very humble servant,

MODESTUS MILDMAY.

N^o. VI.

Their various censures now they forward bring,
And urge by various words the self same thing.

BEING necessitated, in the course of my business, to make frequent visits to our metropolis; and bearing about me, neither in my person, or habiliments, any distinguishing mark, I have the advantage of mixing unnoticed, in places of general resort, with people of various descriptions, and not seldom of important characters. It was in one of my late excursions, that I found myself at a table where the guests took their seats with that freedom which is so eligible, and which is always tolerated in a public house. After playing their parts, like men who perfectly well understood themselves, swallowing a sufficient quantity of ham and chicken, and liberally moistening the clay with the juice of the apple, they imagined themselves duly qualified to set as judges of literary merit; for my own part, I am obliged to confess, that in regard to the gifts requisite in conversation, nature hath been unto me a perfect niggard, and that I possess not, in orally delivering my ideas, the smallest degree of facility. Intrenching myself, therefore, in my natural taciturnity, as I had never before had the honour of meeting an individual of whom our party consisted; with the utmost *sang froid* I wrapped myself about, determining to indulge myself, by following the prevalent bent of my disposition, which is invariably assigning me the part of a hearer.

I was amazed to find with how little accuracy, and with what arrogant freedom, their dogmatizing decisions

decisions were, for the most part, made; and I felt a kind of horror at the mangling of names, which I had accustomed myself to consider in the most respectable point of view. From questioning the correctness and the delicacy of Addison, the wit of Swift, and the poetical merit of Pope, they summoned before their imperious tribunal, the candidates for fame, which, in this younger world, distinguish the present day: Trumbull, Barlow, Humphreys, Warren, Morton, Belknap, &c. &c.—these all passed in review before them; and as they seemed determined to set no bounds to their invidious censures, their observations were of course equally destitute of justice and of candour. From these luminous bodies in the hemisphere of literature, descending in their career, they fell pell-mell upon the poor Gleaner. He was regarded as free plunder, serving as a mark at which to point their keenest shafts of satire; he was *any body*, *every body*, or *no body*. One while he was certainly a *Parson*, for, in his last number, throwing off the mask, he had positively sermonized throughout; it was true he had taken his text from a brother chip; but what of that? his speech betrayed him. A second gravely declared, that he was credibly informed, the Gleaner was, at this present, a student in Harvard College; and indeed, (he added) it is evident, that he needs instruction. Here a loud laugh interrupted, for a moment, the progress of their critical and judicious remarks; when a young barrister, taking up the matter, for the sake of the argument, just to exercise his talents, professionally pronounced, that most assuredly the gentleman who spoke last had been grossly imposed upon, in the plea of vesting the property under consideration; for that the Gleaner certainly bore strong marks of genius; that, to his knowledge, it was the production of a Connecticut pen, and it was well known that Connecticut was the land of essayists. A magisterial voice now interfered—Pshaw, pshaw, brother litigant, I say you are wrong, absolutely wrong; for if we except the first number of the

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the Gleaner, there is not to be found, in that writer, a single sentence of sheer wit. From the first number, indeed, I encouraged a hope of originality, of a species of entertainment, not every day to be met with; but that, it should seem, was a forced matter, a mere hot-bed production, a spark struck from a flint, rather than the offspring of that pure, celestial and immortal fire, which, like its ethereal source, can never be extinguished, and which, ever genuine, glowing, and animated, is with propriety hailed by that dignifying appellation—true genius. But the Gleaner, O-shocking! in his Margareta, indeed, I took an interest, but he just popt her upon us, and very soon running himself out there, whip, in a moment, she was gone. Take my word for it, Gentlemen, (and he shook his head with great sagacity) the Gleaner is not worth our attention; he is poor, despicably poor—low, pitifully low; and I hesitate not to pronounce him a mere trite, common-place observer. A middle-aged gentleman, who sat at the bottom of the table, and who had been, till then, silent, actuated, as I conceive, by a kind of sympathy, being himself probably a suppliant at the shrine of fame, now joined in the conversation, by candidly suggesting, that it did not appear the Gleaner had laid any claim to extraordinary talents; that he had very early renounced the vain hopes by which he had been inflated; that if every writer could not reach the eminence of a Boyle, a Locke, or a Newton, yet those who were contented with the subordination of their several departments, were entitled to their quota of praise; that if the observations of the Gleaner were trite, he was but a Gleaner, and the modesty of his pretensions entitled him to the full exercise of candor. But your Honor, (continued the good-natured gentleman) was interested in his Margareta; now I think it very possible that Miss Melworth may again make her appearance, and it is my opinion, that the Gleaner withholds her now, not altogether from poverty of genius, but from the fear of giving

his productions the air of a novel—(I could hardly bear taking my advocate in my arms)—and you, Gentlemen, in what a frivolous point of view, novelist; at this present, stands. It is painful to , and who would wish to debase the essayist (for it would be esteemed) into a mere annalist of liant fictions ; yet, for my own part, I am free to , that I class this species of writing in the very rest grade of excellence ; it is true that the best gs may be made subservient to the worst of pur- is, and the pen, seized by the fingers of imagin- , hath not seldom proved licentiously luxurious. is, even a Richardson, though his writings abound t the purest morals, and though his *Clarissa*, with ngle exception, may be regarded as a model, not, perhaps, be considered as altogether faultless ; I have thought, that under proper regulations, province assigned to the novel writer, might be ffective of the highest utility ; love, I would not as almighty ; I would not create a despot, before se throne every other consideration must, of- fity, prostrate ; I would not represent him as- icing to vassalage every faculty of the soul, and- ing victorious over decency, propriety, and every r virtue ; but I would describe him as a benign- arch ; to whom reason should administer ; his ers should be limited, and chastized by prudence ; , by a series of interesting, circumstantial and- digested narrations, I would produce events ly marked, and strikingly natural, which should putably evince the triumphs of discretion over impassioned dictates of the perturbed spirit ; vol- s, wrote upon such a plan, would, I venture to t, be more serviceable to the interests of virtue even the ethic page ; for, however plausibly we- harangue, the voice of the narrator will still be d, when, perhaps, the most elaborate essays, not- embellished, which ever issued from the closet of indious, will pass the torpid ear without leaving- lightest impression. Indeed, I think the glorious

Author,

Author and Pattern of the Christian faith, seems, in the whole course of his teaching, to put this matter beyond a doubt : One specimen readily presents—when the Saviour undertakes to cultivate the interests of benevolence, when he would disseminate the seeds of that universal benignity, or brotherhood, which, springing up, shall one day produce a rich harvest of immortal amity, he personifies his wishes, and says, “A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho,” &c. &c. Thus I conceive, that the well-concerted relation, designed to promote morality, or a rectitude of thinking and acting, is authorized and sanctioned, even by a divine example.

Before such a pleader, thus powerfully provided, even Doctor Subpcena was silent, and the company soon after separating, I returned to my lodgings, felicitating myself on the possession of that command of countenance, which had so regulated every feature, as to render it impossible that my secret should be even surmised ; and my business in the capital being accomplished, I jogged onward to my native village, pondering all these things in my mind, and almost coming to a determination to furnish some sketches from my domestic arrangements, when the following letters, which awaited my return, and which I render verbatim, helped to confirm my wavering resolution.

To the GLEANER.

{ State of Massachusetts, County of
Hampshire, August 13th, 1792.

GOOD MAN GLEANER,

I AM, d'ye see, an old sea commander, and many a tough bout have I had on it in my day ; with the wind in my teeth, I have been blown hither and thither, coast-wise, and every wise ; but what of that ? with a pretty breeze, mayhap, I can carry as much sail, and steer as strait forward as another man. Now I have been plaguily puzzled to know at what you were driving : I never, in the whole course of my life, was fond of an uncertain navigation, because,
d'ye

If ye see, there is no knowing what rocks and quicksands may take one up. For my part, I never wasted many glasses in poring over your books, and your histories, and all that—not I—it was my business to mind how the ship worked, to see if she made good way, and sailed as many knots in an hour as the charming Sall, or Bet. When I was a lad, my father sent me to school, and would have made a parson of me; but it would not do—the wind pointed another way, and so I up jib, and bore away, making all the sail I could to more convenient moorings: Howsomever, I learned enough of the art to enable me to make an observation, by the help of which I can carry my ship round the globe, passing with safety through the narrowest straits, always keeping her clear of a lee shore, and never running foul of any rock or shoal, though I have made ever so many voyages; but I always kept a good look out, was careful to heave the log, attending, with my own eyes, to the veerings, and my reckonings were as sure and as certain as the rock of Gibraltar. But what is all this to the purpose? avast a moment, and you shall hear. Being pretty much weather beaten, I thought best, sometime since, to make the safe and convenient harbour of matrimony, and my daughter Molly, for that was the sober name we gave her at the fount, though, by the bye, my wife very soon tacking about, chose to call her Maria, till returning from a trip she hath made to a neighbouring town, the wind again shifting, there is nothing so proper, so sedate, and which, she says, squares so well with her ideas, as Mary; thus reducing us to the necessity of beginning our traverse anew; well, but my said daughter Molly, Maria, or Mary, being born just a year after our marriage, and very soon becoming a fine rosy cheeked girl, I have ever since been examining every point of direction, so belaying the lifts and the braces, the clewlines and the buntlines, that she may be as good a sail, make as good way, and procure as good a birth, as any little tight sea boat of them all. Her mother was for
putting

putting her adrift at a boarding school, but by virtue of my authority, I have hitherto kept her in her old moorings, being hugely afraid of the breakers, which she may encounter upon the ocean of inexperience; but my education being such as I have said, I am something suspicious that I may not perfectly understand every point of the compass; and being embarked in so difficult a navigation, I am, for the first time since I undertook the command of a ship, rather doubtful of my course. Now you must know, that though I am no reader, I have, in order to find out by the entries and clearances, which way the wind sets with my old comrades, made it my practice to take on-board the newspapers; that since my matrimonial adventure, I have also shipped their first cousins, the magazines, and that one cold evening, upon the first of April last, my wife and I being safely hauled up along side of a good fire, were mightily taken with your Margareta, and that immediately striking our colours, we lovingly agreed to dispose of our Molly, precisely as you should inform us you had done of the little yawl belayed along side your anchorage by dame Arbuthnot; but now, Mr. Gleaner, I am coming to the point; though we have ever since kept watch and watch, placing upon the mast-head of scrutiny the careful eye of intelligence, yet we cannot espy the smallest appearance of the little skiff for which we are looking out; on the contrary, you seem to have hoisted every sail, bearing directly from the port to which we supposed you were bound! And pray now what have you got by all this? I doubt your voyage will prove rather unprofitable; for, say what you will, people will turn in when they please, and though your mornings should break ten times handsomer, they will not quit their cabins a single glass the sooner. It is true, you have taken us a round about course to Athens, and the Lord knows where, paraphrasing upon the times, and the times, though you do not make them a rope's end the better; and I know, in the very teeth of all
you

you say, that I never had more taxes, or more duties to pay, since I first stepped on board a ship ; and now, you have come out full freighted with a long sermon, though I could as well find out longitude, as tell from what quarter of the Bible you have taken your text ; and even our parson, who I have consulted, and who is as good a man as ever took the command of a church, and who declares, that he thinks you mean very well ; yet he, I say, knows no such passage, unless indeed you may have mistaken a sparrow for a lamb, and suppose that he who made him, will order him a fair wind. And what is all this rigmaroll business about ? why, forsooth, to introduce a story of a cock and a bull—of a man cured of a consumption at the village of B——. The village of B—— ! split my topsails—why, it may be bear's head, or bull's foot, for aught we know. This is not well worked, Mr. Gleaner ; if you had meant us fair, you would have so pointed our compass, that we might have made sail directly for the harbour of the wonderful physician, which your chart delineates as affording such safe and commodious landing ; but you have so contrived matters, as to run every invalid of us fast aground upon the lee shore of conjecture, and I now declare to you, Sir, that if you do not resume your plain sailing, you shall no more be read by

GEORGE and DEBORAH SEAFORT.

To the GLEANER.

DEAR GOOD MR. GLEANER,

YOU can have no notion how vastly we are all disappointed ; I does not date my letter, because, as how, I would not for the whole world that you should find me out ; but I am one of a great many ladies, which is absolutely dying to see something more about Margarett. My papa hath given his *hibitation* against my reading your novels, and your *theatrick*s, and all that ; but he is a subscriber to the magazines,

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and

and says how I may read in them from morning till night ; and we are all mightily delighted when we find such pretty *historiettes* as we sometimes does ; but we would not give a fig for any thing else, and indeed we could not get through your two last Cleaners, though we read *alteratively*, as the folks say, that is, first Miss Primrose, and then I, till we went down two columns, on purpose to see if we could find as much as the name of dear Margaretta. Do pray, Sir, oblige us, and let us know something of her dress, and if she wears a head as high as Miss Sycamore, which my papa says is quite *metrepostorous* ; I don't know if I spells these ere hard words right, for my brother Valentine has stole my dictionary ; but I assure you, Sir, you cannot do better, for so Miss Sabina says. I sometimes visits Miss Sabina with my papa, for my mamma is dead, and she is a vast cute lady, and she writes *poeticks* like any thing, and her mamma says that she writes um very near as glibly and as handsomely as Madam Philenia. And Miss Sabina says, that supposing Miss Margaretta is a *visual* being, and not a *real*, and a *deeden* lady, that you might make her the *vetrick* of a *serus* of *epics*, and so teach *demeanours* and *proprieties*, and all that, to the *varsal* world ; and so I knows that you will mind her, for every body says how that Miss Sabina is a very learned lady ; and besides all that, I will love you dearly, and will remain until death, your ever dutiful—I must subscribe a *fiction* name—and to tell you the truth my brother Valentine, is not my brother Valentine, that is, Valentine is not my brother's *true* and *deeden* name ; but I am—that is, if you tell us some more of Margaretta, your ever loving

MONIMIA CASTALIO.

P. S. I got my name from a play book, which Miss Primrose lent me. My papa does not know it ; but the Gleaner must not tell secrets.

T.

To the GLEANER.

{ From the Saloon of Solitude,
{ August 15th, 1792.

SIR,

I WAS early left an orphan, and my education was much neglected ; but nevertheless, a variety of concurring circumstances, disposing the heart of a very worthy gentleman in my favour, I happily became his wife. For a few years, the history of my life may be regarded as the annals of felicity ; but alas ! I have laid my husband in the grave, and the story of my enjoyments is finished ; yet, in a little daughter, I once again revive ; my girl still attaches me to humanity. I am in possession of what I deem a competency ; and, being entrusted by her deceased father with the entire disposal of my child, I would adopt, in the forming of her mind, that system, which may be the best calculated to make her good and happy.

Thus circumstanced, I have looked with very much anxiety, into every late publication, which I have thought calculated for the meridian of my understanding ; and in this pursuit, your lovely orphan very naturally attracted my attention ; if I was amused with an agreeable fiction, I was, nevertheless, interested and pleased ; if the charming stranger was endowed with more than a fanciful existence, I shed tears of joy that she had found upon this American shore so able a patron ; and I have for many weeks expected from your gentle Mary, and her beautiful Margareta, some hint, whereby to shape my future conduct. I will confess to you, Sir, that reading your numbers under this cloud of disappointment, I have not so well relished subjects, which, however, for aught I know, may have been extremely well chosen, and altogether as well handled. Will you, my dear Sir, indulge a petitioner, while she requests, in your own way, some documents in the line of education, which may serve as guides in the arduous undertaking

undertaking in which she is so deeply engaged, and for which she is so little qualified? If you will, you may assure yourself of wishes for your felicity, which shall ever be breathed, warm from the heart of

REBECCA AIMWELL.

To the GLEANER.

Diffipation Hall, July 18th, 1792.

OLD SQUARE TOES,

TO tell you the truth, I think you have conducted your matters devilish oddly, and the whole town are of my opinion. What, to raise our curiosity, leading us to expect the history of a fine girl, and then to fob us off with your *musty morals*, which are to the full as old as your grandfather Adam—*fore gad* 'tis not to be borne; but nevertheless, I will play a fair game with you; and I know you are too *conscientious a prig* to keep from your ward any thing which will redound so immensely to her advantage. Know then, that I inherited from my father a clear estate, the income of which, would have supported me in tolerable style; but not choosing to encumber myself with business, and living rather beyond the line, I have got, as the saying is, *a little out at the elbows*; however, a few of your acres (and I am confident that you are either a *Connetticut* landholder, or a *Pennsylvania* Quaker) serving as decent patches, will set all right again; and you may depend upon it, that I will *reform, live within bounds*, and if I like your girl, make her a very good sort of a husband. One thing let me tell you, old fellow, she will be the envy of all the ladies in ———, married and single—dear tender creatures, there is not one of them, *who hath not made the kindest advances*; but I like to do things out of the common course; and so, if you will, let me hear from you, and tell me how you go on; if you will order matters properly; and if your *Margaretta* answers my expectations—why then—what then—hang it—I must come to it at last—why then—offer her

her my devoirs, and inform her, that she may assure herself of the hand of the gay, and hitherto inconstant

BELLAMOUR.

To the GLEANER.

{ From my Estate in the Country,
July 21st, 1792.

WORTHY SIR,

AS I suppose it will be your care to dispose of Miss Melworth to the best advantage ; as I think that she must now be marriageable, and as I have been for some time looking out for a wife, I have thought best to address you upon the subject. Indeed, I should have wrote you before ; but expecting, every number, to hear something further of the girl, I postponed my intention, until by your long-winded remarks, (you will pardon me, Sir) my patience is quite exhausted. In truth, as I am turned of fifty, I have no time to spare ; and having a handsome and disencumbered estate, it is fit that I procure lineal descendants, who, in case of my decease, may become legal possessors. From applying to the girls of our day, whom I have seen, notwithstanding your opinion of "*the present times*," I am deterred by the little chance which a man hath of obtaining a woman possessed of that discretion which is so requisite in a wife ; for, what with *morning visits, family and public dinings, riding, mall strolling, evening tea parties, midnight balls*, and the time which is necessarily devoted to sleep and dressing, the four and twenty hours are completely filled up ! Now, as I look upon you, Mr. Gleaner, to be a very wise man, I take it, that your Margaretta must be a girl of a very different sort ; and, as I suppose she hath been educated in the country, I take it for certain, that she is a complete house-wife ; that she can superintend a dairy ; take care of her children, when she has any ; see that I have my meals in due season ; and that my clothes are brushed and laid in order. Moreover, as from

a hint in one of your papers, I imagine that you have a proper idea of the subordination which is so essential to the character of a woman : I presume you have not failed to document your pupil, with sufficient gravity, upon the article of *subjection* ; and, I assure you, that I shall expect *obedience from my wife* ; that she must not only be very well taught, *industrious*, and *uniformly economical*, but also extremely *docile*. These things premised, if you will introduce me to Miss Melworth, and we should happen to fancy each other, I will, if you please, order the banns to be published, and very speedily invest her with all the *privileges* and *immunities* of a wife. I am, worthy Sir, your very humble servant to command,

TIMOTHY PLODDER.

In answer to my several correspondents, I have only to observe, in general, that their expectations abundantly forerun both my plans and my ability ; but that I may, "in all my best, obey them," I will, from time to time, furnish, from my private family, such sketches as I shall think proper, reserving to myself the privilege of discontinuing and resuming them, as shall suit my convenience. But to my friends Bellamour and Plodder, it is but justice to say, that four months since, I had the felicity to bestow the hand of Miss Melworth upon a very worthy man, who, I doubt not, will be fully sensible of the value of the acquisition which he hath made. But by what steps she hath obtained the honorary crown of matronhood, may in future numbers be narrated.

N^O. VII.

Then smoothly spreads the retrospective scene,
When no gigantic errors intervene.

NO, I think not—relative to Margaretta, we have no capital errors to deplore ; from the hour which consigned to the narrow house the remains of
Mrs.

Mrs. Aburthnot, she hath continued to progress in our affections, endearing herself to us by every act of duty, and having laid her in our bosom, she hath become unto us indeed a daughter. Heaven hath denied us children ; but we regret not that circumstance, while this amiable female lives to prop, to soothe, and to slope our passage through the journey of life. Having packed up her little moveables, the most valuable of which was a miniature of her mother, put into her hands by her aunt (whose degree of affinity she hath since understood) just before she expired, we quitted the capital of South-Carolina. I took a place for myself in the stage ; and Mary, accommodating herself to the movements of that vehicle, came on with the child. Mary hath the peculiar talent of stealing from the unfortunate their sharpest sorrows ; moments of the keenest anguish she can sometimes beguile ; and by her address she hath not seldom extracted from the wounded bosom the lacerating shaft. To soothe and to support the little Margareta, who was at first overwhelmed with grief, she bent her utmost efforts ; and as the minds of children, at that early and interesting age, are commonly very susceptible, and easily impressed, she succeeded wonderfully well ; while the little creature, assured and comforted, before we had reached the northern extremity of the middle States, with her heart as light as the gossip, prattled away most delightfully.

When we returned home, we fitted up a little chamber, of which we constituted Margareta the sole proprietor ; my wife informing her that she should establish a post betwixt her apartment and her own, that if they chose, upon any occasion, to separate, they might with the greater convenience open a correspondence by letter. The rudiments of Margareta's education had been attended to ; in her plain work she had made considerable proficiency ; she could read the seventh, tenth, eleventh and twelfth chapters of Nehemiah, without much difficulty ; and when her aunt was taken ill, she was on the point of
being

being put into joining-hand ; but Mary very soon sketched out for our charge rather an extensive plan of education ; and as I was not entirely convinced of the inutility of her views, the natural indolence of my temper induced me to let the matter pass, without entering my caveat by way of stopping proceedings ; and indeed, I think the propriety of circumscribing the education of a female, within such narrow bounds as are frequently assigned, is at least problematical. A celebrated writer, I really forget who, hath penned upon this subject a number of self-evident truths ; and it is an incontrovertible fact, that to the matron is entrusted not only the care of her daughter, but also the forming the first and oftentimes the most important movements of that mind, which is to inform the future man ; the early dawns of reason she is appointed to watch, and from her are received the most indelible impressions of his life. Now, was she properly qualified, how enviable and how dignified would be her employment. The probability is, that the family of children, whom she directed, supposing them to possess common capacities, being once initiated into the flowery paths of science, would seldom stop short of the desired goal. Fine writing, arithmetic, geography, astronomy, music, drawing ; an attachment to all these might be formed in infancy ; the first principles of the fine arts might be so accommodated, as to constitute the pastime of the child ; the seeds of knowledge might be implanted in the tender mind, and even budding there, before the avocations of the father permitted him to combine his efforts. Affection for the sweet preceptress, would originate a strong predilection for instructions, that would with interesting tenderness be given, and that would be made to assume the face of entertainment, and thus the young proficient would be, almost imperceptibly, engaged in those walks, in which an advantageous perseverance might rationally be expected. A mother, who possesseth a competent knowledge of the English and French tongues, and who is properly assiduous about
her

her children, I conceive, will find it little more difficult to teach them to lisp in two languages, than in one ; and as the powers of the student advanceth, certain portions of the day may be regularly appropriated to the conversing in that language which is not designed for the common intercourses of life. Letters, in either tongue, to the parent, or fictitious characters, may be alternately written, and thus an elegant knowledge of both may be gradually obtained. Learning, certainly, can never with propriety be esteemed a burthen ; and when the mind is judiciously balanced, it renders the possessor not only more valuable, but also more amiable, and more generally useful. Literary acquisitions cannot, unless the faculties of the mind are deranged, be lost ; and while the goods of fortune may be whelmed beneath the contingencies of revolving time, intellectual property still remains, and the mental funds can never be exhausted. The accomplished, the liberally accomplished female, if she is destined to move in the line of competency, will be regarded as a pleasing and instructive companion ; whatever she does will connect an air of persuasive elevation ; wherever she may be adventitiously called, genuine dignity will be the accompaniment of her steps ; she will always be attended to with pleasure, and she cannot fail of being distinguished ; should she, in her career of life, be arrested by adverse fortune, many resources of relief, of pleasure, and of emolument, open themselves before her ; and she is not *necessarily* condemned to laborious efforts, or to the drudgery of that unremitted sameness, which the routine of the needle presents.

But whatever may be the merits of the course which I am thus *apparently* advocating, without stopping to examine the other side of the question, I proceed to say, that the plan of education adopted for Margaretta was, as I have already hinted, sufficiently extensive, and that Mrs. Vigillius (to address my good wife, in her dignified character of governante, with all possible respect) having instructed her pupil in the
grand

grand fundamental points of the philanthropic religion of Jesus, was never easy while any branch of improvement, which could by the most remote construction be deemed feminine, remained uneffayed; and I must in justice declare, that the consequence, by producing Margaretta at the age of sixteen, a beautiful and accomplished girl, more than answered her most sanguine expectations.

Of needle work, in its varieties, my wife pronounced her a perfect mistress; her knowledge of the English, and French tongues, was fully adequate to her years, and her manner of reading had, for me, peculiar charms; her hand writing was neat and easy; she was a good accomptant, a tolerable geographer and chronologist; she had skimmed the surface of astronomy and natural philosophy; had made good proficiency in her study of history and the poets; could sketch a landscape; could furnish, from her own fancy, patterns for the muslins which she wrought; could bear her part in a minuet and a co-tillion, and was allowed to have an excellent hand upon the piano forte. We once entertained a design of debarring her the indulgence of novels; but those books, being in the hands of every one, we conceived the accomplishment of our wishes in this respect, except we had bred her an absolute recluse, almost impracticable; and Mrs. Vigillius, therefore, thought it best to permit the use of every decent work, causing them to be read in her presence, hoping that she might, by her suggestions and observations, present an antidote to the poison, with which the pen of the novelist is too often fraught. The study of history was pursued, if I may so express myself, systematically: To the page of the historian one hour every day was regularly devoted; a second hour, Mary conversed with her adopted daughter upon the subject which a uniform course of reading had furnished; and a third hour Margaretta was directed to employ, in committing to paper such particular facts, remarks and consequences deduced therefrom, as had, during

during the hours appropriated to reading, and conversing, most strikingly impressed her mind; and by these means the leading features of history were indelibly imprinted thereon. Mrs. Vigillius also composed little geographical, historical, and chronological catechisms, or dialogues, the nature of which will be easily conceived; and she pronounced them of infinite advantage in the prosecution of her plan; she submitted likewise, at least once every week, to little voluntary absences, when my boy Plato, being constituted courier betwixt the apartments of my wife and daughter, an epistolary correspondence was carried on between them, from which more than one important benefit was derived; the penmanship of our charge was improved; the beautiful and elegant art of letter writing was by degrees acquired; and Margarettta was early accustomed to lay open her heart to her maternal friend.

Persons when holding the pen, generally express themselves more freely than when engaged in conversation; and if they have a perfect confidence in those whom they address, the probability is, that, unboresoming themselves, they will not fail to unveil the inmost recesses of their souls—thus was Margarettta properly and happily habituated to disclose, without a blush, each rising thought to her, on whom the care of preparing her for the great career of life had devolved.

No, Mr. Pedant, she was not unfitted for her proper sphere; and your stomach, however critical it may be, never digested finer puddings than those which I, with an uncommon zest, have partook, as knowing they were the composition of her fair hand—yes, in the receipts of cookery she is thoroughly versed; she is in every respect the complete housewife; and our linen never received so fine a gloss as when it was ironed and laid in order by Margarettta. Mrs. Vigillius was early taught the science of economy, and she took care to teach it to her daughter; and being more especially economical of time, she so arrangeth matters as never to appear embarrassed, or in
a hurry,

a hurry, having always her hours of leisure, which she appropriates to the contingencies of the day. It is true, she does not often engage in visits of mere ceremony, seldom making one of any party, without some view either to her own emolument, or that of those about her; and with regard to dress, she spends but little time in assorting an article which is, it must be confessed, too generally a monopolizer of a blessing, that can hardly be too highly estimated. She doth not think it necessary to have her dishabille for the morning, her robe-de-chambre for noon, and her full trimmed polanee or trollopee, for the evening. The morning generally, except in cases of any particular emergency, presents her dressed for the day; and as she is always elegant, of course she can never be preposterous, extravagant or gaudy. It will be hardly necessary to add, that Miss Melworth was, and is, her exact copiest; and indeed she is so warmly attached to my dear Mary, that I verily believe it would have been in her power to have initiated her into the devious paths of error; and this is saying a great deal of a mind which possesseth such innate goodness, as doth that which inhabits the gentle bosom of my Margaretta. Upon the subject of dress, I am naturally reminded of the request of my fanciful correspondent Monimia Castalio, relative to the dress of Margaretta, and particularly the height of her head; and I am happy that I can gratify Miss Monimia Castalio, by recollecting a circumstance, which being in point, may serve as a specimen of the general style of Margaretta's dress. I think she was about fifteen, when Mrs. Vigillius conforming as much as her ideas of propriety would admit, to the then fashion of the times, made for her a hat of white satin. I remember there was a prettily fancied ribbon to it; and it had, I thought, rather a jauntie appearance. Margaretta put it on, and sallied forth to pay a visit to an acquaintance, a Miss Preedy; and the next morning, when seated at the breakfast table, with much hesitation she requested her mamma to purchase for her, as an additional ornament

ornament to her hat, some beautiful feathers, which she said were to be disposed of at the very next shop. Mrs. Vigillius, with great calmness, replied, "Yes, my dear, without doubt I can obtain for you the feathers; but I have for some time been endeavouring to accumulate a sum, which I had intended to appropriate for the completion of your little library; and a crown laid out in feathers, will take therefrom at least one handsome and instructive volume; it is true, I have some money now by me, designed for another use—Poor Mrs. Lovemore, over whose misfortunes you have shed so many tears, still swells the sigh of sorrow—she, whose presence would turn her little cottage into a palace, yet remains imprisoned! I have long had it in contemplation to dry the tear of anguish from the cheek of that solitary mourner; and I have anticipated the pleasure I should experience while witnessing the mantling joy, and the dimpling smiles, which would, upon an occasion so happy, pervade the faces of the little beings who owe to her their existence—Genius of sensibility! how extatic would be my emotions, could I be made instrumental in restoring to their embraces the husband and the father! The sum for which Mr. Lovemore is held in durance, is small, and his misfortunes could not by human prudence be either foreseen or prevented. From the late expenditures in our family, I have so far economized, as to have at length made up the requisite sum; and I had thought to have taken a walk this fine morning, in order to liberate the poor man—but you want the feathers, and Lovemore must continue in captivity until I can lay by another crown."

Never shall I forget the expression, the animated expression, which lighted up the countenance of Margaretta; tears of mingling pleasure and delicate apprehension, were upon her cheek; with a kind of dutious eagerness, she seized the hand of Mary, and in a most graceful manner bowing thereon, with a tremulous voice she thus questioned—thus entreated—
"And will the sorrows of the poor Mrs. Lovemore

know an end? O friend, patroness, protectress, preserver, mother—what shall I say?—Already my obligations to you are infinite—but tell me, dear lady, will you still add thereto—shall I accompany you to the abode of Mrs. Lovemore? I know that you will consent—let us go this instant—I will fly for your cloak, and we will not delay a moment.”

It is hardly necessary to add that Margaretta obtained her suit, and I subjoin a declaration, that these kind of feathers are the most beautiful, and the highest plumed, of any she hath ever yet worn in her hat or cap.

But while we have been assiduously employed in cultivating the mind of Margaretta, we have been endeavouring to eradicate the seeds of that over-weening self conceit, which, while it would induce an ostentatious exhibition of those talents, natural, or adventitious, which she may possess—like a rampant weed would impede and overshadow the growth of every virtue. Against pride and affectation we have been careful to guard her, by constantly inculcating one grand truth; a truth, to the conviction of which every ingenuous mind must be ever open. Her person, the symmetry of her features, the rose and lily of her complexion, the *tout ensemble* of her exterior, the harmony of her voice, &c. &c.—these are the endowments of nature—while the artificial accomplishments with which she is invested, resulting wholly from accident, and being altogether independent of her own arrangements, confer upon her no real or intrinsic merit.

We are daily assuring her, that every thing in future depends upon her own exertions, and that her character must be delineated by that consistent decency, that elegant propriety, and that dignified condescension, which are indeed truly estimable. We have apprized her, that in every stage of her journey through life, she will find friends—or a social intercourse with the circles in which she may be called to move—constituting one of her principal enjoyments, and that if she is not eager for admiration, if she avoids making a display of superior abilities, she will escape those shafts of envy which
will

will otherwise be too surely aimed at her peace; and secure to herself the complacent feelings of those with whom she may be conversant.

Margaretta hath a becoming spirit, and dissimulation is a stranger to her heart; she is rather cheerful than gay; she never diverts herself with simplicity and ignorance; *double entendres* she detests; she is not an adept in the present fashionable mode of playing upon words, and she never descends to what is called jesting; she can deliver herself upon any subject, on which she ventures to speak, with great ease; but in large or mixed companies she engages in conversation with manifest reluctance; and I have heard her declare, that she hath frequently, when encircled by strangers, felt alarmed at the sound of her own voice; she never comments upon those blunders which are the result of a neglected education, nor will she lend her smiles to those who are thus employed; and she observes, that such kind of peccadillos have upon her no other effect, than to excite in her bosom the sensation of gratitude.

With the laws of custom, or fashion, she is thoroughly acquainted, and she consents to follow them as far as they square with the dictates of rectitude; but she never sacrifices to their documents either her humanity, or her convenience; she regards, as extremely venial, an ignorance of their despotic institutions; (indeed the multifarious requirements of mere ceremony, strike her in so trifling a point of view, that she conceives it rather a matter of course that they should sometimes be omitted) and she prefers plain manners to all the glitter of a studied or laboured address.

But it is against the unaccountable freaks of the capricious, that all the artillery of that humour, of which she possesses a natural fund, is levelled; frank and ingenuous herself, she laughs at the vagaries of the whimsical, and her heart is ever upon her lips; she reflects much, and her judgment is fashioned by reason; she cannot be seen without pleasure, nor heard without instruction.

But I am rather describing what Margaretta *is*, than what she *was*, at the period of her history

to which we are arrived. Three or four years have matured her talents, presenting the daily improving and promising girl, a truly lovely and accomplished woman, abundantly answering the fondest expectations which were formed of her.

When our beloved charge had completed her sixteenth year, we conceived it full time to introduce her an interesting and beautiful object to a world, of whose deceptions we had been careful to warn her, and for whose intercourse, we flattered ourselves, she was as well qualified as girls at her age generally are.

It was at this period that Mrs. Vigillius, in compliance with the pressing entreaties of a friend in whom, she entirely confided, reluctantly consented that Miss Melworth should pass a few weeks in the city of New-Haven.

But it may be proper to refer the opening of a new, and important scene, to a separate essay; and we shall proceed to bring forward the appropriate number, with all possible dispatch.

N^O. VIII.

Important period; when the opening germe
Bursts into life—to each impression warm.

IT was a first parting—and it cost a shower of tears. on both sides, but avoiding as much as possible scenes which may be better *imagined* than *described*, I proceed in my narration. Margaretta had been absent but two weeks, when the following letter, giving the alarm to our most anxious feelings, was read by Mary and myself, with uncommon perturbation.

NEW-HAVEN, May 10th, 1789.

Ever honoured, and ever dear Friend,

THE tear is still wet upon my cheek! yes indeed, and well it may; for I never think upon the morning on which I took my departure from —, but the pearly drops, as my good papa would call them, chase each.

each other down my cheek; the truth is, that since the hour which closed the eyes of my poor aunt, I have never known affliction so severe. Well, but my mamma hath taught me not to dwell upon the dark side of events; and finding an adherence to her precepts my surest path, I wave every thing of a melancholy nature, and proceed to say—that Mrs. Worthington received me with much affection; that she treats me in all respects with the same tender attention which she bestows upon her own daughter, Miss Amelia; and that I do not believe, if I except my own dear mamma, that there is in the whole world a better woman. Col. Worthington, as we were told, is at present absent from home; so that, excepting the domestics, who are decent and obliging people, our family consists only of Mrs. Worthington, Miss Amelia, and myself. I am delighted with New-Haven, with its beautiful plains, its high surrounding mountains, its neat built houses, its ample streets, and the tall trees by which on either hand they are shaded. Yale College, an episcopalian church, and three dissenting meeting houses, are situated contiguous to each other. You know, my mamma, you directed me to write as if you were a stranger to every particular. As I walked over the green, the neighbourhood of these buildings seemed to consecrate the spot, rendering it, as it were, hallowed ground. Yale College is not near so spacious as the description which we received from Edward. Hamilton of the seminary in which he was educated; indeed, ever since the evening upon which Edward entertained us so agreeably with an account of Harvard College, I have had a very strong inclination to behold those venerable domes. Many students, however, prosecute their studies here; and I cannot but esteem every young creature happy who hath the disposition, and is presented with the opportunity, of acquiring knowledge. As I have been introduced by Mrs. Worthington as the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vigilius, and as the characters of my dear parental friends are so properly revered here, I have

received the most marked attentions. If I might be allowed to give an opinion, I would say that the gentlemen of New-Haven appear to me to be friendly, and hospitable, and that the ladies are truly polite. Perhaps I may be permitted to pronounce, that those whom I have seen, answer very exactly to the idea of genuine urbanity, which you, Madam, have taught me to form. Among the many who have most obligingly distinguished me, the limits of a letter will only allow me to mention Mrs. Edwards. Mr. Edwards, you will recollect, Madam, is an eminent barrister; and the person who is permitted to mingle in their social circles, cannot but enjoy a satisfaction of a superior kind.

The ladies of New-Haven are remarkably fond of cultivating flowers; and a disquisition upon the beauties of the parterre makes a part in almost every conversation. Mrs. Edwards counted in her garden at one time, no less than eight hundred tulips all in full blow, among which the various streaks and shades were innumerable. Doubtless I could be very happy in New-Haven, if it was the residence of my papa and mamma, but were it the paradise of the globe, I should sigh for the village of their abode; and the elegant saloon which my mamma devotes to sentimental friendship, the social breakfasting parlour, the ample dining-room, the chamber, of which with such unexampled goodness I was constituted sole proprietor, the sweet little flower garden, the smooth gravel walk terminated by the woodbine alcove, &c. &c. these would all live in my idea as the haunts of perfect happiness. Mrs. Worthington insists on my tarrying here until the expiration of the Commencement holidays; but in truth, I am well pleased that my leave of absence extendeth not near so far; and I am glad that my mamma hath fixed precisely the time of my return; for I always feel assured and tranquil when I am entirely under her direction. You will please to assure all my young acquaintance, particularly Serafina and Edward Hamilton, that they are often present to my imagination; that in my dreams I still mix in their
little.

little parties ; and that it is impossible I should cease to remember them, or to love them very sincerely.

Well, I have written more than two pages, and yet have not executed the purpose I formed when I sat me down to this employ : You have accustomed me, dearest lady, to unbosom myself to you, and though this is my first separation from you, yet the epistolary correspondence, with which I have for such a length of time, though continued under your roof, been indulged, hath given me the habit of expressing myself to you in this way, with the utmost freedom ; and as a proof that I will never wear disguises, when addressing her whose care hath rendered life to me a valuable gift, I will confess that I make the following communication with more reluctance than I ever yet, upon any occasion, experienced ; but truth shall be my motto, and to my loved patroness I will have no reserves. I had been but one hour in the family of Mrs. Worthington, when a young gentleman, Mr. Sinisterus Courtland, made his appearance in that lady's drawing room ; he entered with the air of an established acquaintance, and indeed he stands high in the esteem of Mrs. Worthington ; a large party was collected, all of whom he addressed in a manner truly engaging, and upon my being introduced, payed me a compliment in a style so new, so elevated, and so strikingly pleasing, that my heart instantaneously acknowledged an involuntary prepossession in his favour ; sensations with which I was till that moment unacquainted, pervaded my bosom ; I felt my face in a glow, and a pleasing kind of perturbation took possession of my faculties. My opportunities of seeing Mr. Courtland have been since frequent. Three days afterwards he declared himself my lover ; his assiduities are unwearied ; he professes to live but in my presence, and he protests that my rejection of him will make him the most miserable of men. Mrs. Worthington assures me, that Mr. Courtland is a gentleman whose addresses no lady need blush to receive ; and I will own to you, Madam, that if a few years more had passed over my head, as you have taught.

taught me to conceive a union with a man of worth may rationally be the ultimatum of a woman's wishes; I should think I stood a greater chance for happiness with this gentleman, than with any other individual of his sex.

Mr. Courtland is a native of V—in the State of —, he says he had formerly the honour of an acquaintance with my papa. He is tall and well made, his address is easy, and commanding; the contour of his face is strikingly agreeable; indeed, his whole exterior is a combination of elegance and dignity, and his manners are confessedly descriptive of the finished gentleman. I am told that he adds to these superficial accomplishments a substantial and cultivated understanding; that he is a man of erudition, and possesseth also, with a general knowledge of books, an extensive acquaintance with the world. On my return, he will present himself before my parental friends. Perhaps they may not approve a connexion so disproportioned in regard to years, Mr. Courtland having numbered full thirty, and I but little better than sixteen. I confess that I feel a degree of culpability while detesting my heart, thus audaciously leaning toward an election, until my honoured benefactors, pointing the finger, had unitedly pronounced, "There, Margaretta, there is your congenial soul; behold the person whom we direct you to regard, as him who is destined the associate of your future life;" but my fault is altogether involuntary, and I pray you, my dear lady, to present to my papa my respectful regards; and to assure him that from his honoured lips, and those of my mamma, must proceed the award which will decide the fate of their ever dutious, ever grateful, ever affectionate.

MARGARETTA MELWORTH.

This letter, I say, inflicted upon my bosom the most pungent anxiety. Full well I knew Sinisterus Courtland. I knew him much better (for my personal interviews with him had been but few) than he was apprized of; I knew him to be base, designing, and however incongruous

gruous these qualities may seem, improvident also; his father had bred him a gentleman, leaving him only a slender patrimony to support his pretensions, while he was wholly destitute of the means, disposition, or talents, to add thereto; nay, even his small inheritance, without spending a single thought on the future, he had deeply involved, until pressed upon by his creditors, he was finally induced to an effort to extricate himself, by the very *honourable method* of deluding some woman whose expectations were tolerable, into an affair of the heart, the matrimonial termination of which, he considered as an axiom, which was too irrefragable to admit of doubt; he had spent the morning of his life in fluttering from town to town, paying his devoirs to every inconsiderate girl, who, allured by his flattery, and charmed by an exterior which is indeed unexceptionable, and deceived also by the ease, brilliancy, and eclat of his appearance into a good opinion of his finances, became the dupe of her own vanity, finding her inclinations betrayed, in favour of an impostor, who on his part, possessed not depth of understanding sufficient to render him capable of a serious or lasting impression.

It is scarcely necessary to add a finishing to the character that now presented a formidable candidate for the heart of my girl; and, in addition to the unfavourable light in which I beheld Mr. Courtland, I had long entertained other views for Margaretta, adjusting my plans in such a manner, as I conceived well nigh precluded a disappointment: I was sensible, that as I had no near relation of my own, it was generally supposed Miss Melworth would be my heir, and I shuddered at the idea of the little fortune which, with much industry, application and economy, I had accumulated, being squandered by a spendthrift, while my daughter, and her descendants, were left penniless! For a moment, regarding myself as a shipwrecked voyager, bereaved of every hope, I was ready, yielding the point, to stretch myself upon the barren heaths of despair; but after deliberating the matter, I conceived, that though my fabric tottered, it was not absolutely

absolutely whelmed ; and though I was aware that, manured by the prejudices prepared in the hot-bed of novel reading, the impressions made upon young minds, with the passions implanted in the tender soil, were not easily erased, or up-rooted ; yet I conceived that the task, however arduous, was not altogether impracticable ; and while apprized that the business in which I was about to engage required in the management thereof the utmost delicacy, I concluded, nevertheless, that an object so desirable, was at least worth any attempt to obtain it. Thus having made up my mind, Mary, who was hand in glove with me, began our operations, by responding to the letter of Margaretta, in the subjoined manner.

{ Village of ———, County
of ———, May 16, 1789.

I PERSUADE myself, my dear Margaretta, that it would at this time be wholly superfluous to express to you the very high satisfaction which both your father and myself mutually experience, at that unfeigned complacency in your situation, which you take every opportunity so gratefully to avow. Once for all, my dear girl, you may assure yourself that your affectionate regards are abundantly reciprocated ; that we have no idea of a warmer attachment than we have conceived for you ; and, that if the hearts of natural parents beat with ardours stronger than those which expand our bosoms, they must border so nearly upon anguish, that we are not ambitious of being able, experimentally to ascertain the difference ; neither shall I, at this time, expatiate upon the merit of your letter—my opinion of your epistolary talents, you already know, though perhaps I should not so easily deny myself a repetition of those fond expressions of admiration, to which I am accustomed ; and which, possibly, in some degree originate in the predilection which my maternal feelings hath induced—were it not that the important communication you have forwarded to us, absorbs in my soul every consideration of less weight.

I hardly

I hardly know where to begin, or how to express to you the anxiety to which you have given birth in our bosoms. Is it possible, that my Margaretta can love where she cannot *entirely esteem*! and can she have so far forgot the lessons of her youth, as *entirely to esteem* Mr. Courtland! What is the conduct of a man of honour in so delicate a conjuncture as you delineate? doth he wait till he hath, as he supposes, irrevocably fixed himself in the heart of a young woman, before he deigns to apprize those whose nights and days have been spent in watching for her welfare? Certainly not—but immediately after his proposals have been made to her, who I grant is the person principally concerned, if he can discern the smallest appearance of success, (and men are eagle eyed upon these occasions) he will solicit the sanction of her guardian friends, that he may either avail himself of them as auxiliaries in his pursuit; or, if necessary, set about conquering a passion which cannot be consecrated by duty—reverse the picture, and the man of duplicity stands confest; he will steal into the confidence of the unsuspecting virgin, obtaining what he conceives an unalterable and undivided ascendancy over her mind, and then, *merely as a compliment*, the parents are made acquainted with the business, who, if they presume to enter their caveat, however improper the connexion may in fact be, are accused of tyranny, barbarity, and what not.

Thus Mr. Courtland—the post passes by our door, but he hath not condescended to pen for us a single line, which might inform us of his enterprize. Doubtless his intention is to assail your passions during the whole period of your purposed visit, when deeming the matter irremediable, he will make us a genteel bow, and *insult* us by requesting our advice! But from you, my dear child, we expect a decision more upright—you have deviated, it is true, but you have as yet taken but one step, and we doubt not that you will very speedily recover the path of discretion. You see that our objection to Mr. Courtland is not altogether on account of his years, though this of itself is in our opinion insuperable;

erable ; at present, sixteen and thirty may move in the same sphere ; but pass a few years, and we may almost trace their orbits in opposite hemispheres ; *seventy is the age of man*—while fifty-six may enjoy the utmost vigour of mental and corporeal powers—indeed, if *similarity of dispositions, sentiments and attachments are requisite to constitute matrimonial felicity, surely an equality, or nearly an equality of years, ought to be deemed of some importance in the calculation.* I know that to almost every general rule there are exceptions ; but yet, nevertheless, I would not give my voice in favour of a gentleman's having more than two or three years at farthest, the advantage over her whom he selected as the partner of his life.

Ask yourself, my dear, what opportunity have you had of becoming acquainted with the views, habits, or temper of Mr. Courtland ; and yet, although, when your letter was written, only *ten days* from the moment of your introduction to him had elapsed, you *seriously pronounced him the individual, who of all his sex is the most capable of making you happy !* Such is the natural good sense of my Margaretta, that I assure myself I need not comment upon this declaration.

I am rather surprised at the part which my friend Mrs. Worthington hath taken in this affair ; surely, in this instance, she hath been misled by the goodness of her own heart. Mr. Courtland is only a visitor in New-Haven ; the place of his nativity and usual residence is at a great distance ; and she can only know in general that he is a man of family and education. But in truth, I myself have been wrong ; I ought not to have parted with my Margaretta. Yet, while I palliate my fault, by a declaration that I conceived her extreme youth would have protected her from overtures so important ; I trust, that the tears which I have shed upon this occasion, will expiate it.

Yes, my love, your father knows Mr. Courtland—he *knows him well* ; and without further investigating the character of that gentleman, he bids me tell you, that he hath long entertained views of establishing you

in our own neighbourhood. Edward Hamilton—start not, my dear, at a name, which in the innocence of your heart you have a thousand times declared you loved—hath now completed his nineteenth year ; he bids fair to be every thing which a fond father could wish for the man, to whom he yielded the beloved daughter of his affections ; his character is bottomed upon integrity ; he is every way accomplished ; his prospects are good ; his knowledge of the profession of his election, indeed his extensive acquaintance with mercantile affairs, is, for his years, prodigious ; with regard to his exterior and address, if we allow for the charm of novelty, he might rival even a Courtland ; and I declare I know not the youth who can equal him for gentility of mein, and beauty of person. But these are attractions, simply considered, to which the heart of my Margaretta, when she suffers herself calmly to reflect, will, I am persuaded, ever remain impregnable. Before the death of your reverend friend, old Mr. Hamilton, the plan of uniting our children, supposing their hearts were not reluctant, was adjusted. The good gentleman regarded his son as almost an affianced lover ; otherwise I imagine he would not have left his ward, the beautiful and accomplished Serafina, situated as she is in regard to Edward ; who, however unblemished his character may be, is nevertheless, as a young man, a very ill-judged guardian for a young and unconnected woman. Hitherto, being desirous of leaving you wholly unrestrained, we have kept our secret close locked in our own bosoms ; and until the receipt of your letter, we have beheld with pleasure the gradual advancement of our wishes. For Edward, he is wholly devoted to you, and while hardly conscious of the motives by which he is actuated, he is assiduous in every thing which relates to you ; even trifles are invested with importance, if they are inscribed with your name—if you are unexpectedly mentioned, his whole frame is visibly agitated, his complexion assumes a more animated glow, his voice is mellowed into an unusual softness, and his tongue is never tired in rehearsing

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your praises ; but, fear not my girl—if we cannot convince your judgment, and woo your best affections, you shall never be the wife of Hamilton.

Your interest and happiness is the sole motive of our actions ; it is the pole star by which all our movements are directed, and if we can but see you pleasingly established, and in possession of tranquillity, we shall lay us down in perfect peace. We regard the unfolding our plan to you at this time, as premature, and we *feelingly* regret that our measures are thus unfortunately precipitated. We have not yet disclosed ourselves to Edward ; we are not in favour of early marriages ; and though the laws of Heaven and of good citizenship, have ordained the sexes for each other, yet we think that years are requisite to ripen the judgment, and to ascertain the choice, which a young person may have every reason to suppose immutably fixed. We have conceived, that a female who takes a step so important, at the age of twenty-three, or upwards, hath lost no time ; and it was only in compliance with the dying request of Mr. Hamilton, that we consented, supposing our young people should be propitious, that you should, at the period when you shall have completed your nineteenth year, exchange your vows with his deserving son.

But, waving these matters for the present, I have to say, that your father, after presenting you his paternal regards and blessing, directs me to inform you, that business will soon call him to New-Haven, and that, if curtailing your visit, you can find it agreeable to return home with him, you will confer on him a very high obligation ; in this request, my dear, I, for my part, most sincerely join ; and, if your wishes meet mine, you will please to express to Mrs. Worthington, my thanks for her indulgence to you—to offer her my respects, and to acquaint her, that, sickening for the dear child of my love, I can no longer deny myself the gratification of her society. Present my compliments to Miss Amelia, who, I trust, we shall soon see at our village ; and think of me at all times as your truly affectionate and tender mother.

MARY VIGILLIUS.

N^o. IX.

Low should they bend at sovereign Wisdom's throne,
Who are ambitious of that fair renown,
Which wreathes with honour the parental brow,
And wings with fervour every tender vow.

IT will not be doubted but the urgency of my affairs, very soon made my New-Haven expedition a matter of necessity ; nor will it, I presume, be regarded as problematical, that Miss Melworth, with duteous acquiescence, became the companion of my return. But alas ! that cheerfulness, which had so long presided in her bosom, had taken its flight ; and though joy gladdened in her countenance at the entrance of our village, and at the appearance of our habitation ; though she seemed, while clasped in the arms of Mary, to be lost in extacy—yet, upon her lovely countenance the cloud again gathered ; her eye beamed a melancholy languor ; the rose upon her cheek visibly gave place to the lily of her complexion, and we were well nigh distracted by the gloomy forebodings which her altered figure originated in our souls. We had concerted our plan, the ultimatum of which was her felicity ; and we were determined, if we could not bend her to our wishes, to follow her through all the vicissitudes her unfortunate preference might involve, with every alleviation which we could furnish. We contemplated the yielding her to the youth we loved, with her full and deliberate choice. Nothing short of this would satisfy our affection, or restore to us the entire possession of that peace, which the late event had invaded ; yet we abhorred constraint, and we regarded persuasion, considering the tender and conceding mildness of that heart which was almost in our hands, as no better than a specious kind of tyranny. But being infidels in regard to the doctrine which extends the empire of *genuine love, in any virtuous bosom, beyond*
the

the existence or agency of esteem, we doubted not, if we could erase from the breast of our orphan, those high ideas she had conceived of the merit of her lover, the *belle passion* would very speedily evaporate. Our business then being to convince the judgment, while we assured ourselves, if this was possible, the consequences we wished would inevitably follow, against a confidence which we conceived so highly misplaced, the whole force of our artillery was, of course, levelled. Having, however, so great a stake, it became us to deliberate much, to be very cautious in our movements; a precipitate step might ruin our measures, and it was our aim to be guarded at all points. Courtland very soon made his appearance in our village, we extended to him the rights of hospitality; and, as an admirer of Miss Melworth's, we gave him every decent opportunity of advocating his cause. To this mode of procedure we were impelled by the following considerations: Should we refuse, to this pretender, that uniform civility, with which we have distinguished every stranger, the wound thereby given to the feelings of Margaretta, might very possibly add to the strength of her attachment; and the idea of his suffering upon her account, interesting her gratitude, would still more have endeared him to her; while, in the inmost recesses of her soul, accusing us of injustice, she would syllogistically have concluded, that error in one particular involved a possibility of mistake in another. And it would, in truth, have been in a very high degree absurd, to have denied his claim to common attentions, merely because he had eyes for the charms of a person, whom our partiality induced us to think, had merit sufficient to captivate every beholder. In this arrangement we also made ourselves witnesses of every movement, precluding all necessity for, and possibility of, clandestine views; and we conceived, besides, that as Miss Melworth possessed a penetration far beyond her years, frequent interviews with *Sinisterus Courtland* would infallibly develope to her understanding his true character, effectually destroying that mask under which he had

had continued to betray the unwary ; and we well knew, that could *she herself* make the discovery we wished, such an event would operate more propitiously than any information, however important, which might be handed her from any other quarter. Perhaps it may be matter of surprise, that being myself in possession of such material documents, I did not come to an immediate explanation, thus adjusting the business agreeably to my own designation. But though, as I apprehend, the preceding remark anticipates this observation, I have yet to say, I was aware of the subtrefuges to which bad men often have recourse : Had I declared my knowledge of what I termed Courtland's enormities, it would have been easy for him to have availed himself of the plea of youth and inexperience, of a change of system, reformation, present regularity, &c. &c. and, for his poverty, it was an objection which the ardour of young affection would not only find a *laudable generosity* in palliating, but it would, with glowing zeal, assay to enlist against so *mercenary* and *unworthy* a consideration, the most virtuous propensities of the soul. I knew that to erase impressions, made upon the youthful bosom, violent efforts must generally be inadequate ; that they would much more frequently lacerate, than obliterate ; and I was not willing to leave in the bosom of Margaretta the smallest scar. I had not forgotten the integrity and the ingenuity which characterizes the morning of life ; and I remembered also, that the enthusiasm of an early love, is fruitful in its vindications of the object of its preference ; and that it is ready to accuse every objector as prejudiced and unjust. Taking the matter up in this view, we thought best to await some fortunate crisis, holding the *unquestionable facts* of which we were possessed, relative to Courtland, as our *dernier resource*.

Mean time, we descended not to disguises : Upon the application of that gentleman, we informed him of our prior engagement to young Hamilton's father ; of our wishes for the success of the projected union ;

of our determination to take every proper step, which we should deem likely to propitiate the mind of Margaretta, respecting an event which we regarded in so eligible a view ; and we grounded our objections to him on the disparity of years, the short date of his acquaintance with Miss Melworth, and the distance of his residence ; nevertheless, we added, that if we had the power, even of natural parents, over the final decision of that young lady, we should not hold ourselves authorized to direct her any further than reason pointed ; and that we left him at full liberty to prosecute his suit with what advantage he might, only promising, that we should not consent to dispose of Miss Melworth, even to Hamilton himself, until she had completely rounded her nineteenth year. Courtland, upon this assurance, reddened excessively ; he had hoped, *his happiness might have been much sooner accelerated, and some very pressing circumstances, relative to him, demanded a very early establishment.* Our determination upon this head continued, however, unalterable ; while our espousing, as we apparently did, the interests of Hamilton, occasioned in the bosom of our daughter such a struggle between inclination and duty, as still looked with a very serious and unfriendly aspect upon her health. Upon our grand subject, both Mary and myself held with her many conversations, which, I am vain enough to imagine, might be useful to young persons thus circumstanced, and which, did not the limits prescribed to a writer for the Magazine, set bounds to my encroachments, should most certainly be recounted ; but should they be demanded, as they were immediately committed to paper, future Gleaners shall certainly record them. One sentiment, however, which dropped from the mouth of Mary, which I accidentally overheard, and which was perfectly new to me, I cannot excuse myself from giving. She was, one fine afternoon, while seated with Margaretta in the arbour to which they were both so much attached, endeavouring, in a manner peculiar to herself, to soothe the feelings of her daughter ; thus encouraging her to lay

lay open her whole soul, that she might, from such confidence, the better judge of the nature of the remedy she was to apply; when Miss Melworth, sensibly regretting that she was so unfortunately situated, as to feel a disposition to act contrary to the wishes of her best friends; by turns lamenting and accusing the treachery of a heart which had thus betrayed her, concluded a very tender harangue, by a declaration, that though Hamilton was every thing amiable, yet she was certain she could never feel for him that preference which she did for Courtland; she could never regard him in any other view than that of a brother. "Will you, my sweet girl," replied Mary, "*re-consider* this affirmation? you are fond of reasoning, you know; and trust me, my dear, when I assure you, that an attachment which embraceth not reason as its auxiliary, is not worth cherishing. You own that Hamilton is every thing amiable; but you can only love him as a brother! you pretend not to point out a single virtue, a single accomplishment, a single grace, in which Courtland can claim a superiority over Hamilton; yet you can only love Hamilton as a brother, while you love Courtland as——as what, my dear? Will you, Margaretta, please to point out the distinction between those attachments which you feel for the one and the other? You blush, my love; let me kiss off that conscious tear—Say, my charming reasoner, would these over nice distinctions, for which you cannot find a name, ever have found entrance into the bosom of a virtuous girl, were it not for that false taste which is formed by novel reading? What is this something which you feel for Courtland, and which you cannot feel for Hamilton? Certainly it is, at best, but the fever of the imagination, the delirium of fancy; and every experienced votary of this *ignis fatuus*, if under the direction of truth, will tell you, that the duration of the paroxysm is extremely short, that the sober and healthy age of reason awaits, when love and friendship wear the same face, when only solid advantages can please; and, they will add, that no well informed person

son would sacrifice to the illusion of a moment, the happiness of a life. Did you never, my dear, reflect upon the connexions which must have been formed by the immediate descendants of the pair, who were created in Paradise? brothers then interchanged the nuptial vow with sisters; they were unacquainted with the refinements of modern times; the virtues which endeared the brother, rendered the husband amiable; and we have no authority for supposing, that their matrimonial felicity was more circumscribed than that of their posterity. It is true, that the multiplication of our species have rendered other regulations, relative to the marriage contract, or the parties contracting, both necessary and proper; and it is undoubtedly true, that an observation of these regulations, is religiously obligatory; but yet, in my opinion, the absurdity of holding a character in great estimation, and highly accomplished, as a brother, which we should at the same time regard with reluctance as a conjugal companion, is still palpable; and I must repeat, that the prevalence of such romantic ideas can originate only in the regions of fancy." Thus far my honest woman. But Margaretta, in a letter to Miss Worthington, which lately came under my observation, hath best described her own sensations; I subjoin it therefore, *verbatim*, as it flowed from as susceptible and upright a heart, as ever beat in the bosom of humanity.

MISS MELWORTH TO MISS WORTHINGTON.

Village of —, June 30th, 1789.

I AM, my dear Miss Worthington, highly pleased, that my account of my reception in—I had almost said, my native village—hath been productive to you, of even a momentary satisfaction; and I do assure you that I am not a little elated, when I am told, your honoured mother pronounces my description replete with some of the most beautiful traits of nature: I know, that to her partiality and candour, I ought to impute much; but, by the commendation of so respectable a judge, I am nevertheless exhilarated, and I am almost induced to think

think it allowable, to plume myself upon an award so honorary. You will please to offer to the dear lady my acknowledgments, accompanied by my most respectful regards.

You ask me if I have recovered my tranquillity ; alas, no ! and I fear, my Amelia, that peace hath fled forever from my bosom. Mr. Courtland, as you suppose, is here ; would I had never seen him—I might then have been happy. Edward Hamilton—the bloom hath forsaken his cheeks—the lustre of his fine eyes is no more—I never saw so total a change in a youth, who but lately might have figured as the personification of health, enlivened and informed by the most endearing vivacity : Would I had never seen Courtland—I might then have been happy. When Edward Hamilton suffers, I feel that I cannot stand by regardless ; I follow him with the affection of a sister ; but of late, he studiously shuns my advances : It was but yesterday, that with trembling eagerness, he grasped my hand ; something he was about to say ; but, as if recollecting himself, instantly, like the spectre of a dream, he fled away. Am I not justified in saying, that if I had never seen Courtland, I might then have been happy ? Serafina too, is often drowned in tears. Serafina is the sister of my heart. Why will she not exchange her vows with Edward ? how rich should I then be, with such a brother—such a sister. You ask if Mr. Courtland is an approved lover—alas, no !—alas, yes !—You will be at no loss to explain this seeming paradox. I sometimes suspect that my guardian friends must be in possession of some secret, relative to Mr. Courtland, which they have not yet unfolded ; for surely they could not be so strongly opposed, on account of inequality of years. The engagement entered into with old Mr. Hamilton was conditional ; and you know, my dear, that though I am—though I *was*, I should say, cheerful, it never could be said that I was gay ; and I think I could accommodate myself to the gravest humour : But my parents, you will say, are the best judges ; and you, Miss Worthington,
are

are a good girl, while I, methinks, am become a faulty, a very faulty creature. My mother—but my mother is an angel—I do assure you, my dear, that I not seldom feel a degree of awe, while contemplating the character of so divine a woman, which absolutely deters me from arrogating to myself the title, with which her condescending indulgence hath invested me. This superior woman, you will recollect, assured me that I should never be the wife of Hamilton, except both my judgment, and my best affections were consenting; exactly with this declaration, doth every arrangement correspond; and, while neither she nor my father produce a single argument in favour of the man of their election, which reason doth not fully authorize, they unitedly and repeatedly engage, that however I may ultimately determine, they will never cease to be my parental friends. Tell me, my dear, what returns doth such matchless generosity merit? And help me to discharge as I ought, with becoming decency, a daughter's part. Unexampled indeed is their consideration for me; and still the more to enhance their goodness, and ally it to perfection, they assay to wear a tranquillity which is foreign from their hearts; for alas! do I not hourly observe the anxious solicitude but too visibly portrayed in the manly features of my father—often have I wiped the tear from the swollen eye of my mother—often have I witnessed the chagrin which they have mutually and involuntarily manifested at any discovery which I have unwarily made of my attachment to Courtland; and I have but too well marked the joy of their brightened countenances, at the smallest instance of my tenderness for Edward. What right do I possess thus to stab the bosoms which have so long fostered me? Better I had been whelmed beneath those waves which gave death to him from whom I derived my existence, than thus to become the source of corroding anxiety, to characters so exalted. Every pensive look of theirs pierces me to the soul; and I seem to move an evil genius, doomed to chase peace from their revered bosoms. Amelias, I could

I could not be other than miserable, even possessed of the man of my heart, if I thus implanted in the pillow of my guardian friends, the rankling thorn of disappointment.

Forgive, my dear, this incoherent letter ; it is expressive of my feelings ; the pressure upon my spirits is extreme ; my situation is truly melancholy ; it is precisely that which I would wish to avoid. Could I unite my hopes and wishes with the expectations of those who have a right to my utmost obedience, how enviable would be my lot ? You demand a long, a very long letter ; but what can I write which will not be calculated to cast a cloud over the charming vivacity of my lively friend. Yet you would acquaint yourself with every movement of my soul ! well then, as you have expressed a predilection for my little poetical attempts, I will transcribe for you some lines which I last night hastily penned, after I had retired from my parents, enriched with their affectionate and joint benediction ; they delineate my wishes ; they delineate my feelings, and they are the fervid breathings of a much agitated, and deeply wounded spirit.

INVOCATION to DUTY.

Low, sacred duty, at thy shrine,
Behold thy suppliant bend,
All conscious of thy right divine,
To thee my vows ascend.
With pity bland regard a maid,
To soft obedience form'd ;
Who, though by tenderness betray'd,
Is still by virtue warm'd.
Goddess all radiant, enshield
This fond, this treacherous heart ;
The arms of bright discretion wield,
And all thy powers impart.
These wayward passions—oh reclaim—
Each dear illusion hide ;
Give me a faultless virgin's fame,
Blest prudence for my guide.
By thy just influence arrest
Each wandering wish of mine ;

Bind

Bind all thy dictates to my breast,
And every hope entwine.

Of Lethe's waters let me drink,
Forgetful of the past;
My errors in oblivion sink,
The veil of candor cast.

Give inclination to recede,
Each rising thought chastize;
Let naught my righteous steps impede,
The tranquil joys I prize.

Give acquiescence to my grasp,
A mild conceding mind;
Give me bright fortitude to clasp,
To all my fate resign'd.

Give me no more their breasts to wound,
My orphan life who guard;
Let me not be that ingrate found,
Who angels thus reward.

My God! those tears in that mild eye—
My dear maternal friend;
That anxious brow—paternal sigh!—
Where will my sorrows end?

For still I struggle—still complain,
But, sovereign Duty, hear,
My righteous purposes sustain,
And make my steps thy care.

Adieu, my dear Amelia—that you may still be
happy, is, and will continue to be, the very sincere wish
of your

MARGARETTA MELWORTH.

N^o. X.

Yet pressing onward, with the goal in view,
More ardent still our hopes and wishes grew.

THUS, for a considerable time, matters remained stationary as it were, in my family. Courtland continued his pursuit. In the bosom of Margaretta, the conflict between duty and inclination was unyieldingly severe; and Hamilton, with a noble consistency, persevered

persevered in declining a competition, which he deemed unworthy that rational, disinterested and fervent attachment, which every faculty of his soul had long acknowledged for Miss Melworth.

Courtland, evidently exulting in his success, felicitated himself upon his opening prospects; and calculating upon the tenderness of Margaretta, he became confident it would be in his power to obtain a much earlier day, than the very distant era which we had so peremptorily named.

We were thus circumstanced, when the following little poem that made its appearance in the Gazette, however inconsiderable it may in fact be, from the important consequences by which it was attended, merits a place in my narration.

AS on the thorn bank I delightedly stray'd,
Admiring the meadows, the woods, and the glade,
A nymph whose attendance enlivened the scene,
In airy meanders tript over the green;
And thus, as she rambled, she carelessly said—
Come, depict, if you can, your favourite maid.

My favourite maid, all enraptur'd I cry'd,
My favourite maid, of her sex is the pride;
The standard of elegance, formed to please,
Her movements the portrait of dignifi'd ease;
While each brightening charm which floats on her mien,
Announces her bosom as virtue serene.

Her tresses *not borrow'd*, so neatly entwin'd,
Proclaim the good taste which so well hath design'd;
And her dark auburn locks as so glossy they flow,
Contrast as they wave the smooth forehead of snow;
While her soft, mildly beaming, sky tinctur'd eye,
Evinceeth bland pity, and sweet sympathy.

The rose and the lily are blended in vain,
Her sway to extend, or her triumphs maintain,
For though on her face as they dazzlingly glow,
The polish of beauty's own hand they bestow;
Yet rivall'd by graces which dwell in her mind,
To mental inthralment my heart is resign'd.

She knows to distinguish—she knows to reflect,
What measures are proper, and how to direct;

Her

Her manners correct, by fair decency form'd,
To complacency sweet, by tenderness warm'd,
Inmingles true dignity, chaste and refin'd,
With soft condescension, for soothing design'd.

And thus gem'd by loveliness—thus gem'd by worth,
The virgin of innocence, beauty and truth;
That swain will be happy, to whose faithful heart,
The gods shall a gift of such value impart;
For amity lives in a bosom so fair,
And love will ameliorate when planted there.

From floods of old ocean the nymph was receiv'd,
From white clifted Albion the angel deriv'd.

Hold, hold, 'tis enough, my fair prompter exclaim'd;
This hint is superfluous; each trait you have nam'd
Belongs to your Melworth—your Melworth alone,
No maiden so perfect our circles have known;
E'en as you delineate, the object expands,
And sweet Margaretta conspicuous stands.

These lines, by accelerating our movements, soon put our affairs in a train, giving us at least a perspective glance of the completion of our plans. The lighted match is soon in a flame, and the smallest spark will enkindle it; but I will lead to the catastrophe in course. The lines, as I said, made their appearance in the Gazette; they had no signature, and who the writer was, we could not even conjecture. Hamilton, upon pretence of business, had absented himself from our village for more than two weeks; and besides, though we knew that when a boy he had indulged an itch for scribbling in rhyme, yet we conceived that his ripening years had induced him to relinquish every intrigue with damsels y'cleped the muses, whose favours are so hardly earned, and who so seldom invest their votaries with that portion of success, which is in any sort adequate, as a compensation for the unwearied diligence requisite in the pursuit.

We, however, were not greatly concerned about it; and Margaretta was too much accustomed to praise to be highly elated by, or interested in the matter. But the amiable qualities of my girl, (the extensive charity of whose wishes encircled even those sufferers whom her powers of alleviation could not reach) her
well

well known benevolence, her condescending affability to her inferiors, her complacently dignified deportment to her equals, and her veneration for all those whom years had rendered her superiors—had so well established her in the hearts of our connexions, as to render her an object generally beloved; and, indeed, the propriety and equality of her conduct had been such, as to produce a solecism to the adage, which creates envy as the shadow of merit; nor did we know that the passion of malevolence was in exercise toward her. It was soon noised abroad that Margaretta had been eulogized in the news-paper, and it furnished a topic for those circles in which she moved; her partial favourers found beauties in the piece, which perhaps a critic would have been far from allowing it. They made it their business to find out the Author; they applied themselves with much avidity to the pursuit; and they determined, if they should be so fortunate as to succeed, to hail him as the prince of poets.

We had, among the number of our visitors, an old lady by the name of Clacket, who was also much attached to Miss Melworth, and whose curiosity was upon this occasion raised to the highest pitch. She roundly taxed Courtland with being the author of the poem; and the embarrassment which he discovered, abundantly justified her suspicions.

The piece had, as I hinted, its admirers; and Courtland either saw, or thought he saw, an advantage in adopting this fugitive relation of the Parnassian lasses: He managed the matter with some adroitness; his servant was authorized to whisper, as a profound secret to lady Clacket's maid, that his master had in truth composed the favourite lines, which had originated so much speculation; and she reporting it in confidence to her lady, it was in a few days entrusted to the taciturnity of the whole neighbourhood. Courtland was repeatedly complimented upon his poetical abilities, and he hesitated not to wear the bays.

It happened about this time that Courtland made one of a large circle which were collected round our
social

social board, when the before mentioned lady introduced the subject of the poem, and proceeded with all the loquacity of talkative volubility, to pronounce a panegyric upon our gentleman, as the author. The poet bowed, blushed, and looked silly. Margaretta was evidently pleased; while I, regarding the whole affair, as another *much ado about nothing*, should have passed it without further observation, had I not accidentally glanced the face of Serafina, who was also of our party, and whose countenance, in the course of a few moments, expressed the most lively sensations. Her heightened complexion during the conversation, now changing to the clearest white, and now assuming the deepest colouring with which the most impassioned feelings could tinge it. I marked Serafina, but I marked her in silence; for, from these suspicious appearances, I was induced to fear that the specious manners of our gallant, had made also upon the youthful mind of this young lady, an impression which would be, with difficulty eradicated! But I was not suffered to remain long under this deception; our company soon separated, and only Courtland, Margaretta, Serafina, Mary, and myself, remained. The chagrin upon the face of Serafina was still visible, when, standing up with much dignity in her manner, she instantly accounted for the appearance, by which I had been misled.

Addressing Mr. Courtland, she thus expressed herself: "I am, Sir, the friend of Edward Hamilton; we have been educated together, almost from the first moment of our existence, and every secret of his soul is reposed in my bosom. I am not sure that he would approve of what I am about to say; nay, feeling my mind at this present in a great measure governed by indignation, I am not myself positive, that I am quite right; however, like all angry folks I am hurried on by an impetuosity which I find altogether irresistible. Is it not enough, Sir, that you have supplanted that unhappy young man in his dearest hopes? Is it not enough that you have stepped between him and that hoard of felicity which he fondly fancied was treasured up for him?"

but

but must you also *poorly steal* that pittance of fame, which justice reserved for him? You know, Sir, that you never wrote the piece for which you have been contented to receive the praises of so many admirers. I have at this moment the original lines upon Miss Melworth, which were written by Edward, in my pocket-book; they were penned upon yonder verdant bank, during Miss Melworth's continuance at New-Haven, while I was prattling by his side. It is true he imagines they are destroyed; he requested that I would destroy them; but I have imprudently and unkindly given a copy of them to Miss Predy, and thus they have found their way to the press."

What would I have then given for the pencil of a Hogarth, that I might have sketched the group which my parlour at that instant exhibited. Need I tell thee, reader, that I am not even a descendant of Hogarth's? I trow not; but I add, by way of information, that having a mortal aversion to daubing, it is therefore that I pass hastily over every expressive feature, which was then replete with the deepest meaning, and only observe, that Courtland, almost immediately recovering himself, suddenly seized the outstretched hand of Miss Clifford, and pressing it with much address to his lips, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, affecting great surprise, that she took the matter so seriously, and declaring that he meant nothing more than a jest, and merely to amuse himself with the simplicity and credulity of lady Clacket.

For my own part, my astonishment at the impudence of the fellow, absolutely struck me dumb; and I suffered him to give his adventure what turn he pleased, without even the capability of interrupting him! I saw, however, by the altered looks of Margaretta; by a degree of disgust which pervaded her fine countenance, and the pointed reprehension which she darted from her charmingly expressive eyes; from all these auspicious indications, I gathered, that the full time for executing my scheme, was at length arrived, and that the mine being thus accidentally and advanta-

geously sprung, it became me to continue my operations with all possible expedition.

Courtland, therefore, had no sooner taken his leave for the evening, than without taking the least notice of the rhymes, or their effect, I observed to my daughter—that having long noted with much concern her wasting frame, and impaired constitution, I was at last come to the resolution of bending myself entirely to her wishes; that upon the next morning's visit which we should receive from her lover, I would lead him immediately to my library—that possibly I might have mistaken his character, but that I would then enter into a conversation with him, of a nature so serious, as fully to ascertain our man—that I would request her, accompanied by her mother, to seat herself in the adjoining apartment, where they might be ear witnesses of our discourse—and that if, after the investigation to which I should oblige Mr. Courtland to submit, he should still continue the object of a choice, which would then be so deliberate, I would myself lead her to the altar, at any hour which she should judge most proper; and, furthermore, that I promised on behalf of Mary, as well as in my own name, that we would continue through life, in every event, to partake her felicity, and to gild for her, to the utmost of our ability, every misfortune which might await her.

Margaretta trembled excessively; her complexion now reddened to the deepest dye, and now changed to the most deadly pale! we were fearful that she would faint. Mary addressed her in the most soothing language; this had the desired effect; and, bursting into tears, she raised her clasped hands, while a kind of agonized expression was depicted upon her countenance, and, ere we were aware, with a sudden and tremulous emotion, quitting her seat, she sunk down upon her knees before us. “Oh Sir, oh Madam!” in a broken voice she exclaimed, “spare your child, spare me this trial; your condescension is sufficiently manifested; never more do I wish to behold the man who ~~last~~ this evening passed your doors; I am convinced

that

that he is poorly mean, that he is capable of the most deliberate baseness; and never shall my soul bind itself in alliance with an unworthy pretender, who can thus pitifully stoop to purloin the fame, with which undoubted merit had invested his superior."

"Nay, my love," rejoined Mary, "you are now again too precipitate; would you discard the man of your heart, merely because he is ambitious of adorning himself with the poet's laurel? besides, these tears, these looks of anguish, these broken accents, and heart-affecting sighs; these all betray a mind not sufficiently at ease, to make up a determination so important; should you thus hastily proceed, you may possibly repent at leisure. Come to my arms, my daughter—let me press this throbbing heart to the bosom of friendship; let us take time, my love; your father, whose wisdom not seldom leads him through the labyrinth of the human heart, shall prosecute his plan, while we, summoning the aid of mild resignation, abide, with patient acquiescence, the event."

Thus, then, we adjusted our measures; and the returning sun, according to custom, presenting Mr. Courtland, ushered in an hour which I regarded among the most important of my life. My unalterable intention was to constitute Miss Melworth sole heiress of every shilling which I possessed; yet, regarding our spark, in pecuniary matters, as another *Zeluco*, I conceived myself justified in practising a little address, in order to the unmasking an impostor, who, by methods so unwarrantable, had obtained such hold of the affections of my daughter.

Behold me then, gentle reader, with these impressions, seated in my library, and Courtland, with *unblushing effrontery*, lolling upon a sofa before me; listen, also, while with a solemn, but composed countenance, and, in a resolute and peremptory tone of voice, I thus deliver myself.

"I have requested this interview, Sir, in order to obtain your ear upon a very important subject. I observe that your pretensions to Miss Melworth, notwithstanding

standing your knowledge of our predilection for Mr. Hamilton, are still continued ; and I repeat, that no parental friends, ought *unduly* to influence in an affair, which cannot so deeply interest them, as the individuals who are principally concerned ; we consent, therefore, supposing Miss Melworth's preference should remain, to yield you her hand, and we assure you that her matrimonial choice shall, in no sort, influence her fortunes." Here Courtland bowed exultingly, and I proceeded to say—"But, Sir, it is just, that upon this occasion, I add, that, as Miss Melworth is not in fact, our daughter, she is not by nature entitled to our inheritance. My heart, Sir, my paternal heart, acknowledges for that young lady the strongest affection ; but family claims are respectable, and the pride of relationship is seldom wholly eradicated from the bosom. There is now living in a certain metropolis upon this continent, a distant relation of mine, who bears my name ; it is true he is rich, but his family is large, and as I am fond, I confess, of establishing my name, the world, in general, will not condemn me, should I devolve the greater part of my real estate to this my kinsman ; while prudence directs me to secure to Margaretta and her posterity, whatever part of my possessions I shall judge proper to endow her with ; and I am positive that Miss Melworth will not accuse me of want of affection for her, whatever arrangements I may be induced to make."

I assayed not to describe the agitated alterations, which the countenance of Courtland underwent, during the latter part of my harangue ; anger, disappointment, and the deepest chagrin, were marked there ; when, starting from his seat, with an indignation but ill concealed, he expressed himself to the following effect :—"I was informed, Sir, that you had no relation in existence ; I was informed that Miss Melworth would undoubtedly succeed to your estates ; and I was moreover informed, that you had destined a very handsome sum, as a nuptial present, for the husband of that young lady, upon the day of marriage ; if I

" am

"am deceived, Sir, though I *adore* Miss Melworth, yet
"neither my fortune nor my family will admit of my
"union with a young lady, who, (excuse me, Sir): doth
"not seem to have *any* well grounded expectations,
"and who cannot claim a single person in the world,
"as her natural relation."

It was with difficulty that I stifled my resentment ; but, assuming an air of calmness, I returned—"I am ignorant, Sir, who was your informant ; but I am confident I have never before explained myself upon this subject, to any one, and I am not answerable for the erroneous conjectures of the busy multitude :. But, Sir, you, in your turn, must excuse me, when I say, that I should imagine a person upon the eve of bankruptcy, if he really loved the woman whom he was seeking to affianc to penury, would be happy to find her invested with a share of property, which, being independent of his failure, would set her above absolute want."

This was enough ; it worked him up to a degree of frenzy ; and, clenching his fist, with a menacing air, he approached my seat.

"What, Sir, can you mean ? What do you mean Mr. Vigillius ? I demand an explanation."

"Compose yourself, Sir," I rejoined, "I am not to be intimidated by those big looks, or that air of haughty defiance. Had you, Mr. Courtland, when you presented yourself in my family, as a candidate for the affection of my daughter, ingenuously favoured me with a *real* statement of your affairs, I would have used my interest to have adjusted them amicably with your creditors ; and had the attachment of Margaretta been permanent, while I regarded you as a worthy, though an unfortunate man, I should, notwithstanding my conditional engagement with Mr. Hamilton, have viewed the matter with tolerable complacency ; but, when you pass yourself upon us as a man in affluent circumstances, when you act, in every instance, the deliberate deceiver, I should greatly grieve, did I not know that my daughter's eyes were already opened :. She, even at this moment, regains her former tranquillity."

quillity. You are no stranger to me, Sir ; your *amours*, your *improvidence*, the *ruined state of your finances*, &c. &c. I have this moment letters in my pocket, from your principal creditors, and I could long ere this have apprized Miss Melworth, had I not judged it expedient that she should make the discovery for herself—she hath made it, and I am again a happy man.”

Courtland’s cowardly soul now shrunk from my gaze ; but assuming, with his wonted finesse, the air of an injured man, as he darted from the library, and from the house, he said, “ It is well, Sir, it is well that “ your connexion with Miss Melworth is your protection ; otherwise I should not fail to call you to a very “ severe account, for falsehoods and absurdities, which “ the bosom of malevolence hath doubtless originated.”

From the library, I immediately passed to the adjoining apartment. Margaretta hid her blushing face in the bosom of her mother ; and while I pressed those beautiful females to my heart, I protested, by the tenderness which I bore them, that I was, at that instant, the happiest of human beings.

Margaretta proposed a thousand questions in a breath ; and, while she blessed the hour of her emancipation, she begged to learn the residence of the dear family I had mentioned, who, from their affinity to me, she gratefully said, were already imaged in her heart, and to whom she wished speedily to devote the page of tender acknowledgment, for the share they undesignedly had, in liberating a mind which had been so unworthily enslaved. Tapping her cheek, I expressed my wonder that she too had been deceived ; for, my dear, I added, though there is actually, in the city of ———, a gentleman of my name, circumstanced exactly as I have stated, yet I am not personally acquainted with him ; nor do I know that there is the remotest consanguinity between us, in any other line, than as we are alike descended from the honest couple who had their residence in Paradise.

In fact, not having, in my conversation with Courtland, absolutely avowed an intention of alienating
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from Margaretta any part of my estate ; only simply suggesting the rationality and equity of such a procedure, and having fully accomplished my design, I was not anxious to guard my secret.

Courtland, who still continued in our neighbourhood, was soon apprized of the stratagem which I had so successfully employed ; and such was the egregious vanity of the coxcomb, that he entertained no doubt of being able to reinstate himself in the bosom of Margaretta ; to which end, he addressed her by many expostulatory letters ; imputing the part he had acted in the library, entirely to surprise, and disavowing every tittle of what had been alleged against him ; declaring, that those calumnies had undoubtedly been fabricated by some friends of Hamilton's, on purpose to ruin him in his love ; and, that however she might determine, his inviolable attachment to her would never permit him to be other than the humblest of her *adorers*. It was in vain Miss Melworth assured him, that his real situation, his wishes, or his pursuits, could affect her in no other way, than as she was a general well-wisher to her species ; and that, having outlived the esteem she once avowed for him, she must beg leave to decline all correspondence with him in future. No sooner were his letters returned unopened, than he persisted in besieging every door which she entered ; and, having once crossed the threshold, his clamorous protestations bore a stronger resemblance to those of a madman, than to a rationally attached lover. Miss Melworth, however, acquitted herself upon every of these occasions, with that cool and determined consistency, which was necessary to the establishment of her character, which confirmed the general sentiment in her favour, and placed the whole affair in its true light.

But many days elapsed, before my girl regained her wonted *self-complacency*. She often lamented the weakness which thus, subjecting her to so humiliating an attachment, had involved us also in the utmost anxiety ; and not being able to forgive herself, for a time
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she continued to deplore. But the good sense she so eminently possessed, leading her at length to impute her error to inexperience, finally banished every remaining regret, and enabled her to pen a letter to Miss Worthington, which I produce as a contrast to that which appeared in my last Gleaner.

MISS MELWORTH TO MISS WORTHINGTON.

Village of ———, July 31st, 1789.

NEWS, joyful news! my beloved girl. Your Margaretta is restored to her senses, and she is now the cheerfullest, the most contented, and the happiest being in the universe. Yes, thanks to the unworthiness of Courtland, my liberated heart is at this moment lighter than a feather; and I can now behold this once formidable man without the smallest perturbation, save what is excited by the recollection of that imbecility, which so poorly subjected me to an indiscretion which must, as often as it is recurred to, suffuse my cheek with the blush of conscious error! The story of my emancipation is too long to relate in the little moment allowed me, for the post is on the wing, and as my dear Amelia has given me reason to flatter myself I shall soon see her at ———, a bare sketch of this happy event shall suffice, while I voluntarily engage to fill up the outlines during some *tete à tete*, which we will sweetly enjoy, in the woodbine alcove, you have so often heard me mention.

For some time, being left by my matchless parents wholly to the exercise of my own reason, I had begun to discover that Courtland was not the faultless being which my imagination had almost deified. He let slip no opportunity of piqueing Hamilton; he seemed ungenerously to aim at pointing the shaft which so apparently wounded the bosom of my early friend; and his triumphant exultation partook a degree of meanness, at which I felt my bosom involuntarily revolt. Once or twice, too, I looked in upon some poor neighbours of ours, who were struggling with disease and penury, in order, in my little way, to afford

ford them what relief my angel benefactor had commissioned me to yield ; methought his soul was not formed for pity or for sympathy ; no tear started in his eye ; and while his complaisance induced him to accompany me in my walk, his features gathered a severe and rigid kind of austerity ; that gentle and engaging demeanor, for which we have together admired him, was no more ; his air was haughty and forbidding, and he deigned not to pour even the oil of soothing words, into the lacerated bosom of sorrow ! Upon these occasions disgust grew in my soul, and I was conscious that my attachment was gradually diminishing. A little poem, written by Edward Hamilton, he had the weakness to claim ; this also, exhibiting him in a new and disagreeable light, made large inroads upon that esteem, which, while with you, (not considering, that I thereby violated the duty I owed my revered friends) I had so fondly cherished ; but the finishing stroke was reserved for the investigating wisdom of my father. By the dictates of equity Courtland was tried, and he came out—I will not say what he came out. In short, my Amelia, no longer enslaved by that dangerous man, it is not my business to pursue him by invectives ; he mingles, in regard to me, with the rest of his species : I owe him no ill-will, and I am only solicitous that no unhappy young body, not patronized and directed, as I have been, may fall a victim to the wiles which an enemy so fascinating may prepare for her.

For myself, my utmost wishes are gratified ; joy once more illumines the revered countenances of my parental friends : I am conscious that I have banished anxiety from their bosoms, and this consciousness seems to dignify and render my existence of importance ; it is of itself a sufficient compensation for years of suffering ; from a mighty pressure my soul is relieved ; every thing wears its accustomed face ; I skip about the house as usual, and this dwelling is the same blessed mansion which it heretofore was. Serafina, too, embraces me with returning rapture ; and though Ed-

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ward Hamilton, who hath long been absent from our village, may probably reject a heart which hath been capable of so improper an attachment, yet he will allow of my sisterly regards; in his fraternal bosom, I shall find an abode of sincerity; and I shall still be in possession of the approbation of my next to divine benefactors, and of the unalterable affection of my much loved Serafina. Possibly also—but whither am I wandering? I forget that the post will be gone; but having at length recollected myself, I hasten to offer my respects to your mamma, and to assure you that I am, with very sincere affection, your ever faithful

MARGARETTA MELWORTH.

N^o. XI.

When crimes despotic in the bosom reign,
The tears of weeping beauty flow in vain.

SCARCE an hour had elapsed, after Margaretta had forwarded her letter to Miss Worthington, when the following interesting account from that young lady, which had been written some days before, was put into her hand.

MISS WORTHINGTON TO MISS MELWORTH.

NEW-HAVEN, July 25th, 1789.

GRACIOUS Heaven, what are my sensations! Never did I expect to address my dear Miss Melworth under a consciousness of having contributed (as the event may prove) to her ruin: But in deed, and in truth, we have not intentionally erred; and surely the tale which I have to unfold, will banish from a mind, where integrity and every other virtue have taken up their abode, a wretch, who ought never to have profaned a temple so sacred.

My poor mother weeps incessantly; she says she shall never know peace again, if you are not enabled to assure her, that tranquillity is restored to a bosom,
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where she hath been accessary in planting so sharp a thorn. Listen, my beloved Margarett, to the recital I have to make ; and let the virtues of Hamilton obtain their due estimation.

About six years since, a gentleman by the name of Wellwood, was one of the most respectable dwellers in this city ; his family consisted only of his lady and daughter, with their domestics ; his daughter had been educated with the exactest care, and she was, at eighteen, a beautiful and accomplished young woman. Just at this important period, Mr. Wellwood paid the great debt of nature ; and so deep an impression did this melancholy and calamitous event make upon the mind of Mrs. Wellwood, who was one of the first of women, that after languishing a few weeks, under all the pressure of a rapid decline, she also obtained her passport, resigning her life, a confessed and lamented martyr to grief.

Thus, in a very short interval, the unfortunate Frances Wellwood saw herself precipitated from a situation the most eligible, with which the dispositions of paternal Providence can possibly endow a young creature, to that of an unprotected orphan ; no guardian father, no indulgent mother remained, to direct her steps, or to approbate her movements ! She had been accustomed to regard her parents as the source of wisdom ; no design had she ever executed, unsanctioned by the parental voice, unpropitiated by the maternal smile ; and the authors of her existence had, in every sense, continued the prop and the confidence of the being they had reared. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Wellwood were natives of this city ; none of their kindred resided among us : So that the beautiful orphan viewed herself as alone in the universe ; and when she cast her distracted gaze upon the clay cold tenements of a father and a mother ; upon those eyes, now for ever closed, which, while the least vestige of life remained, had still darted upon her the most benign and unequivocal testimonies of affectionate tenderness ; upon those lips never again to be unsealed, which had opened but

to enrich her with advice, admonitions, directions, or benedictions ; when, with folded arms, she contemplated those trophies of relentless death, the unutterable anguish of her spirit, depriving her for a time of reason, suspended the operation of the silent sorrow, which afterward reduced her to the very verge of the grave ! Not a benevolent heart in this city, but deeply felt for the lovely mourner ; never did I see a more pathetically interesting object. But time, that sovereign physician, and the soothing of those friends, to whom her virtues and her misfortunes had inexpressibly endeared her, at length effectuated in her bosom precisely that state of tender melancholy, which, in a delicate and sentimental mind, is described as finding a luxury in tears ; and her youth and an excellent constitution, surmounting the ravages which had been made in her health, she was gradually restored to a pensive kind of serenity.

The effects, of which Mr. Wellwood had died possessed, exclusive of his household moveables, which were very genteel, consisting altogether of navigation and articles of merchandize, he had directed in his will that they should be immediately converted into ready money ; and the gentleman whom he had appointed his executor, with that integrity and dispatch, which are such conspicuous traits in his character, speedily disbursing every arrearage, and adjusting every affair relative to his trust, delivered into the hands of Miss Wellwood the sum of two thousand pounds in cash ; this being the whole amount, after such settlement, of what remained of her deceased father's estate ; and of this her patrimony, she was, agreeably to his direction, the sole and uncontrolled possessor. Behold her then, before she had completed her nineteenth year, absolute mistress of herself and fortune : Her apartments were elegantly furnished ; she was in possession of a handsome library, and two thousand pounds in ready specie ; but her discretion was unquestionable, and no one presumed to dictate to Miss Wellwood.

Just at this crisis, Courtland made his first appearance at New-Haven. His exterior and deportment,

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we have mutually agreed, are pleasingly fascinating, and our unguarded sex are but too easily captivated. His arts of seduction must be prodigious. When I see you, I will recount the gradual advances, by which he undermined a virtue, that would have been proof against a common assailant. Hoodwinking her reason, and misleading her judgment by arguments the most sophistical, *he induced her to view, as the result of human regulations, the marriage vow*; it was not to be found in the law of God, and it (or rather, the calling a priest to witness it) was calculated only for the meridian of common souls: True, the institution answered political purposes, and it might be necessary to preserve a character; but for him—his nuptial hour—should it take place previous to the death of a capriciously obstinate old uncle, who was a bachelor, and who had made his succeeding to his estate to depend upon his continuing single, would mark him the most imprudent of men. Mean time, his love for Miss Wellwood was unbounded; he could not possibly exist without her; he could not bear the idea of seeing her hourly exposed to the solicitations of those numerous pretenders, who thronged about her, while he was conscious that he possessed no superior claim to her attention; and surely, as they had the sole disposal of themselves, they might, in the sight of Heaven, exchange their vows; while that Heaven, which would record the deed, would also sanction and crown with success, a union so pure, so disinterested, and formed so wholly under its own sacred auspices; this transaction would in fact constitute their real nuptials, and upon the demise of the old gentleman, they would immediately submit to authorise their union by modern rites.

Miss Wellwood loved the villain—Horrid wretch!—He succeeded but too well, and she was involved in the deepest ruin! My tears blot the paper—would to God that they could cancel her faults, and serve as a *lethe* for her sufferings. Not a soul was apprized of their intercourse; and so well were their measures taken,

that when, six months after, the young lady disappeared, amid the various conjectures which were formed, not even the shadow of suspicion glanced upon Courtland ; every one expressed, in their own way, his or her wonder, grief, and apprehension ; the whole town took an interest in her unexpected removal, and Courtland was with the foremost to express his astonishment ; but as Miss Wellwood was entirely independent, no one was authorised to commence an active inquiry or pursuit.

The attention excited by any extraordinary event, after having its run, at length subsides ; and Miss Wellwood ceased by degrees to be the subject of conversation ; nor hath her strange flight been in any sort accounted for, until two days since, when Bridget introduced into our breakfasting parlour this forlorn female, who, immediately upon fixing her eyes on my mother, sunk down almost breathless at her feet ! It is hardly necessary to add, that we instantly raised the hapless orphan, and that after recognizing, with some difficulty, the well-known features of Miss Wellwood, we received from her lips the foregoing particulars.

Upon her quitting New-Haven, she repaired directly to apartments, which had been taken for her by Courtland, in a distant village ; her patrimony, you will not doubt, was relinquished to her betrayer. After sacrificing her honour, every thing else became a trifle. At first, he vouchsafed to support her ; but for these two last years, either wanting ability or inclination, she has not been able to obtain from him the smallest sum ! Of her furniture, of her valuable library, of every thing she is stripped ; and for some months past she hath been reduced to the necessity of parting with her clothes, and of availing herself of her skill in needle work, for the subsistence of herself and three sons, whom she hath borne to Courtland ; and the little wretches, with their injured mother, have long been in want of the common necessaries of life ! Yet, through all this, she hath been supported, being buoyed up by the hope of an ultimate residence with the father of
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her children : By the laws of Heaven, she regards herself as already his wife, while she hath repeatedly, with floods of tears, besought the abandoned man to confer upon her, by the rites of the church, a title so honourable ; and, though still repulsed, and often with severity, she hath never despaired, until the tidings that Courtland was on the point of marriage with a young lady, who had abode for some time with us, reached her ears ; this heart-rending intelligence produced her, upon the before mentioned morning, in our parlour ; this hath also procured you the sorrow, which so melancholy a recital will doubtless occasion.

The once beautiful form of Miss Wellwood is now surprisngly emaciated ; the few past weeks hath made dreadful havoc in her constitution ; we assay to pour into her lacerated bosom what consolation is in our power ; we have made her acquainted with your character, with its marked integrity and uniform consistency ; and we have encouraged her to hope every thing from a goodness so perfect. The desolated sufferer will herself address you. • Alas, alas ! what further can I say ! it is with difficulty that I have written thus far ; but this information we have judged absolutely necessary. May God preserve my dear Miss Melworth from so black a villain—every thing is to be feared. For myself, I stand, in my own apprehension, as a culprit before you. Forgive, I entreat you, my sorrowing mother ; and with your wonted kindness, forgive—O forgive—your truly affectionate, and greatly afflicted

AMELIA WORTHINGTON.

MISS WELLWOOD TO MISS MELWORTH.

[*Inclosed in the preceding.*]

NEW-HAVEN, July 25th, 1789.

WILL the most faultless of her sex deign to receive a line from one, who, but for the infatuation of a fatal and illusive passion, meeting her upon equal ground, might have drawn from so bright an example, a model

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by which she might have shaped her course, through an *event-judging* and *unfeeling* world. I am told that your virtues partake the mildest qualities, and that pity, bland and healing, is empress in your breast; if so, sweet mercy must administer there; and you will then not only tolerate the address of an unhappy stranger, but you will be impelled to lend to the prayer of my petition, a propitious ear. Miss Worthington hath condescended to become my introducer, and she informs me that she hath unfolded to you the story of my woes!

For myself, I write not, most respected young lady, either to exonerate myself, or to criminate an unfortunate man, who hath had the presumption to aspire to such daring heights! Registered in the uncontrovertible records of heaven, the wife of Courtland, in walks so reprehensible, it would ill become me to be found. No, Madam, I write to supplicate, and on my bended knees I am prostrated before you—I write to supplicate you to use your interest in the heart of Courtland, in my favour. Help me; O thou unblemished votary of virtue! help me to reclaim a husband, who, not naturally bad, hath too long wandered in the dangerous paths of dissipation; who hath drank too deeply of the empoisoned cup of error; and who, if he is not soon roused from his visionary career, may suddenly be precipitated into the gulph of perdition!

I said that Mr. Courtland was not naturally bad; and believe me, good young lady, I have, in a thousand instances, observed the rectitude of his heart. Early indulgence, and a mistaken mode of education, hath been his ruin; but the amiable qualities which are natal in his bosom, have, nevertheless, through the weeds by which they have been well nigh choaked, occasionally discovered themselves. Yet, whatever are his faults, they can never obliterate my errors; *doubtless he observed in me some blameable weakness*, or he would never have taken those unwarrantable steps, which were the consequence of our acquaintance; and now, circumstanced as we are, a failure of duty in
him,

him, can never apologize for the want of every proper exertion on my side. He is the father of my children ; I have a presentiment that he may be recovered to the bosom of equity ; and, if he will permit me, I will watch over him as my dearest treasure. Let him but acknowledge the honourable and endearing ties, father and husband ; let him but sanction them in the face of the world, and I will soothe his aching head ; I will smooth his thorny pillow ; and, in every circumstance, in sickness and in health, I will continue that faithful Fanny, whom he hath so often sworn never to forsake, and whom, in the fulness of his heart, he hath called Heaven to witness, he would ever prefer to all created beings.

Perhaps he can no more command the sums which I have yielded into his hands—be it so, they were mine, I made them his, and he had a right to dispose of them—Nay, I think I had rather find him destitute ; for such a situation will acquit him of that cruelty, with which he is otherwise chargeable on account of his late neglects. What are pecuniary emoluments, compared to that real felicity, which is to be derived from a mutual, a faithful, and an unbroken attachment ? I have made the experiment, and I can confidently pronounce it in truth a fact—that *we want but little here below*. Let him know, Madam, that I will draw the impenetrable veil of silence over the past ; that we will commence anew the voyage of life ; and that if he will at length be just, his returning kindness, by invigorating once more this poor, this enervated frame, will restore alacrity to my efforts ; and that I am, in that case, positive, our combined exertions will procure for ourselves, and our little ones, the *necessaries of life*.

What can I say ? It is for my children I am thus importunate ; were it not for their dear sakes, the story of my sufferings should never interrupt the felicity of Miss Melworth. No, believe me, no—but I would seek some turfed pillow, whereon to rest my weary head ; and, closing forever these humid lids, I would
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haste to repose me in that vault, which entombs the remains of my revered parents, and where only, I can rationally expect to meet the tranquillity for which I sigh. Innocent little sufferers!—observe them, dearest lady; to you their hands are uplifted—Courtland's features are imaged in their faces, and they plead the cause of equity.

Nor will we, my children, despair—we cannot sue in vain: Miss Melworth being our auxiliary, doubtless we shall again be reinstated in the bosom of your father.

Forgive, inestimable young lady, forgive this incoherent rambling—distraction not seldom pervades my mind. But grant, I beseech you, the prayer of my petition, and entitle yourself to the eternal gratitude of the now wretched.

FRANCES WELLWOOD.

IT was well that my girl had discarded Courtland from her heart, and that she had almost entirely recovered her tranquillity, previous to the receipt of these letters; otherwise, the sudden revolution they would have occasioned, must, in a young and impassioned mind, have uprooted her reason.

Old Mr. Wellwood had been one of the first of my friends; and from his countenance and advice, on my setting out in life, I had derived material advantages. The disappearance of his daughter had much perplexed me. I was fearful she was ill advised, but from the idea I had entertained of her discretion, I had not the least suspicion of the truth. Yet she never rushed upon my memory, without giving birth in my bosom to sensations truly painful; and I had been constantly solicitous to discover the place of her retreat.

Thus, under the influence of equity and gratitude, I hope my readers will do me the justice to believe, that in Miss Wellwood's affairs, I found myself naturally impelled to take a very active part. Margazetta speedily responded to both the ladies; but

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as her letter to Miss Worthington is not absolutely essential to my narration, I shall omit it : The following is a copy of her reply to Miss Wellwood.

Miss MELWORTH to Miss WELLWOOD.

Village of ———, August 1st, 1789.

I HAVE, my dear Madam, received your pathetically plaintive epistle ; and, over the melancholy recital of your woes, I have shed many tears. I lament your sorrows, and I honour the propriety of your present feelings and wishes ; but a letter which I yesterday wrote to Miss Worthington, and which she will soon receive, will, I persuade myself, convince you of the indelicacy and inutility of my interference relative to Mr. Courtland. Before the name of Miss Wellwood had been announced to me, I had been convinced of my error, in entertaining the most distant views of a serious connexion with that gentleman ; and the preference my inexperienced heart had avowed for him, was eradicated from my bosom.

Doubtless, if the ever honoured guardians of my unwary steps, had not still been continued to me, *ensnared as I too certainly was*, Miss Wellwood's wrongs would not have exhibited a solitary trait in the history of the unfeeling despoiler ! You must excuse me, Madam, if I do not adopt your *mildness of expression*, when speaking of a *betrayal*, whose atrocious conduct hath blasted in their early blow, the opening prospects of a young lady, whose fair mind seems eminently formed for all those social and tender intercourses, which constitute and brighten the pleasing round of domestic life. Surely, Miss Wellwood——yet, sensible that painful retrospection will avail us nothing, I stop short.

But, my amiable panegyrist, though I, myself, am ineligible as a mediatrix, between parties whose interests *ought indeed to be considered as one*, I am authorized to offer you the extricating hands, and protecting arms of those matchless benefactors, who, with unexampled condescension, have dignified the orphan Margaretta, by investing her with the title of *their daughter* ;

ter ; nor is this an empty title ; their parental wisdom, their parental indulgence—but come and see. I am commanded to solicit you immediately to repair to an asylum, and to hearts, which will ever be open for your reception. My father, Madam, confesses essential and various obligations to your deceased parent ; and he hath long been anxiously desirous to render the arrears, which were due to Mr. Wellwood, into the hands of his ever lovely representative. The bearer of this letter is commissioned to pay you the sum of fifty pounds, which you are requested to receive, as a *part of the interest*, which hath been, for such a length of time, your due ; it may answer your present exigencies, and the *principal* is still in reserve. It is with much pleasure, I avail myself of the orders which are given me, to repeat my solicitations, that you would, without hesitation, hasten to this mansion. An elderly man and woman, who are to return to our village in the next stage, and who have long been our very respectable neighbours, will call upon you at Colonel Worthington's, to take your commands ; and if you will be so obliging as to put yourself under their care, they will see you conveyed in safety to one, who, in addition to the general and unquestionable humanity of his character, feels his heart operated upon, in regard to Miss Wellwood, by the ancient and inviolable claims of gratitude.

Mr. Courtland, though not at present our visitor, is still a resident in this neighbourhood ; and my father bids me assure you, that every rational step shall be taken, which can be supposed to have the remotest tendency toward the restoration of your peace. He himself will undertake your cause ; and as his plans are always the result of wisdom and penetration, he is not seldom gratified by the accomplishment of his wishes. He will seek Mr. Courtland ; he will assail him by those invincible arguments, with which equity, reason and nature will furnish him ; and should he still remain obdurate, my dear and commiserating father will, nevertheless, aid you by his counsel, and continue
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unto you his protection ; he will assist you in educating your young people, and in disposing of them in a manner, which will render them *useful members of society* : In short, no efforts which benevolence can command, will be wanting, to alleviate your misfortunes. Cheer up then, lovely mourner ; the orphan's friend is ours : I predict that the smile of tranquillity will again illumine your grief-worn countenance ; and should I yet have to raise to you the voice of felicitation, *good, in that event, will be educes from evil*, and I shall then cease to regret a circumstance, which at present, as often as it is remembered, tinges my cheek with the blush of confusion. Were it necessary, I would add, that no means shall be left unassayed, which may be within the reach of, dear Madam, your truly commiserating, and sincere well-wisher,

MARGARETTA MELWORTH.

TAKING it for granted, that the candid reader will allow for the partiality of a young creature, *whose high sense of common benefits*, and whose gratitude had rendered her almost an enthusiast,—I intrude no comment thereon. Margaretta's letter soon produced Miss Wellwood in our family ; and upon the morning after her arrival, I sat off in pursuit of Mr. Courtland. My most direct course brought me to rap at the door of his lodgings, and as I was rather early, I made myself sure of finding him within. My astonishment, however, was not equal to my regret, when I was informed by his landlady, that a writ of attachment, being the evening before served upon him, at the suit of Mr. ———, and he not being able to procure sureties, he was then lodged in the county jail. I hesitated not in regard to the measures which were best to be taken ; a few moments produced me in that abode of the miserable ; and I found little difficulty in obtaining an interview with the prisoner.

Courtland—never shall I forget his appearance—all those airs of importance, which had marked his innate consciousness of superiority, were whelmed in the storm

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of adversity, that had at length burst upon him. His haggard looks proclaimed, that sleep, in her accustomed manner, had forsaken his dreary abode ; his dress was neglected ; his hair in disordered ringlets hung upon his shoulders : In short, scarce a vestige of the finished gentleman remained ; and his folded arms and vacant countenance, as I beheld him unobserved, were almost descriptive of insanity : But the jailer announcing my name, his agonized and unaffected discomposure commanded my utmost commiseration ; an expression indicative of mingling confusion, surprise and apprehension, instantly suffused his cheek ; and, with extreme perturbation, he exclaimed, " Good God ! Mr. Vigillius—this is too much—but, forgive me, Sir, *the uniformity of your character* will not permit a continuance of the idea, that you are come hither either to reproach or insult me."

" To insult you, Mr. Courtland ! God forbid. I come hither rather the petitioner of your favour ; and it is a truth, that I at this moment feel, in regard to you, all the father predominating in my bosom ; but, having matter for your private ear, I must beg the indulgence of this gentleman for a few moments."

The humane keeper withdrew with much civility ; and the consternation of our delinquent was unutterable, while I proceeded to inform him of the early knowledge I had obtained of the commencement and progress of his career ; of my information in regard to the ruined state of his affairs ; and of my actual correspondence with his principal creditors. " I have opened my business, Sir," I added, " by this exordium, on purpose to let you know how well qualified I am to serve you ; and however you may have smarted, while I have thus taken it upon me to probe your wounds, I flatter myself you may be induced to bless the hand, which is furnished also with a specific. In short, Sir, I am this morning authorized to act in your affairs—a fair plaintiff hath constituted me her attorney, and I come to offer you terms of accommodation—Miss Wellwood, Sir——" At the sound of this name he changed

changed colour, bit his lips, groaned deeply, and vehemently articulated—"Jesus God, have mercy on me!" and, as if that injured female herself had been present, he thus continued: "*Miss Wellwood—lovely, but too credulous fair one—wretched woman!—I have undone thee; but, Madam, my death shall soon present you the only compensation in my power.*"

"I came not, Sir," interrupted I, "*to point to the defenceless bosom the shaft of despair: If you please, I will read a letter, which was written by Miss Wellwood to my daughter.*" I read; and, as I folded the paper, I beheld with astonishment, the tear of contrition bedewing his pallid cheek! "*Welcome stranger!*" he exclaimed—"lovely woman—injured saint—forgiving martyr!—Yes, Heaven is my witness, that the tenderest affection of which this obdurate heart hath ever been capable, hath still been the undivided, unalienated possession of Fanny Wellwood—but, Sir, she knows not the depth of my misery—God of heaven! my crimes have already precipitated me into the gulph of perdition, and there remains no remedy."

But not to fatigue my readers by further circumlocution, I found that our gentleman had become as wax in my hand; and I proposed to him, that if I could procure his enlargement, he should retire immediately to my dwelling, where he would meet Miss Wellwood; and that the nuptial ceremony being legally performed, my house should become his castle; that I myself would undertake his affairs, thoroughly investigate every point, and endeavour to adjust matters with his creditors.

My proposal was accepted, with the most extravagant and rapturous demonstrations of joy; and my interest, combined with that of a substantial neighbour's, soon liberating the captive, produced him a happy and a grateful bridegroom. The rites of the church were performed; not a single ceremony was omitted—while Margaretta and Serafina, blooming as Hebe, and cheerful as the morning, officiated as bride-maids.

Agreeably to my promise, I very soon opened my negotiation

negociation with the different claimants upon Mr. Courtland. New-Haven furnished me with many auxiliaries ; it was sufficient to produce the daughter of Mr. Wellwood, to command, in her favour, the most energetic efforts : We speedily obtained a very advantageous compromise ; our debtor was, by the joint assistance of many respectable characters, set up in business ; and the deficiencies of nature and education, which we have noted in him, were abundantly supplied, *by the abilities, application, and economical arrangements of Mrs. Courtland.* Every year, a regular dividend of the profits of their business is remitted to their creditors ; a large part of the old arrears is discharged ; and they bid fair, in the run of a few revolving seasons, to possess themselves of a very handsome competency.

N^O. XII.

And now the ripening harvest clustering round,
With fruits mature our well form'd hopes were crown'd.

I AM sometimes wonderfully amused by the various comments upon these my lucubrations, which in the course of my peregrinations are frequently poured into my ear. It must be confessed, that as I journey from place to place, I am sufficiently solicitous to collect the sentiments of my readers ; and that although I am often subjected to extreme mortification in this my anxious pursuit, yet I have, upon some occasions, inhaled, from the voice of the genuine critic, the fine effluvia of well-judged praise.

But during a late tour, which I made to a distant metropolis, I was not so fortunate as to observe that my laurel crown was much indebted to the brightening hand of fame ; for although I then breathed the natal air of the Massachusetts Magazine, yet I found that upon the ear of *the many*, even the name of the Gleaner had never vibrated ; and that a considerable majority

majority of those whose attention he had engaged, seemed more occupied in detecting the *real author*, than in *essaying* to investigate the merit of his productions ! An old lady, (taking off her spectacles, and laying down her knitting-work) informed me she had been credibly assured, that the Gleaner had in fact never been married ; that he was a young man, a dweller in Worcester, and that he never having had a *bit of a wife*, it was impossible to tell what to believe.

A *facetious divine*, sitting by, gravely replied, " Well, if the scoundrel has imposed upon the public by a fictitious tale, he ought surely to be tossed in a blanket; and I, for my part, am willing to lend any assistance in my power, to deliver a delinquent, so atrocious, to condign punishment."

A sober young woman next joined in the conversation, proceeding with great solemnity to give in her evidence : She said she had but just returned from New-Haven ; that she happened to be there when the story of Miss Wellwood came out ; and that she was, by unquestionable authority, positively assured they had never heard the name of Margaretta Melworth, until they saw it in the Magazine ; that the Wellwoods, the Courtlands, and even the Worthingtons, (as described by the Gleaner) were wholly unknown in that city.

" Pshaw, pshaw, young woman," said a pedant, who had eyed the fair speaker with an air of supercilious contempt, " you know nothing of the matter ; but ignorance is always forth putting. I tell you that I had the honour of receiving my education at Yale College ; I was there at the very period, on which the Gleaner represents his Margaretta as having passed some time in the city of New-Haven, and I more than once saw that young lady at church, and in several private families ; it is true that being then but a youth, (for it was my first year in the seminary) I was not very intimate with Miss Melworth, otherwise, I doubt not, I should have been made acquainted with every particular which he records." A testimony so decisive, could not be controverted ; the old lady resumed her knitting, and an air of general complacency took place.

I cannot help regarding this *hunting after names*, as descriptive of the frivolity of the human mind: No sooner does an anonymous piece make its appearance, than curiosity invests itself in the stole of sagacity, conjecture is upon the rack—Who is he? Where does he live? What is his *real name*, and occupation? And to the importance of these questions, considerations of real weight give place; as if the being able to ascertain a name was replete with information of the most salutary kind. Whereas, if the writing is in no sort personal, and cannot be construed into a libel, a knowledge of the author can be of no moment, neither can a name designate a character. *Facts, real events*, have often been communicated to the world under *feigned names*; and instruction not seldom arrays itself in the decent and alluring veil of allegory.

The business of the reader is to scan the *intrinsic value* and *general tendency* of the composition; if that is considerable, if that is laudable, he ought to leave the author to announce himself under what auspices he shall judge proper.

Passing from these *name-hunters*, I joined a select tea-party, when I had an opportunity of hearing the work itself very freely descanted upon; and while I was humbled by the uncandid and satirical disquisition which I underwent, I was proportionably elated at observing that my daughter was as much a favourite in the world at large, as in the village in which she hath been educated. In Margareta every one appeared interested; and, however questionable the merit of the Gleaner was deemed, Miss Melworth obtained her full share of applause. A damsel, verging upon thirty, the height of whose feathers was enormous, pronounced the poetry of the Gleaner *pitiful*; declared his essays in general much *below a mediocrity*; and she added, that in her opinion they depreciated as rapidly as the paper currency of insolvent memory; that his last numbers were *monstrously* unnatural; that the library scene in particular was quite *outree*, since it was impossible to conceive of a man so *truly polite*, thus passionate; that her friend

friend Mrs. G—— condemned those writings altogether, and that Mrs. G—— *having travelled, and seen the world, must undoubtedly be acknowledged a competent judge.* Yet she allowed Margaretta to be a decent young person; and she doubted not if she had been left entirely to herself, she would have generously chosen the *man of her heart*, whatever might have been the embarrassments in which his *juvenile errors* might have involved him.

"*Juvenile errors!*" repeated a female who sat next her. "Is it possible, Madam, that you can bestow an epithet so gentle upon crimes of so deep a die? O! that our sex were conscious of their true dignity; *that they were just to themselves*; then should we no longer behold the unprincipled betrayer obtaining the confidence of virtue; then would the despoiler, banished from society, be necessitated to press forward to the path of rectitude, and a uniform pursuit of goodness becoming the price of his restoration to the privileges and immunities of a social being, he would be compelled to array himself in the garments of consistent equity. For my own part," continued the fair rationalist, "I am free to own, however singular it may be deemed, that unblemished virtue is, in my estimation, as essential in a man, as in a woman; and that as *man is commonly the primary aggressor*, I regard a *male prostitute* with even greater detestation than I do an abandoned female. I profess myself an admirer of the Gleaner. I conceive him to be a moral writer; and I must own that far from thinking the library scene *unnatural*, I have conceived it imitatively drawn. *Courtland* is represented from the beginning as a man extremely superficial; that shallow waters are not seldom noisy, is a common observation; and it is as true that in silent majesty the great profound may stand collected. Mr. Vigillius, with infinite address, had wrought up to the highest pitch, the sanguine expectations of his man; he is in fancy placed upon an eminence at which he had long aimed; and having, as he supposed, at length obtained the enviable summit of his wishes, he is suddenly dashed therefrom.

"Is.

"Is it then surprising to find him off his guard, especially when it is remembered, that his reasons for keeping measures with the Gleaner were no longer in force? Viewing the matter in this light, I confess, it appears to me rather extraordinary, that his passions discovered *no greater excess*. But, be this as it may, I declare to you, that Margarettta captivates my very soul; that the virtues attributed to Hamilton strike me most pleasingly: I am charmed with the open integrity, and the manly consistency of the character of that youth; and I cannot but hope that the ensuing Gleaner, recounting his union with Miss Melworth, will give us an opportunity of contemplating the most faultless pair who have ever lighted the torch of Hymen, since the lord of paradise received our general mother from the hand of her Creator."

"What in the name of ingenuity," interrupted the lady who was filling tea, "*has he done with Hamilton?*" I protest I am enchanted by that divine fellow; his disdaining to enter the lists with Courtland, and his absenting himself during the pursuit of that unworthy pretender, was a deportment at once dignified, proper and manly. I confess that it hath been no small disappointment to me, to find him in the several last Gleaners but barely mentioned; and I am absolutely impatient to hear of his return from exile, and of the restoration of his hopes."

The lovely sentimentalists here adverted to; will recollect a conversation so recent; and, from the throng which upon that occasion crowded the levee of Mrs. ———, they may possibly recognize the Gleaner; but even in this case, I feel pleasingly assured, that in the bosom of candour, discretion and good-nature, *my secret is perfectly safe*, while I am confident, that by the many I shall remain untraced. My amiable panegyrists were unconscious that they delivered their sentiments in the presence of an *interested man, who hung upon their lips, engraving their words in characters indelible upon the tablets of his breast*; yet, as I am happy in an opportunity of rendering to superior merit the tribute of esteem;

esteem ; so I hasten with alacrity, to pen the acknowledgments of gratitude ; and while, in a manner as succinct as possible, I proceed to bring down my narration to the present period, it is with substantial satisfaction I confess that my hopes are invigorated, and my efforts stimulated, by a knowledge that persons so worthy await, with some impatience, the recital of a catastrophe which hath long since gratified my utmost wishes.

It happened that Mr. Hamilton returned home upon the very evening which witnessed the nuptials of Mr. Courtland and Miss Wellwood. Being ignorant of his route, it had not been in our power to follow him by letter ; and he was consequently unacquainted with every thing that had passed in our village, during his absence. This plan he had purposely concerted, with an expectation of banishing from his bosom those tender sentiments of Margaretta, which were inconsistent with his peace ; and fondly imagining that he had effectuated his wishes, he alighted at the lodgings of *Scarfina*, whither he first repaired, in tolerable tranquillity ; but, on inquiring for Miss Clifford, being rather abruptly informed by her maid, that her young lady passed that evening in the family of Mr. Vigillius, in order to assist at the marriage of Mr. Courtland, he discovered, in a single moment, the cruel fallacy of those hopes he had so confidently cherished. He was unacquainted with the existence and even the name of Miss Wellwood : It was Courtland's wedding night ; he could think of no one but Margaretta ; a thousand varying ideas rushed instantaneously upon his mind ; all his purposes were broken ; and he saw that, so far from accomplishing the laudable end which he had proposed, by tearing himself from the beloved object, he had too probably accelerated his own ruin.

In speechless agony he clasped his hands, and raising his fine eyes to Heaven, he hastily withdrew to the retirement of his own chamber, where, summoning reason, fortitude and religion to his aid, he endeavoured to rally his scattered forces, to recollect those

as those which are impressed upon seraphic bosoms, amid the paradise of their God.

During the period which preceded her marriage, she gave and received many visits to and from Miss Worthington. She made many little tours round the country ; and, possessing a strikingly commanding exterior, with manners so truly pleasing, she was, of course, followed by a train of admirers. Courtlands, Bellamours and Plodders, of every description, crowded about her ; and, assailed on every side by the perniciously enervating and empoisoned airs of adulation, the uniformity of her character was put to the severest test.

Miss Melworth, however, was fully equal to the ordeal which was thus prepared for her ; and she continued to receive her admirers of every description, in a manner which was truly worthy of approbation. The impassioned feelings of the devoted heart, never contributed, in the smallest degree, to her amusement : She had not to charge herself with inflicting a single moment's unnecessary pain ; and no sooner did the serious pretender advance his claim, than his professions of love, though received with grateful respect, were decisively rejected. Obligations for every honorary testimony, she was free to acknowledge ; but she was not ambitious to enlist a train of dangles. Her heart, tremblingly alive to the merits of Hamilton, although the nature of their connexion was not publickly known, was ready, almost indignantly, to resent the officious competition of those, whom her delicacy induced her to consider as intruders. But reason, true to its office, corrected the fervid ebullitions of passion, and always brought her back to that tranquillity of mind, so necessary to the full exercise of her fine talents. Observation, experience, reason and judgment, these all combined to confirm her in the election she had made ; and, on the bosom of serenity, her hours rolled on.

Both the mental and exterior accomplishments of our children were still improving ; their mutual attachment

attachment seemed daily to augment, and the prospect still brightened upon us. We often addressed them upon the importance of the vows they were destined to exchange, representing, with all the energy which language could command, the necessity of a permanent and unabating affection, to render filken the bands of wedlock.

Expect not, we exclaimed, a continuance of those vernal zephyrs, which will fan the genial flame of your early loves ; It is true you may embark upon a summer's sea, but the unavoidable evils, the vicissitudes, and too probably the storms of life, will arise—rocks and quicksands await the voyager, and eagle-eyed discretion ought to set at helm, if you would pass safely between extremes, which may be regarded as equally dangerous ! Mutual esteem, mutual friendship, mutual confidence, *begirt about by mutual forbearance*—these are the necessary requisites of the matrimonial career ; and there is not a virtuous endowment that can fall to the share of mortality, which may not be called into action.

We conjure you to consult each other's humours, dispositions, sentiments, and pursuits—an interval is given you for this purpose : Congenial tastes, congenial spirits, you ought to possess, *or at least a similarity of views is absolutely indispensable, if you mean to secure the social enjoyment of your lives.* Be not afraid, dear children of our fondest hopes, be not afraid to come to the test. Submit with cheerfulness to the most scrutinizing ordeal ; the present is your era of experiments. Look well to your *individual faults* ; forbear to *emblazon your virtues* ; and, if you find you cannot wholly eradicate any little peculiarities, which the imbecility of human nature may perhaps have interwoven with your constitution, examine if you can *tolerate them* ; and seek not, at the risk of your future quiet, during these peace crowned days, to shut your eyes upon each other's errors ! If you entertain the shadow of a preference for any other object ; if your long cherished attachment experiences abatement—shrink not from the voice of public censure—you are *still at liberty*—other pursuits yet open themselves before you—your most direct step

is an open declaration of what passes in the inmost recesses of your bosoms, to parents, who will not fail to patronize and uphold you in every action, which is, strictly speaking, the result of undeviating rectitude.

Reason authorises us at this time thus to address you ; but when once the hallowed hour, that shall witness your plighted faith, is past, the transaction of that hour will be indissoluble ! Death only can set you free ; and we shall then, in one particular, dictate for our children a reverse of conduct. A familiar figure will elucidate our meaning. You are to behold *each other's virtues with a microscopic gaze*, while we shall hardly permit you to glance at a *blemish*, even through the *telescope of affection*. It was to this effect we occasionally, frequently, and solemnly addressed our children, while we were peculiarly happy in remarking, that even to the searching eye of anxious solicitude, not a single moment of apathy, hesitation or regret was at any time apparent.

Thus rolled on the weeks, months, and years, until revolving time produced the promised era : It took place in the last vernal season, when the humid steps of April were on the point of resigning their tear gemmed empire to the bland and flowery feet of the wreath crowned and odour breathing month of May. Margaretta had then just rounded her nineteenth year ; and, much sooner than would have been our *uninfluenced wish*, we resigned our lovely charge into the hands of him, who had long been the deliberate choice of her heart.

Arrayed in majesty serene, the morning broke. The orb of day assumed to our grateful view an uncommon cheerfulness—all nature looked gay—the flowers seemed just expanding with emblematic sweetness—and the birds carolled most divinely.

We were not solicitous to collect a throng about us upon that auspicious day. With happiness innate in our bosoms, the *pomp* and *parade of joy* we were contented to spare ; and our circle consisted only of those, whose faces we should have contemplated with pleasure upon every rising morn and setting sun.

But

But though only a select party were summoned to partake our felicity, and to gild, by their presence, our bridal day, yet we were ambitious of diffusing the face of gladness over our village ; and we therefore appropriated the sums which we might have expended in the flowing goblet, and at the festal board, to the preparing nuptial presents for those who mourned beneath the iron sway of penury, and who, by this well-timed relief, felt their hearts once more attuned to the genial voice of pleasure ; who hastened to entwine for us the wreath of gratitude, the perfume of which was as the sweetest incense to our souls ; and who, bending at the footstool of paternal Deity, supplicated Heaven to confer upon us the choicest blessings.

The bride appeared among us arrayed in spotless white ; her robe was a delicate muslin, drawn in many a flower, from the rich variety of her elegant fancy, and neatly wrought by her own fair hands. She beheld the approach of her wedding day, unconscious of those terrors attributed to her sex. Upon the evening preceding the appointed morning, she entertained us, at our first request, with many of our favourite airs, upon her piano forte. I did not perceive her heart flying through her bodice ! and her tremors being of the governable kind, she was all her own agreeable self. What passed between her and her mother, with whom she retired for a few hours, I am yet to learn ; but this I know, that the day itself was not ushered in either by fits, or any violently agonized emotions. Virgin delicacy only served to animate, to heighten, and to new point the exquisite beauties which adorn the finest face I have ever seen ; and she accompanied us to the altar, where the ceremony was performed, with a sober and chastised expression of complacency, which seemed to say—*I have taken sufficient time to deliberate—I am under the direction of my best friends*—every sentiment, every passion of my soul approves the man who is this day to become my husband. Undoubtedly he is every way worthy ; I possess his tender and entire affection—his entire confidence. I am assured ; I am satisfied ; I am happy.

For

For Hamilton, the unbounded rapture which took possession of his bosom, was blended, however, with a dignified and manly manifestation of tenderness, which served to tranquillize his deportment, and to present him in a state of mind becoming the sacred rites which were to be performed: Yet, when he received the hand of Margaretta, the big emotions of his bosom refused to be wholly suppressed—"Condescending excellence!" he exclaimed "may He, who thus enriches me, render me worthy of so much goodness." The ceremony, excepting this interruption, passed agreeably to its sacred arrangement; and, after the good Urbanus had pronounced the benediction, we adjourned to our own mansion; and, since, what halcyon days, weeks, and months have revolved! Not a cloud has yet obscured our horizon.

Last week, Margaretta presented Edward with her first born—it is a male infant. Let me see—eleven months of uninterrupted felicity!! Can this last? The present is a checkered state.

Reader, though we bid adieu to Margaretta for the present, I would not have thee lament it too seriously.. I know thou art tenderly attached to her; and I therefore give thee my word, that if thy acquaintance with me continueth, we will occasionally peep in upon her, and thus learn, from time to time, how matters go on.

N^O. XIV.

Why dwell forever on the gloomy side?
 Say, doth not God *unerring*, still preside?
 Why then ungratefully presume to scan,
 With impious cavils marking every plan!
 Tho' truth and justice both surround his throne,
 And mercy gems the glories of his crown.

I HAVE often contemplated, with serious concern, the prevalency of a trait, which I have been ready to regard as peculiar to human nature; and which, at one time or another, seems to be more or less deeply

ly

ly marked in every mind. For my own part, I pretend not to an exemption from the weaknesses to which my species are incident ; and it is rather by carefully remarking what passes in my own heart, that I make my admeasurement of the feelings and propensities of others.

But while I confess an equal, and in some instances perhaps a greater degree of culpability, than what I attribute to my neighbour, I may be tolerated in lamenting a frailty, which is common to all, and in an effort to correct, with that *application* and *avidity* proper to a *responsible* and *probationary* being, the disorders which assail the intellectual world.

The particular feature I have at this time in my eye—or, to express myself *professionally*, the field from which I propose to *glean* the materials for this paper, is the general ingratitude to that *august* and *self-existent Being* from whom they originate, which pervades all orders of men, and is notoriously exemplified in the language and conduct of every son and daughter of Adam ! I am free to own, that from a charge which it may be thought I have preferred with somewhat too great boldness, I do not consider the most *uniform Christians*, however *exemplary their walk in life may have been*, as altogether exempted ; and, were it necessary, I could produce instances from their most splendid harangues, to justify my accusation : But as I *revere* the progress in the paths of rectitude, which such have undoubtedly made, and as I *respect* even the *efforts* of duty, I assay not to unveil those infirmities, which they may probably join with me in deploring. But, if we may with propriety criminate even the votaries of piety, the sincere and devout worshippers of Deity, what lengths, in the career of ingratitude, may we not suppose the repining and inconsiderate children of men may have run ! How loud are the complaints which every tongue, at one period or another, is found to utter ! and if the dispositions of Providence, in regard to themselves, are so obviously pleasing, as to leave them nothing to bewail as individuals, how elo-

quent do they become upon the sufferings of others—of the species in general! and they will expatiate for hours upon the miseries of *poor human nature*!

The neat built village wears the most thrifty appearance; the comfortable dwellings, which cluster round, indicate the substantial landholder; the vicissitudes of the year have revolved most propitiously; the golden harvest is gathered in, and a general face of plenty is assumed; yet the untoward circumstances, of two or three scattering families, shall become the theme of each rural circle, while they will forget to dwell upon the immeasurable bounty which hath so liberally crowned their autumn, and stored their granaries with a superfluity of good! Would it not be better, if from their abundance they jointly contributed to restore their oppressed neighbours, and to bid them welcome to the blessings of equality, than thus, by their *wordy* lamentations, to arraign, at least by implication, the allotments of their common Father?

Behold that pangsful sufferer! for *two whole years* he hath been consigned to the bed of pain; scarce an interval of ease can he obtain—sleep departeth from him, or locks up his senses in the most restless and feverish slumbers, from which he is roused to a still greater susceptibility of anguish; appetite he hath none; he is a prey to continued disquiet; every application for assistance is in vain; and no help remaineth for him! Often is the story of his woes repeated; it is echoed by every voice! all hands are thrown abroad, and toward Heaven the accusing eye is frequently raised! but while the theme of his sufferings becomes an exhaustless or standing topic of conversation, amid the loquacity of language, scarce a sentence is found to express the healthful days which, during *fifty* revolving years, he almost uninterruptedly enjoyed; and scarce a finger is put out, to point to that eternity of bliss, which it is probable awaits him.

The long happy parents are deprived, by some epidemical and contagious disease, of the children of their youth! Extravagant exclamations then break forth—
the

the stroke is exceeding heavy; the calamity is insupportable; it is almost unparalleled; every image in nature, which is replete with horror, is summoned to shadow forth the mighty grief; every lyre is attuned, and every minstrel is ready to fling to the widely-echoing fame-breathing gale the iterated, pity-moving, and long resounding plaints of woe.

For the soft endearments of their infant progeny, the opening bud of reason, which was so fondly marked, the interesting prattle of childhood, the big emotions which swelled the parental bosom, as they beheld the forming virtues clustering in the progressive mind; for the expansive joy they experienced, while they witnessed the rapid advancement to an honorary maturity; for the rich completion of felicity which crowned their wishes, when they beheld their satisfactory and comfortable establishment; for the marked and grateful acts of duty, they have continued to receive; for all these various scenes of heartfelt good, which for a series of years have been so richly enjoyed—they are enumerated, it is true, but not as a balance for the present evil; far from it—they only serve to point the poignancy of the distressful era, and to swell the features of such unheard of misery.

Yet it is a fact, that the removal of these objects of complacency will slope their passage to that grave in which the good old man and woman must lay down; and a reunion with their children, in future worlds, they confidently expect.

Is it possible that he who thus tacitly or indirectly arraigns the designations elanced upon this globe, can believe in the superintendence of an all-wise, all-gracious, all-powerful and paternal God? Certainly he does. *T'bau, Lord, hast done this*, is a common expression; and yet, strange to tell, he is constantly found thus cavilling at the dispositions of the Almighty!

Surely it ought to be remembered, that we see but a part of the immeasurable whole; that he who formed the spirit, can give it, in a single luxuriant moment, fully to partake an ample compensation for years of suffering.

Those

Those families which are yielded to the hard allotments of penurious fortune, experience the most lively satisfaction, as often as the flowery feet of bland and genial charity visit their abodes ; they have resources unknown to the affluent ; and highly relished is that refecton, however homely it may in reality be, which is served up with the sauce of hunger.

Exquisite is the moment of ease to the tortured frame ; ineffable are the sensations it partakes ; and it is well purchased by the previous sufferings which are its price. Those who have laid their children or other friends in the grave, have perhaps enjoyed them *long, or much* ; "*they are not lost, but gone before,*" and in another, and better state of existence, they shall receive them again. I say, then, it is more becoming to endeavour to mitigate the ills of life, than by the routine of complaints to be impiously murmuring against the decrees of Heaven, which must indisputably result from a righteous and perfectly consistent arrangement ; and I aver, that it is a false calculation which makes the *sum total of human evils more than that balance*, which, upon a fair and open estimation, would appear at the foot of a regular and well digested account, of those pleasurable or peaceful moments, which are the portion of mortality.

But to such a pitch of infatuated absurdity has a persuasion of the calamities incident to the present state arrived, that we are absolutely enjoined to hold lightly the most virtuous enjoyments, to be constantly looking for an evil day, and to tremble when we have attained to the summit of our wishes ! What would be the feelings of that father whom his child should thus address : "I will forbear to take pleasure in the portion with which you have endowed me. I am momentarily expecting the exertions of your power against me. I know that the rod of correction is lifted up, and that you mean to chastise me. I expect *evil and not good* from your hands ; and though you have at present gratified me, by putting me in possession of the inheritance for which I have sighed, yet, as I am confident
you

you mean speedily to resume it, I cannot consider it as my own. I am fearful of beholding it in an eligible point of view; and, knowing you as I do, I shrink from the approaches of that tranquil complacency, which would pervade my bosom!"

I would rather say, that as I possess much, I will enjoy much; the *virtuous pleasures* of my soul shall not meet a barrier; freely I will expatiate, nor will I know a boundary, save what rectitude shall throw around me; the present moment is replete with blessings, and though the next may intercept some pleasing view, yet, it is the hand of a Father which will be stretched out, and my ultimate felicity will consequently be consulted.

It is well that the Creator, enthroned in majesty serene, is beyond the capability of adopting that mode of conduct, to which repeated provocations would precipitate the lapsed nature; it is well that his ways are not like our ways; it is well that he regardeth with a steady eye the creature which he hath made, and that neither the caprices nor the inquietudes of the children of men, can bend the determined purposes of his unchanging plans.

I have been shocked when I have heard the reason for consolation, which is sometimes offered to the child of sorrow.—“You have suffered much,” exclaims the commiserating friend, “many are the ills which you have been called to encounter, and doubtless the period of retribution, winged by hours and days of smiling tranquillity, is at hand.” Ah! is it then true that we can challenge the Sire of men and angels, as our debtor! most irreverent and impious idea! Surely if our calculations were more accurate, and if we were under the influence of gratitude to the Supreme Being, the genuine breathings of our spirits would be—In every calamity I have been upheld, and often have I partook the enjoyments of life. Was I ascertained that the coming hour would strike me from existence, would utterly annihilate the creature, who hath thus long lived, moved, and been endowed with the powers
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of reflection, I should, notwithstanding, have no claims to make upon Him who hath called me into being. It is true, I have experienced my moments of sorrow; but they have been abundantly compensated by innumerable felicities, by pleasures scarcely marked, and by gratifications now perhaps forgotten. Witness those indulged and rapture crowned months, when I was cradled by maternal tenderness, and soothed by every blandishment, which generally stapes and strews with flowers the path of the young adventurer; witness all those endearments, those incentives to virtue, and those wise instructions, which cherished, which formed, and which brought forward my youth; witness every aid and protection I have from time to time received; witness the pleasing circle of friends, which so frequently cluster round me, while my enemies find it convenient to stand aloof; witness those expansive hopes, which have continued to illumine my days, and to fan with genial influence the feathery hours; witness the months of peace and ease which have been mine—how large their number, when compared to those upon which I have been called to submit to the *severe paroxysms of pain*; witness the many nights I have passed in the most salutary and restoring slumbers.—But, having now by me, a volume of essays, that may, in some future period, be brought forward, in one of which I have expatiated upon this theme, I forbear to repeat myself.

And here let us pause for a moment. A succeeding number may take the subject up in a different view, or at least illustrate the beauty and propriety of cultivating the most lively sentiments of gratitude to the divine Author of every good.

N^O. XV.

And, sure, to raise the ardent song of praise,
And chaunt of gratitude the decent lays,
Would best become the sons of kindred earth,
Who draw new mercies in with every breath.
Beings, who on unfolding kindness live,
Who from a Parent Deity receive
Each blessing which his plastic hand bestows,
And which coeval with existence flows ;
With every hour should glad orisons swell,
And on the copious theme enraptur'd dwell.

IT is beyond a doubt; that much depends upon our efforts to cultivate an equal and acquiescent arrangement of the passions. We are certainly too prone to be unmindful of benefits, and to swell, with censurable ingenuity, even to a gigantic stature, the ills of life.

The jaundiced eye will create the hue that does not in fact exist ; sources of tormenting anxiety, to the murmuring and ungrateful man, will grow thick upon every bough, while a mind habituated to a retrospect of its privileges and exemptions, will gather, from the same tree, fruits of the most meliorated and delicious flavour. I can hardly conceive of an affliction so complicated, as to drive upon the tumultuous waves of despair, the spirit upon which fortitude hath impressed its image.

The firmly virtuous man will industriously seek the means of consolation ; when stripped of all else, he will float buoyant upon the strong plank of resolution ; he will revert to the good which is past ; he will remember the fluctuating scenes of the present state ; he will recollect the character of the Sovereign Disposer of events ; and he will possess light sufficient to shape his weather-beaten prop, even upon the trackless deep. But how often are these proper and dignified exertions reversed ! The mind which is debilitated by enervating pursuits and irrational hopes, which hath formed the

the most elevated estimation of *its own deserts*, and which hath consequently plumed its expectation to the highest pitch ; such a mind, even in the midst of the most happy arrangement, finds itself a prey to disappointment and disgust ; though surrounded by almost every enjoyment, its feelings are palled, and it experiences all the disagreeables of satiety ; a stranger to moderation, and unblest by contentment, although marked by success, and crowned by the completion of many hopes, it is, nevertheless, languishing under the domination of murmuring inquietude ; often it accuses its God of injustice ; and it is frequently found exclaiming—" If I am not, in future worlds, to be rewarded for my sufferings in this, it would have been better I had never known a being ! "

We do injustice to ourselves, when we supinely declare, that all this is wholly constitutional ; that it depends merely upon the mechanism of the mind ; and that persons are born with a yielding, equal, and cheerful disposition, or with a refractory, peevish, ungrateful, and gloomy temper of soul : This general assertion may be convenient for the indolent ; but those who assiduously cultivate the virtues, and endeavour to exterminate the offending propensities, which together grow in the soil of their own bosoms, while they allow something to nature, will also acknowledge, that much depends upon the unwearied and uniform exertions, which it is certainly incumbent upon every child of mortality to make.

If the physiognomist justly delineated the mind of Socrates, as that incomparable philosopher assures us he did, we are thus furnished with an illustrious proof of the inestimable acquirements which depend upon, and are produced by, the administration of reason. In truth, there is a sweet pliability in the mind of man, which can familiarize it even with sorrow ; accommodating and acquiescent, custom habituates and almost reconciles us to grief ; we bend beneath the bursting storm ; and though, with the elegant and exquisitely susceptible *Phœnia*, we may "*sting the low pathos*"

pathos to the passing gale," yet, becoming experimentally acquainted with the *charms* of *melancholy*, we shall not fail, with that beautiful and plaintive mourner, to gem our sorrows with a brightening tear.

A friend of mine was once in possession of affluence, surrounded by friends ; he seemed the favourite of fortune ; and it was supposed, that the means of embracing his utmost wishes rested wholly with himself ; yet vexatious inquietude seemed the motto of his life ; and a prey to chagrin, amid his ample endowments, he hardly ever tasted the felicity of a tranquil moment ! But my friend, by various accidents, was reduced to a state of penury ; and I have, in that situation, heard him declare without the smallest appearance of affectation, even when the last morsel he could command was produced upon his scanty board, that he felt contented and grateful, experiencing that acquiescence in the allotments of Providence, and those agreeable anticipations of futurity, to which he had been a stranger, in those days which had been regarded as the epoch of his prosperity.

In fact, it is amid the clouds which adversity throws around the child of mortality, that the efforts of the mind are called forth, and that all the energetic powers of the soul are formed to action ; and it is also irrefragably true, that heart-felt enjoyments depend altogether upon the cultivation of a philanthropic spirit, upon cherishing sentiments of general complacency in the economy of Deity, in ourselves and others, and in thus embodying (if I may so express myself) the virtues of the mind.

I have at this moment my eye upon two gentlemen, whom I have personally known almost from their infancy ; they are the sons of one man and woman ; their education was the same ; their hopes and fears were similar ; and they commenced the career of business with like establishments, like advantages, and like expectations.

Early in life they were both united to deserving females, to females apparently of their choice ; and
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they were thus furnished with every incitement to virtuous perseverance ; while the avenues to rational enjoyment were thrown open before them, and the tranquillity of their days seemed insured.

For some time, fortune, liberal of her favours, acted the part of an impartial parent, distributing her emoluments with an equal hand ; but her various dispositions at length predominating, the similitude of her operations was no more.

Placidius, the eldest of those gentlemen, experienced her frowns ; the tide of success began to turn ; misfortunes succeeded each other ; and without the shadow of a reason, upon which to ground the smallest impeachment of his integrity, or a single circumstance, upon which even malevolence could call in question his abilities, he beheld his affairs irretrievably embarrassed, his best laid plans frustrated, and himself advancing rapidly to that state of insolvency, which his upright soul, glowing with a just and high sense of probity, deprecated as a most aggravated evil. Gradually the means of business vanished out of his hands ; his stock in trade was no more ; and even the commodious mansion, which with much ingenuity and taste, though with a proper attention to frugality, he had reared, with the hope that it would still remain in his family, even this habitation became the property of his creditors !

Placidius had ever expressed a great desire to perpetuate himself in his lineal descendants ; and this natural wish, might in him be designated as his ruling passion ; but many revolving seasons passed, ere Placidius hailed the accomplishment of his wishes in this respect ; and when at last, his Matilda presented him with her first born son, the chalice of joy which he had but lifted to his lips, was dashed from his grasp, by the sudden death of an infant upon whose little form the traces of longevity seemed inscribed. For this stroke he was wholly unprepared ; and, to complete his catalogue of evils, his bosom friend, his long loved, and ever esteemed Matilda—even at a life so precious, the king of terrors too surely aimed his missive shafts ! the

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icy darts of *indulged sorrow* found their way to the vital stream of life, and, congealing the purple flow, the virtuous and accomplished Matilda was numbered with the dead.

Placidius now felt as a man; his reason was the forfeit; and the hour which restored this regent to her accustomed operations, only gave her to witness the melancholy void in a mind which had once been the seat of expectations bland and cheering, and which had been enriched by every white winged hope, which recititude could authorise. Recollection, gloomy recollection returned; dreadful was the contrast with the *past*, which the *present* exhibited! Placidius shrunk from the view; his health became the sacrifice, and for many months he seemed to languish through all the different stages of a gradual and unyielding decline. Fortitude, however, was at last triumphant; a calm and rational tranquillity succeeded the subsiding tumults which had agitated his soul. The restoration of the health of Placidius, was the happy consequence of this change; and he reflected as became a man, a philosopher, and a religionist.

Fortune, too, so far relented as to put it in the power of Placidius to reimburse his creditors; and he was invested with the means of procuring for himself a competency. It is true the splendour of his former prospects can never be restored; but Placidius is contented. "I cannot," said he the other day, "regard life as an evil: I should be most ungrateful, did I not own, that to me it hath been more fruitful of pleasure than of pain. It must be confessed, that for a time I sunk beneath the agonizing stroke; for a time I was wretched! it is true that the blasting of those presumptuous hopes, which I had arrogantly formed for the meridian of my days, rendered me beyond expression miserable; but my youth was serenely happy; for a great length of time I enjoyed the most pleasing prospects; and though I have laid the wife of my bosom in the grave, yet delicious are the tears which I now shed to her memory; and in the fairest pages
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of retention, are treasured up the days, months, and years, during which I partook with her the highest state of felicity, which can fall to the lot of mortality, which can be experienced this side that paradise of the blessed, where I shall again meet the virtuous companion, in whose faithful bosom I reposed the fondest hopes and wishes of which my being was capable ; where I shall be reunited to a Matilda ever blooming, ever immortal—united too, by ties which will be then indissoluble. And though no son or daughter will gem my parting moments with a filial tear; yet the family of mankind is wide, the children of my adoption are many—from one source we originated, and my bosom feels and owns the great fraternity.

For Agetius, the brother of Placidius, we need scarce do more than reverse the picture. In one even tide of prosperity his commercial transactions have glided on ; or if a trifling loss hath sometimes originated a cloud, his subsequent gains, by presenting abundant compensation, hath speedily dissipated it : As a merchant he is established ; his trade is lucrative ; every year enriches him ; he hath lately completed an elegant dwelling ; and the amiable and gentle Anna still remains the social partner of his days. His son and daughter possess pleasing exteriors, and improving minds ; he hath educated them agreeably to plans which he deliberately formed, and they will soon take rank with the first young people of their circle. Agetius hath still possessed an uninterrupted course of health ; and no person can recollect any serious misfortune which, as an individual, he hath been called to suffer—yet Agetius always appears anxious, and even perturbed ; *he seems fearful lest you should suppose him enjoying a single good—he will not acknowledge a tranquil moment—“no one can so well say where the shoe pinches, as him who wears it,”* is an adage frequently in his mouth ; and he sometimes passionately declare that he wishes he had never been born !

I said that I conceived such manifestations of ingratitude peculiar to man ; and surely, as far as ~~w~~
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can observe, the children of instinct fail not to *enjoy* the good which they possess.

In the early days of Placidius and Agetius their minds discovered, to common observation, no essential difference. One remark I have however gleaned : Agetius, when a boy, attempted not to restrain a haughty, choleric and unreasonable ambition, which might be common to both ; and his little heart swelled with indignation, as often as he encountered a superior, in any of those advantages, which are calculated to captivate the inexperienced eye. Upon these occasions, his brother was ever at hand, to present the mirror of reason ; and he hath often been heard to say—
“ Turn, my dear Agetius—turn thine eyes to the multitude below thee, and from thence let thy comparisons be raised ; aspire not to such dangerous heights, but learn to estimate properly thy own exemptions, thy own privileges, and to cultivate complacency in that happy mediocrity which is allotted thee.”

Placidius early habituated himself to commune with his own heart ; he had a serious turn, and was fond of useful information ; he endeavoured to moderate his desires, and to entwine, *with every arrangement, the blessings of contentment* ; he aimed at regulating his passions, at obtaining a due subordination in the intellectual system ; and his plan was, to reduce every movement of his soul, and every action of his life, to the domination *of reason, irradiated by genuine religion.*

N^O. XVI.

Philanthropy, I know thy form divine,
Godlike benignity and truth are thine ;
A citizen of the wide globe thou art,
Expansive as the universe thy heart ;
Yet still to thee, the sufferer is most dear,
And o'er his woes thou dropp'st the pitying tear.

ALTHOUGH I have conceived a very high idea of the ancient and time honoured institution, this is the boast of that respectable fraternity, the

Free and Accepted Masons; yet, with all due deference to the worshipful brethren, and with the most profound veneration for those occult mysteries, which have remained inexplicable to so many ages, I take the liberty to confess, that I have not been altogether pleased with one or two prominent features in this wonderful order. The first which I shall point out, (which is, I confess, the least commanding) is the contracted spirit, which their *practice* not seldom evinces in the *irrational partiality* they discover to men of their own description; whereas, if the advantages of a brother are as great as is insinuated, an *unworthy mason* should take rank in the lowest grade of mankind.

I know that masons make very pompous professions of philanthropy, and that the broad expansive glow, the ties which bind the universal brotherhood, is full often the theme of their lectures. "Upon the unalterable region of nature," say they "our most ancient and honourable fraternity is established. As this can never be invalidated, disannulled, or made void; so neither can the obligations that render this extensive society indissoluble ever be abolished or in the smallest degree violated by such as walk in the light of masonry. They that occupy these mansions of truth, unity and joy, which the royal craft has furnished for social delight, may as well annihilate themselves, as by the least oblique direction to deviate from the square of integrity, in any imaginable ratio to diminish the circle of benevolence; or in the smallest instance to fail of laying righteousness to the line, and judgment to the plummet."

All this is very fine; and if realized, it would indeed prove the magnificent theatre of simplicity, which they boast they are employed in rearing, to be founded in the most splendid region of the orient beam; and we might in truth expect to see, in *real characters upon this mysterious stage, all the graces and virtues that bless and adorn human nature. The exhibitions upon this theatre would doubtless inspire the most rapturous complacency; and the beholder could not but rejoice, as he marked*
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the kindred streams of devotion and philanthropy, refreshing the gardens of paradise, and reinstating mankind in that felicity for which the race was first created, and to which it is asserted the royal laws of masonry are infallibly calculated to restore them: But rhapsody apart; who does not know, that example hath ever taken the lead, in point of utility, of the fairest precepts? Yet I repeat that the appropriation of benefits to a select party, is not that commanding or distinguishing trait in the craft of which I principally complain; for it is undoubtedly true, that although this *exclusive* disposition is very conspicuously marked in the conduct of the associates of the Lodge, it is not, however, peculiarly masonic; since it more or less characterizes every detached body of men, pervading even the most liberal codes, and thrusting its forbidding front into every congregated society, enlightened combination, or sect of benevolence.

But the grand discriminating peculiarity which I have particularly in view, and which I have regarded as objectionable, is that impenetrable veil of secrecy, they affect to draw over their proceedings. Reason, disengaged from the thin bandeau, with which they assay to hoodwink her, naturally interrogates—If the institution consists with rectitude, and is replete with that salutary influence attributed thereto, why limit its operations within such narrow bounds? Why circumscribe, either by compass or square, the progress of genuine utility? Why not throw open the doors to investigation? Why not freely communicate? and, unlocking the treasury of knowledge which they may have accumulated, encourage those, whose abilities are adequate, to new light their lamps at a flame so resplendent and so unextinguishable? Who can say, what such an event might produce; what flowers might spring up; what scientific discoveries might be made, if, like that *impartial* orb whose face of fire decorates and dignifies the masonic insignia, the lights they have obtained, were to become generally diffusive, extending their genial countenance, and powerful patronage

renage to the meritorious of every age, sex, and description? Thus far reason. And should masonic superiority be once more urged; should it be, as heretofore, again asserted, that the mysteries of the *royal craft* are too sacred for the unconsecrated or vulgar eye; *holy truth, which ought to be the rule of speech, as well as action, and every principle of self complacency, which is confessedly coincident with benevolence*, will reluct at the very idea of subscribing to a concession so humiliating; and the atrocious deviations and paucity of intrinsic worth, or apparent respectability, sometimes exhibited in the character of the free and accepted mason, will look with a very unfriendly aspect upon every attempt to hallow his person.

Perhaps, in this levelling age, which seems to be marked as the era for destroying all arrogant distinctions, the period is not far distant which may throw down every separating barrier, which may annihilate every aristocratic elevation, and the terms *worshipful* and *right worshipful* may sound as discordant upon the democratic ear of knowledge, as that of monarch, prince, or duke, upon the auditory nerve of the political hero. The literary or the masonic world may hear the voice of liberty; in the empire of arts a Thomas Paine may arise; and we may chance to hear of a *side-vant grand master*, who may then be content to relinquish this high sounding title, for a more humble and equal appellation; the avenues to the goal of wisdom, being widely expanded, precients of every description may throng her ample courts, and to every member of the mental *Commonwealth*, the road to literary honours may be alike open.

But, to be serious—for in fact, while thus engaged in the routine of my occupation, I have, almost without design, wandered through the gate of an enclosure, which the owners have been careful to guard from the approaches of every Gleaner, and at which it was my purpose but barely to glance; I confess, that in thus trifling, I appear rather the inconsiderable idler, than that careful and pains taking being, who is industriously

dustriously employed, in honestly acquiring the means of supporting his pretensions to either a natural or literary existence ; but the desultory fugitive, of necessity eccentric, is seldom beside his vocation ; and while I beg pardon for an attempt to scale an interdicted wall, I will endeavour to recover my path, to that fair field, to which, in the beginning of this essay, I had intended to shape my course.

But before I proceed a single step further, I will present the reader with a most excellent letter, which carries its authenticity upon its very face ; and which, as I am truly solicitous for his entertainment, I very sincerely wish may be productive of as much genuine satisfaction and heartfelt pleasure to him, *or even to her*, as it afforded me ; although I must own, it was the association of ideas it originated in my bosom, that gave me to leap those hedges, which have served, from the days of the *castle builder* in Paradise, even unto the present time, as the ancient boundaries of a *self created order*.

I think, however, I shall not again, even by the fascinating charm of philanthropy, be betrayed into walks, which have been so seldom trod, except by the hallowed feet of the close and *uncommunicative* proprietors.

Yet, notwithstanding its influence over my conduct, the *facts* contained in the letter, merit the pleased admiration of every feeling heart : Here follows a faithful copy thereof.

To the GLEANER.

Cape-Cod, Harwich, May 16, 1793.

SIR,

HOWEVER little you may be known in the metropolis of Massachusetts, you will find by this address, that your fame hath reached one of her remote dependants, and that you are *at least read* in the good town of Harwich.

It is not my design to retail the various opinions formed of your writings in this place, nor even to express my own sentiments thereof ; for I have been, for many

many years, an irreconcilable enemy to the custom of praising a man to his face; nay, I have not to charge myself, since I could write man, with any thing like adulation, even to a woman, whose understanding I have conceived one tenth part of a degree above par. No, Mr. Gleaner, nothing of all this; and had you been ten times more excellent than you are, though I should have continued reading you with much avidity, yet, had I not a communication to make, which I have long with much impatience expected to see issuing from the press, and which I think will figure, most meritoriously, in the annals of benevolence,—my pen would have still continued dormant.

Regarding you as a man, in whose mental composition the milk of human kindness redundantly flows, I have for some months formed the design of ushering my little narrative to public view, through the channel of your paper; but observing you engaged in a regular detail, I have waited until you have conducted your account to a convenient pause; not thinking it proper, or even entertaining a wish, to interrupt you in the midst of such interesting occurrences; but learning by your last number, which I perused a few evenings since, that you have for the present suspended your domestic sketches, and wishing very sincerely, that your Margareta may figure as pleasingly in the character of a matron, as she has in that of a daughter, I hasten to execute my purpose, lest I should not be in time for an exhibition in the present month.

I experience not the smallest apprehension, that the anecdote I am about to furnish, will be viewed by the general eye as trivial or indifferent. The full period is at length arrived, when the interests of humanity are pretty well understood; and whatever circumstance contributes to throw down the barriers, which have so long divided the common and extended family of mankind into sects, circles, or parties, will, I have no doubt, be allowed its full proportion of merit. Well, but as you are a wise man, I take it for granted you are not a lover of prolix exordiums; and as I am sensible

file that it is very ill judged, to render the dimensions of the portal more spacious than the building. I shall therefore come immediately to the point.

Captain Mayhew, a very worthy and respectable inhabitant of this town, and who is also a navigator of considerable merit, hath for some time been employed in the whale fishery, by Captain David Pearce, a very useful and enterprising merchant, in the town of Gloucester, commonly called Cape Ann. He was lately on his return from a whaling voyage, which had been uncommonly prolonged, sinking under a scurvy of a most alarming and distressing nature. That truly shocking disorder, so afflicting in its consequences to the hardy sons of the ocean, seizing him with every indication of a fatal termination, he was reduced to the most deplorable situation; the seamen too, were all languishing under the melancholy effects of this debilitating and mind affecting malady; and there was hardly ability left with a single man, to discharge the duties which were absolutely necessary to their common existence. Captain Mayhew was destitute of every thing, which could be considered as a specific, in this cruel disease; and the salted or dried meat, which they were obliged to swallow, hourly adding to the evil, gave it the most frightful appearance. Thus, in effect disabled, he was reduced to the necessity of putting into the island of St. Helena.

As the island of St. Helena is a domain of the British crown, and as Captain Mayhew was a subject of an American republic, so recently esteemed a rebellious, and now a dismembered territory, the probability was that the rights of hospitality would be but sparingly exercised toward him; and it was only the urgency of his condition, that determined him to flee for succour to so questionable a port.

It happened for some time previous to the arrival of Captain Mayhew at St. Helena, that the fertilizing showers had been withheld, and the insufferable blaze of dry, so genial when qualified by their bland and humid influence, now spread over the face of nature a sickening

scious that he is amply repaid by the feelings of his own heart for every benevolent action, possesseth too much integrity to accept a second recompense; and I have only fervidly to wish, that the Corneille's, and the Brooks's, of every age and country, may still find themselves, from so rich and exhaustless a source, reimbursed for every humane and benign interposition.

It seemed as if Capt. Mayhew, who was still in a degree enfeebled by the effects of his disorder, had obtained the particular patronage of some powerfully propitious invisible, whose agency was employed in causing the sons of philanthropy to pass in review before him. As he proceeded in his course, crossing the equator, he met with several European ships, making their homeward passage from a West-India voyage. By the commander of one of those ships, who was a descendant of the Gallic nation, (and right sorry am I, good Mr. Gleaner, that I cannot give you his name) he was hailed, who finding him a sufferer from a malady so common to seamen in long voyages, most generously insisted on his accepting wines, cordials, vegetables, and live stock, to a very considerable amount; and when Capt. Mayhew ventured just to hint at the propriety of his receiving some kind of compensation, *this humane Frenchman* nobly, liberally, and in the true spirit of *cidevant* French politeness, replied, "*Pardonez moi, Monsieur*; my whole ship and cargo, were they necessary to your relief, should, I assure you, be at your service."

What truly complacent sensations, must gladden the expanded heart, as it contemplates remote individuals, descendants of the same stock, when accidentally collected, thus benignly engaged in the exercise of good offices; thus benevolently contributing to the relief of their fellow men. But, Sir, I invade not your province; many a scattered reflection you will doubtless glean; while I, satisfied with having published this testimony of the gratitude of my townsman, Capt. Mayhew, and with an attempt, to the utmost of my poor abilities, to do justice to characters, which,
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by the divine influence of general munificence, were truly ennobled,—shall content myself with assuring you, that I very ardently wish the success of your literary career, and that I am your constant reader,

ROBERT AMITICUS.

Philanthropy, I know thy form divine—essence of benevolence, gem of uncreated lustre, originating from, and essentially designating the character of Deity! It is thou who can humanize and dignify the mind upon which thou deignest to glance; in every radiant walk we trace thy agency; thy being is celestial, and thy administration will continue coeval with the existence of that great First Cause, whose beneficent attribute thou art.

Spirit of energetic influence! with sublime joy I mark thy salutary course; the face of misery brightens at thy approach; the pallid cheek of sickness is tinged by a momentary flush of pleasure; the icy hand of penury suspends its operations; melancholy gladdens in thy presence; and the sons and daughters of sorrow, mingling their meliorated voices, exalt the dulcet song of gratitude; charity, white rob'd daughter of heaven! beneficence, liberal benevolence, genial humanity, and every social virtue, these all compose thy train, and follow where thou leadest.

Thy delight is in the happiness of mankind; thou erectest no land-mark; distinctions, if we except those of virtue, are unknown to thee; and the propitious expansion of thy wishes, not circumscribed by sect, age, country, or even sex, know no other bounds than those which encircle the one grand, vast, and collected family of human nature. The features of thy seraphic countenance are not peculiarly masonic, Pagan, Hebrew, Jewish, deistical, or Mahometan; and while thou experiencest a rational predilection for the growth of merit, in every soil, thou benedict with mild equality and compassionate benignity upon the world of mankind; thou markest, with enkindling rapture, the progress

progress of knowledge ; thou assistest to unbind the shackles of superstition ; thou assayest, with prompt alacrity, to level the promontories of arrogance, to exalt the lowly vallies ; to make the rough places smooth, and the crooked straight ; and thou rejoicest to behold the emancipated and expanding mind. Thou adoptest not the error, which representeth *genuine information* as administering to the domination of sorrow ; but fully persuaded of the progressive and ultimately happy destination of the creature man, thou art apprized of the eligibility and propriety of his qualifying himself, in this, his novitiate, for the still higher grades, to which he shall ascend. But, while thine eyes beam unusual effulgence at the advancement of enlightened reason, thou hast a tear ready for the sons and daughters of ignorance, and thou disposest the heart to commiserate the sufferer, of whatever description.

Sovereign alleviator of human woes ! penetrated with a glow of ineffable complacency, I behold thee amid thy splendid career ; thou observeest the victim of adversity, and thou stoppest not to examine his local situation, his complexion, the mental arrangement of his ideas, or the fashion of his garment ; it is sufficient for thee, that he is bowed down by affliction, and that he is a branch of that family, which an all-wise Regulator hath placed as probationers upon this earth ; immediately thou originatest a plan for his relief, and thou art blessed in an exact ratio as thou art successful.

The children of indigence are thy peculiar care, and honest poverty is ever sure of thy pitying eye and thy extricating hand ; thou enterest, with *correct and equal salutations*, the hut of penury ; thou allowest for the feelings of the necessitous ; thou approachest the poor with respect, and with the utmost delicacy thou art found administering to their wants ; the dignity of human nature is never degraded by thee ; and man, made in the image of his Creator, however depressed, or sinking under a variety of adventitious evils, faileth not to command thy veneration.

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The bosom which is thy domain, is always awake to the bland effusions of tenderness, all thy purposes are liberal; nor dost thou content thyself with the theory of good, for to the ennobling practice of uniform munificence, thou art still found stimulating thy votaries.

Blest genius of benevolence! thy dominion shall ultimately become a universal dominion; every malevolent passion shall flee before thee, and the salutary effects of thy extensive operations shall issue in the establishment of *general harmony and never ending felicity.*

No. XVII.

Where'er the maiden *Industry* appears,
A thrifty contour every object wears;
And when fair *Order* with the nymph combines,
Adjusts, directs, and every plan designs,
Then *Independence* fills her peerless seat,
And, lo! the matchless trio is complete.

I HAVE sometimes been induced to think, after a serious attempt to investigate the causes which have operated in the production of so many needy dependents of both sexes, upon the bounty of, or civil requisitions made upon, the more successful, systematic or industrious members of the community; that the origin of this prevalent evil may generally, with a very few exceptions, be traced to that luxuriant source of folly, an unwarrantable, and irrational kind of pride, or false notions of gentility. Parents, in a certain line, either educate their sons with a view to one of the three learned professions, to a pursuit of the fine arts, or, apprenticing them to the merchant, or sea-faring adventurer, conceive they have placed them in the road, which will most probably terminate in crowning them with opulence and respectability.

It is undoubtedly for the interest of society, that a considerable proportion of our young people should

be thus appropriated ; but when it becomes evident that any particular department is overstocked, a wise father ought certainly to turn his attention to those branches of business, which, by being less occupied, give the youthful candidate a fairer chance of possessing himself of that competency, which is so necessary to the supporting *real dignity* of character. But gentlemen who constitute the particular grade to which I advert, look with disdain upon every handicraft occupation ; the whole routine of arts mechanic, or, in other words, useful employments, they regard with sovereign contempt ; and they would esteem their sons degraded beyond redemption, if they designated them by any one of those callings, which have been appellationed servile. I will just hazard a question, relative to the propriety of the conjugation, which places *servile* as the adjective of mechanic. Doth not that man bid the fairest for *genuine independence*, who possesses in himself the means, whenever he chooses to call his industrious application into action, of supplying himself *even from the wants of others*, with the necessaries of life ? And if so, is not the above mentioned *attempt at approximation* extremely heterogeneous ?

Prejudices so absurd are particularly ludicrous in a government, the genius of which is, to cultivate as great a degree of equality as will consist with the requisite order and well being of the Commonwealth ; and yet, strange to tell, perhaps there is no part of the world, where these unnatural distinctions, so humiliating to the mechanic, and so elevating to the *suppositious* gentleman, are so prevalent, or exist more forcibly, than in some of these American States ; and, however obvious it may be, that the predominating bent, or predilection, with which nature may have endowed the boy, ought to claim some share in the determination ; it is, nevertheless, irrevocably decreed, *master* must be prepared to fill a *gentleman like sphere* ; and though it is very possible, that not a shilling of property may be reserved for his commencing the career of business ; yet, however *below a mediocrity* his talents
 confessedly

confessedly are, his education must be conformed to the prospects which are formed of his future destination, to the ideas which his parents have entertained of *family dignity, genteel life, &c. &c.* During the hours of childhood, by arrangements the most ill judged, an undue exaltation is cherished; by degrees he becomes habituated to consider himself as superior to various classes of his fellow men; his adolescence is passed in frivolous pursuits, and if his maturity is supine, indolent, or destitute of enterprise; if he wants genius, which is a gem as rare as estimable, or even if he is unsuccessful, or unfortunate, (and who does not know that merit cannot always command its wishes?) he is, of necessity, thrown a useless burden upon the public.

I said the probability was, that these unjustifiable prejudices, were more particularly the growth of the American world, than of any other soil; and I have hazarded this conjecture, from the comparison I have been led to make, between a variety of *facts* that have passed under my own observation, and the records of other nations.

"A printer!" said a young spruce coxcomb, who possibly might have had the honour to stand behind a counter, and who was fortuitously jumbled into the stage-coach with Mr. Bache, as it performed its tour of duty through a part of Pennsylvania—"A printer!" and, drawing himself up into a corner of the vehicle, with a supercilious air, he maintained an obstinate silence during the remainder of a journey, which having, previous to his learning the occupation of young Bache, conceived, from his appearance, a high idea of his importance, he had commenced with *insignificant volubility*; but he was ignorant that he with whom he journeyed, was the lineal descendant of the immortal Franklin; otherwise, it may fairly be inferred, that the eclat of his birth, might, in the opinion of this superficial Billy Varnish, have atoned for the mechanical complexion of his profession.

A quondam acquaintance of mine, who is a merchant, not extremely remarkable for the moderation of his desires to accumulate gain, was, some months since,

since, on the verge of suffering very considerably, from the undue influence of this very prejudice. He had appointed an intelligent young man to the command of a ship of his, during a long and intricate voyage. It happened, in the course of the navigation which the Captain was directed to pursue, that he found himself necessitated to put into a port in England, at a distance from the metropolis. A variety of circumstances contributed to produce, in the affairs entrusted to his care, a very embarrassing and disagreeable event. He was compelled to depart full speed for London, while his ship continued at anchor in Liverpool. An honest gentleman, with whom he had commenced an intimacy upon the Albion coast, gave him a letter to a trunk-maker in the capital, who, he informed him, was capable of doing him great service. *A trunk-maker ! how, in the name of common sense, should a trunk-maker be instrumental in effectuating any important purpose ?* A decision upon the Captain's business remained with the high court of admiralty ; *could a trunk-maker influence the determinations of that august body ?* The supposition was ridiculous ; it could never obtain the smallest degree of attention. *in the serious reflections of an American.*

The Captain proceeded systematically ; he applied to a certain commercial gentleman, well known in America, and whose extensive exports to this new world, supply many of our capital dealers with large quantities of European commodities : By this respectable auxiliary, he was introduced to the American consul resident in Great-Britain, and the most favourable representation that truth could authorise, was made. The consul, however, received him rather roughly. Fatigued, perhaps, by a multiplicity of applications, he seemed not disposed to interpose his good offices, in order to promote an accommodation of the difficulty ; he insisted much upon the ill conduct of American seamen, and observed that if they persisted in thus carelessly involving themselves in ambiguities, and in flying in the face of those adjustments, which had been
legally

legally made, they must extricate themselves as they could, or be contented to submit to the consequences; and he absolutely declined addressing himself to the lords of the admiralty, or the adopting of any conciliatory measure, except the Captain returned to Liverpool, and brought with him certain evidence, or evidences, which he insisted would be the only proper vouchers of his integrity.

It was in vain that our young adventurer remonstrated; that he represented the amazing increase of expense, which such a journey, and the detention of the ship, would accumulate to his employer; it was to no purpose he suggested the possibility, that such an enormous expenditure might issue in his own ruin. The consul continued unyieldingly obstinate, and the situation of the Captain was truly distressing! The merchant, to whom he returned to relate the ill success of his application, had exhausted the utmost of his influence, in presenting him to the consul; he was not particularly known to the officers of the admiralty, and he declined any further interference in the business.

It was in this moment of cruel anxiety, that the *trunk-maker* occurred to our sea commander; yet the idea was the drowning man catching at a straw; but having got, however, into the narrowest and most dangerous straits, it might be necessary he should ply his oars, if a full sail would not avail him. He could at least deliver his letter; and in a state of vexation, almost bordering on despair, he presented himself at the door of the trunk-maker, which opened, only not spontaneously, and he found himself in a shop of a spacious and thrifty appearance; it was furnished with a prodigious number of trunks, of various sizes, and different degrees of elegance; and every arrangement proclaimed the *industrious and ingenious mechanic*. *All this looked very well in its place; but all this, said our agitated young man, is nothing to the purpose.* The master workman soon made his appearance, and he regarded the stranger with intelligent civility. The letter of introduction

duction was produced, which being perused, the trunk-maker with an air of *true old English hospitality*, shook the son of Neptune by the hand. "Walk in, Sir; walk in: You have got a little disagreeably entangled, and I suppose your feelings are all up in arms. To a young man, undisciplined in the school of misfortune, the first onsets of disappointment are truly painful; but the *vicissitudes* of life are as well calculated to furnish a *rational being with hope as with fear; for light as surely succeeds the darkness, as the darkness the light.* Probably you may be at a loss to conceive in what manner my assistance can be of use to you, and as I am at present a little engaged, if you will throw your eye over them loose papers, they may help you to a clue, which may unravel the mystery."

The Captain, it will not be doubted, eagerly availed himself of this permission; and so regular was the disposition of the different essays, which this *uncommon* computing-house displayed, that a cursory glance was sufficient to evince the literary abilities of the author; his consequence to certain persons high in office was extremely obvious; and it was apparent that his merit, rendering him necessary to the *great*, had procured him free access to their private ear, and a considerable degree of influence over their determinations.

In two days our Captain received an invitation, to dine in a family way with the trunk-maker; and his reception at his patron's was marked with an expressive smile, which indicated a happy termination of his difficulties. *The trunk-maker had conversed with the lords in office, he had made the necessary representations*, and he had obtained explicit and indisputable credentials for his client, who having gratefully partook of a plain, substantial dinner, received with transport his legal permit; and, returning to Liverpool, with a heart gladdened by the joys of emancipation, immediately re-embarked, proceeding with all expedition to prosecute his voyage.

Was I the father of a family, the trunk-maker should be my model; it would be my wish to furnish the opening

ing reason of my children with every help which might be necessary to produce them with advantage in the career of knowledge: I would aid them to figure in the most polished circles; I would stimulate them to every laudably splendid pursuit; the avenues of literature should be thrown open before them, and they should receive as much information as it was in my power to procure for them: But as, with all my gifts, I should be anxious to endow them with the means of obtaining as great a share of *independence* as might consist with humanity, I would certainly aim at investing them with some useful qualification, which might serve them in the *last necessity*, as a fund upon which they might draw sufficient to command the necessities of life.

But if the male part of our American world are, in the morning of their lives, too much neglected in this respect, females have abundantly more reason to complain. Our girls, in general, are bred up with one particular view, with one monopolizing consideration, which seems to absorb every other plan that reason might point out as worthy their attention: An establishment by marriage; this is the goal to which they are constantly pointed, the great ultimatum of every arrangement: *An old maid*, they are from infancy taught, at least indirectly, to consider as a contemptible being; and they have no other means of advancing themselves but in the matrimonial line.

Perhaps this is one of the sources, from which originate the infelicities, too often witnessed, in wedded life; the young creature, ardent in the pursuit, is sedulously employed in displaying all her accomplishments; fearful that if she refuse the present offer, no future suppliant may advance his suit; she throws herself away upon the first pretender, though, possibly, he may be very ill calculated to embark with her upon the voyage of life.

Well, but she hath gained her point; and the pursuit over, any further efforts would be useless; every attempt to please is given up; and the consequences

quences which must follow, are too obvious to need the pen of an observer to point them out.

I would give my daughters every accomplishment which I thought proper; and, to crown all, I would early accustom them to habits of industry and order: They should be taught with precision the art economical; they should be enabled to procure for themselves the necessaries of life; independence should be placed within their grasp; and I would teach them "*to reverence themselves.*"

Marriage should not be represented as their *sumum bonum*, or as a certain, or even necessary event; they should learn to respect a single life, and even to regard it as the *most eligible*, except a warm, mutual and judicious attachment had gained the ascendancy in the bosom.

If they were thus qualified to administer by their *own efforts, to their own wants*, the probability is, that impressions of this nature, would frequently prevent precipitation, and call into exercise that deliberation which ought, upon all occasions, to be the concomitant of every important step.

Girls, by the avidity and *marked design of their operations, generally defeat their own purposes.* I would have the fair minds of young women occupied by schemes of enjoyment, and by modes of living, which, depending principally upon themselves and their *natural connexions*, would involve a greater probability of fruition.

Surely the situation of that young creature must be very pleasing, who, by her sweetness of disposition, engaging manners, and many accomplishments, has endeared herself to the circles in which she moves. Why should contingent events be held up to her view, or made an absolute part of her expectations? and if her hours are passed in endeavouring to augment her little income, whatever it may be, or in cultivating the means which may render her, as an individual, superior to the caprices of those about her, she will certainly be less likely to look out of herself for happiness.

But

But as I am fond of illustrating my sentiments by example, I will in my next Gleaner produce a little narrative, which, while it will be calculated to elucidate, will, I flatter myself, both interest and please; and as I devoutly wish to compensate the reader for the trouble he may take in travelling through these pages, I shall, of course, be highly gratified.

N^o. XVIII.

The paths of dissipation lead to death.
Reason her barriers round our footsteps throws;
But headlong folly leaps o'er every bound,
And, taught by pride, the voice of prudence spurns.

WHEN I was a young man, I had a friend, to whom I was particularly attached; we had lived from our boyish years in habits of intimacy; and I was of course an interested observer of all his movements.

His family was distinguished by the marked integrity of even the *minute* transactions of its individuals; my friend was the youngest born, and every branch, except himself and his eldest sister, were established in little families of their own. They were industrious and frugal, realizing, in consequence of their own exertions, an income which enabled them to live in a genteel style; and as they were of that grade which is termed *well born*, their right to mingle in the polite circles was indisputable. But, as I said, living within compass, they were easy in their circumstances, they were affectionate to each other, and always ready to relieve, to the utmost of their abilities, the necessitous of every description.

My friend, at length, after making frequent visits to New-York, presented them with a daughter and a sister, who, though both a beautiful and an amiable woman, had nevertheless received from education, different ideas of life. Gay, unthinking, and profuse by nature, she had never been accustomed to set bounds

to her inclinations; and though she truly loved her husband, she was constantly involving him in difficulties, in order to support a style of life to which his finances were inadequate, and which, however, the reciprocity of his attachment induced him to exert every nerve to maintain. All his connexions saw with pain that his ruin was, by hasty strides, approaching; but the subject was delicate, and it was supposed that an interference would be ineffectual.

A period of seventeen years was marked by dress, equipage, and entertainments, while even the *idea of economy* never once molested the pleasurable arrangements of the fair Amanda. At the expiration of this term, that ill-directed female was seized with the small pox, of which she soon became the victim; and her unfortunate companion, (who was before sinking under the united pressure of broken health and spirits, that were doubtless produced by a certainty of the rapid approach of those calamities which his good sense could not but acknowledge as the procurement of folly) was, in the course of a few succeeding weeks, inhumed in the same vault with the beloved object who had cost him so dear.

Two beautiful females were the issue of this ill-fated marriage; they were not however destitute; for though the effects of the deceased Henry would not give his creditors ten shillings in the pound, yet the rites funeral due to the hapless pair, being decently performed, and the hallowed earth that encircled their cold remains embalmed by a filial tear, these lovely orphans were immediately sheltered in the bosom of their friends.

Miss Helen, then just fifteen years old, accompanied the sister of Amanda to her abode in the city of New-York; and Miss Penelope, who had nearly attained her fourteenth year, continued with the relations of Henry.

By way of exemplifying the force of example and the different characters, which the two young ladies from that period assumed, I select, from a correspondence that continued unbroken during their separation, the subjoined letters.

Miss

Miss HELEN AFRY to Miss PENELOPE.

New-York, May 31.

I DECLARE, my dear Pen. I am utterly at a loss to comprehend the meaning of your last letter; and indeed, if I made up my judgment by your general style of writing, I should certainly conclude that you had passed your grand climacteric; but the preachments contained in your last, are absolutely intolerable. Let me see—I want, at this present writing, one month of nineteen; and, if I mistake not, unless she hath very unceremoniously, and even *irregularly*, taken a miraculous leap over my head, my dear, good, sober sister Pen. will not have reached the very grave age of eighteen, until two tardy months have fully measured their slow paced round! I vow I would relinquish the pleasures of the next ball night, just to take a peep at your sweet face, were it only to count the wrinkles which I presume your *deep thinking* must have implanted there!

But to be serious—for once I will endeavour to meet my lovely Monitress (and dearly do I love my Penelope, notwithstanding the air of superiority, and style of reprehension, which her letters assume) upon her own ground; and, by way of responding in the most explicit manner to her catechising epistle, I will take a slight glance at the years which have elapsed since our separation.

Upon my arrival in this city, the pressure upon my spirits which I have already recounted to you, and which was occasioned by the lamented death of our parents, by my removal from my native place, and from a sister whom I held dearer than any thing else which this world contained, was almost insupportable. However, the efforts of my kind aunt, with the united good offices of my numerous relations and friends, by degrees restored me to tranquillity; and as I have naturally a great deal of vivacity, my wonted gaiety did not long stand aloof.

Since

Since that period—what hath taken place since that period? Positively I am a mortal enemy to reflection; and my cousin Caroline declares a young lady hath no business with it. So, my dear Pen. you must even receive, as the sum total of visiting, cards, balls and plays, that fascinating comprehensive little word, *pleasure*; and this very *pleasurable mode of enjoying life*, you, forsooth, presume to christen by the odious term *dissipation*; and my poor superannuated grandmother, and my good old aunt Dorothy are alarmed at the *dissipated* life which I lead; and because, truly, I have no fortune, I am to make a mope of myself altogether. I remember this aunt Dorothy of ours never visited my mother but she left her in a fit of the vapours; yet if she had intended us for the humble dependants of some wealthy fool, she should have forbid our receiving such instructions as were calculated to unfit us for so fervile a destination, though it is well known that the good old soul was always fond of our attaining every accomplishment.

For my part, though perhaps I may lay in bed until ten in the morning, and though I am not so egregious an ignoramus as to be governed by any of your stupid rules, and plodding regulations, yet I can make shift, when I am up, to work a sprig upon my muslin; to chant to the sound of my piano forte, upon which, by the way, I am much improved; to put on the head-dress which I have received from my milliner with elegance; to figure in any polite assembly; or if, by way of variety, I should choose to pass an hour in my own dressing-room, I have always the prettiest sentimental novels imaginable at hand, to amuse me. Now these qualifications my dear aunt M——, who hath been as the tenderest mother to me, declares are quite sufficient for a person in my line of life; and for calculations of every kind, and all peeps into futurity, as I pretend not to the least skill in astrology, I leave all these occult matters to the wise penetration of my sister Pen.

One thing, however, my dear, that you may not be unnecessarily concerned for your giddy sister Helen,

I will

I will just whisper you—I can, whenever I think proper, procure myself the most genteel establishment. Many fighting swains are in my train; they do full justice, both by words and actions, to my charms; and though they have not yet ventured an explicit declaration, they wait but my imperial nod to submit themselves implicitly to my decisive election.

In the mean time, any little articles of which I stand in need, are liberally supplied by the ready generosity of my friends; and I really experience much complacency in my situation, except (you will excuse me, my dear) when I am broken in upon, by your wife lectures; and after all, my dear girl, though you rise early, live systematically, and are as grave as the sanctified wife of a sober country parson, yet I do not see that your prospects are in any sort better than mine; and I think the only advantage which you seem to have acquired over me, is the privilege of documenting your eldest sister, whenever your economical disposition of your time will permit you to spare an hour.

Say, Pen. is not this true? Have you any matrimonial scheme in your little head? if you have, do in the name of laughter let us have it. O how delighted I should be to see my dear sage sister soberly pacing to church with one of the still life methodical enamorato's by whom she is surrounded; but I rather think, and if she will indulge me so far, I will say, hope, that she will have judgment sufficient to spare my risibles this trial.

Now I talk of judgment, and am impelled by your remonstrances to a kind of retrospect, I recollect but one capital transaction, in which my judgment hath ever been called into action—You remember, upon the day of my departure from H——, that our uncle Horatio, one hour before I took my leave, presented me with a hundred pounds, advising me to consult my uncle and aunt M—— in the disposal thereof: But my indulgent benefactors thinking it right that I should have the sole and absolute direction of this sum, I locked it up safe in my dressing-box, until it was proper for me

to appear in colours, when I expended it in purchasing as complete and as elegant a suit of clothes, if not as rich with blond lace, and every other appendage, as New-York can produce ! There, my girl—as I know that my uncle Horatio presented you with a like sum, let us hear if yours was more advantageously disposed of.

In short, dear Pen. I doubt not but I shall make out very well : We shall continue to exhibit the most enchanting contrast in the world ; I with my *Caro Sposso*, (for married I intend to be) figuring in the politest circles, and you soberly sitting at home, darning your husband's stockings, or combing your children's heads.

Yet, however we may continue antipodes in every thing else, I trust that we shall meet in the centre of mutual affection ; at least I know, that in all events, I shall still continue your truly attached sister,

HELEN AIRY.

N. B. Remember me as you think proper to my grandmother, uncles, aunts and cousins.

Miss PENELOPE to Miss HELEN AIRY.

Town of H——, June 15th.

I THANK you very sincerely, my dear Helen, for every tender expression which your letter contains. It is in vain you would assay to smother the feelings of your sisterly heart ; the fire of natural affection diffuses through your lovely bosom its genial heat. In your last half angry letter, it breaks forth in a variety of places ; and I am soothed by the concluding assurance, that you will still continue my tenderly attached sister.

I do assure you, my dear, I have learned to respect the superior rights, with which some months eldership have invested you ; and if I have been betrayed into any undue warmth, I am positive that your never-questioned generosity will forgive me, when you consider that the fervour of my remonstrances hath proceeded

ceeded entirely from my solicitude, respecting my beloved Helen. Perhaps, in my responses, I may again be so unhappy as to offend; but pleasingly confident of the advocate which I retain in your breast, and penning my remarks with all the frankness of sincerity, I shall rely wholly upon your invoked candour, to award my pardon.

No, my facetious sister, *deep thinking* hath not yet furrowed my cheek; and had I no other view than the preservation of the smooth polish of my complexion, it would be incumbent upon me to realize such a mental fund, as would enable me to encounter with due equanimity the ills of life, thereby avoiding that hurricane of the passions, which in its progress not only levels intellectual tranquillity, but makes also dreadful ravages in the beauty of the finest face.

I pass over, without a comment, your account, with its sum total, of your manner of passing your time; but I cannot forbear expressing the keen regrets I experienced, when my honoured grandmamma, reaching forth her hand for the letter, that had been announced from the child of her affection; from that child, for whom her revered bosom hourly heaves the tender and apprehensive sigh; my feelings, I say, were perfectly agonized, when I found myself necessitated to deny her a gratification which she had fondly anticipated; but when I beheld the venerable matron, matured by wisdom, and dignified by a length of years, every hour of which had been marked by propriety, and elevated by a uniform pursuit of virtue, when I was daily receiving proofs that her strong mind, superior to the decays of nature, was still augmenting its acquirements, was still more invigorated by observation, could I so far outrage her tenderness, or violate that deference which was due to her experience, as to put a letter, in which she was so unworthily mentioned, into her possession? Neither to my aunt Dorothy could I be more communicative.—Alas! alas! But I will only say, that in the *name of sacred duty I conjure you* no more to pen a line which I cannot read for

for persons, who are at least entitled to your inviolable respect.

Our aunt Dorothy, my dear, wishes not to see us dependant upon any one; she is anxious to inspire our bosoms with the *noble ardour of independence*; and to this end she is solicitous that we should cultivate, to their utmost extent, the talents we possess.

The supplies which you receive from our York friends, are pleasing instances of their generosity; but can you not conceive a *superiour pleasure* in being able to *administer to your own wants*? And do you not remember, that agreeably to the course of nature the probability is, that those nearest to you in consanguinity, will be removed; and will you be content to remain the dependant upon the caprice, or even bounty, of more distant relations?

You seem to question if the arrangements which I have been directed to make, are more promising. I proceed, my dear, to sketch them for you, and you may then be able to form an accurate judgment, relative to the comparative eligibility of our prospects.

To begin with the hundred pounds, of which you require an account. It was, agreeably to the direction of my aunt Dorothy, the very next day after its receipt, put into the hands of a substantial friend, who accounts with me for it, upon legal compound interest; if it had been a *less sum*, I should have disposed of it precisely in the same manner; nor have I ever yet availed myself of the profits of a single penny arising therefrom.

I will confess to you, that having observed the general approbation by which my aunt Dorothy was distinguished, I have regarded her as my model.

My time, since our melancholy separation, hath been divided among my numerous friends; and they are so indulgent as to consider my visits rather as a pleasing circumstance. But though they are in general possessed of the means of living genteelly, yet I know that they are in the practice of economy. I do not choose to lessen the patrimony of my cousins; and
if

if I consent to receive any pecuniary mark of their favour, it must be *some trifle*, which I accept as a *memento of their affection*.

One month's perseverance, enabled me to rise each morning, mechanically with the sun; and this habit now constitutes one of the pleasures of my life, nor would I relinquish it, was I empress of the globe. I do not neglect to pursue those studies, of which my dear and tender parents were careful to furnish the rudiments; neither my reading, music, drawing, or geography are forgotten; they make a part of the employments of every day; they serve to improve and to polish my mind; and when I have made sufficient progress therein, they will open to me, should there be occasion, new sources of emolument as well as pleasure.

With regard to my apparel, the handsome dividend of that which was the property of my beloved mother, and which fell to my share, is to me an ample supply of almost every article. You will perhaps be surprised, when I tell you I do not wear wrought muslin; it is true, much of my time is devoted to the prosecution of this fashionable and elegant employ; but my younger cousins are ornamented by the product of my industry, while I receive, for every hour of needle-work, not necessarily appropriated to myself, a liberal compensation; and, from sums thus accumulated, I not only command the articles of which I am in want, I have not only made handsome additions to my original fund, but I always have in reserve, little sums, which I consecrate to the relief of the necessitous; and, believe me, my dear Helen, that when I am arrayed in my decent plain muslin, or milk white muslinet, fitted close to my little waist, I feel an innate consciousness of much greater propriety of character, *the mediocrity of my circumstances considered*, than if I was arrayed in flowing robes of the finest texture which ever issued from the loom, in the most variegated tissue which art hath ever yet invented.

It

It is really surprising, how much *order* and *industry* will accomplish; and my retrospect is truly pleasing, when I reflect upon the different pieces of needle work, which I have, in the course of a few years, so advantageously completed. Yet my application is not unremitted; and I visit, as often as is necessary, though I must confess, that upon such occasions, my fingers are generally employed.

I sometimes mingle in a ball-room; dancing is an amusement of which I am peculiarly fond; and I have *literally murdered* some evenings at cards. An opportunity of seeing a good play, as they are with us so unfrequent, I have not to charge myself with ever missing; and I am careful to take as much exercise as will conduce to my health. Stimulated by my aunt, in every action, *independence* hath been my ardent pursuit; and I am solicitous to realize sufficient, should I be overtaken by ill health, to prevent my devolving as a burthen upon others.

It is the wish of my aunt, as she hath no immediate descendants of her own, to dedicate her little fortune, upon her demise, to charitable uses; and as she cannot conscientiously gratify this her favourite plan, if she leaves behind her any needy relation, she is the more desirous that her family should, individually, possess the means of obtaining for themselves an honourable support. God forbid, that ever my dear Helen, or myself, should, however remotely, curtail the sums that may be employed for the salutary purpose of wiping the tear from the cheek of indigence.

With regard to my matrimonial expectations, upon which you are so ludicrously playful, I have to say, that the idea of marriage makes no part of my *present* plans; this, my dear, is a *calculation*, at which you seem to be abundantly more expert than myself; it is a contingency which, being within the chapter of possibilities, may, or may not happen; if it should, my arrangements must, in some respects, be different; if it should not, I am contented; at any rate, I esteem it an error, to reckon upon an event, which is at best but uncertain.

tain. I am ignorant, if I have ever yet been regarded with particular attention by the other sex ; no one hath *professed himself a candidate for my election ; and, however assiduous any gentleman might be, I should not deem myself authorized to set him down as a lover, except his declarations were of a nature the most explicit.*

To say truth, I am not over solicitous upon this head ; having before me such an example as my aunt Dorothy, I know that respectability, usefulness, tranquillity, independence, social enjoyments, and holy friendship, are to be found in a single life ; and I am induced rationally to conclude, that if minds are not congenial, if they are not discreetly, mutually, and permanently attached, a state of celibacy is by far the most eligible.

But having, by my circumstantial replies, dimpled the blooming cheek of my charming Helen, perhaps by a smile of pity ; I only add, the warm and tender salutations of her sincerely affectionate

PENELOPE AIRY.

N. B. Please to present my grateful respects to our York connexions, particularly to our uncle and aunt M——.

Miss Helen put up her pretty lip—her sister's letter was unanswerable ; but she was unconvinced, or at least uninfluenced, and they both progressed on, in the different paths in which example had produced them.

The virtues of Penelope were soon distinguished by an amiable man, who was indeed her congenial soul ; his fortune was moderate, and his prospects were good : A happy hymen was the consequence, and they continue as amiable a pair as ever exchanged the matrimonial vow.

The dissipated manners of Helen, her fondness for dress and show, with the extravagant sentiments which she at all times avowed, deterred the sensible part of the male world from cherishing an idea of a serious connexion with a young person whom they conceived

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it impossible to domesticate. Her uncle and aunt are no more; and their prodigality expended even the patrimony of their children. A similar mode of living hath circumscribed the career of all her boasted maternal connexions; and Miss Helen, now rapidly approaching the decline of life, hath become a fixed appendage to the family of her sister; *a dependant upon the liberality of those, whom she regarded with sensations bordering upon contempt*: But their fine qualities will doubtless render that dependance as silken as possible.

N^O. XIX.

Say, who is authoriz'd to probe my breast,
Of whatsoever latent faith possess'd;
If in my life no crimson stains appear,
Nor badge schismatic I am known to wear;
If I obedient to the laws am found,
By the same bands my brethren own, am bound,
What is the mode of my belief to you,
While I the track of rectitude pursue?
Religion is 'twixt God and my own soul,
Nor faint, nor sage, can boundless thought control.

I INTRODUCE this nineteenth number of the Gleaner by a letter, which last evening's post conveyed to my hand; and which I produce as an apology for the present essay.

Barckley Rectory, September 15th, 1793.

FRIEND VIGILLIUS,

I DO seriously confess unto thee, that I am not a little pleased with the light which *seemeth* to be within thee; yet feeling myself wonderfully at a loss, what conclusion to draw concerning thee, I am jealous over thee with a godly jealousy. From some precious gems which have been scattered up and down thy publications, I have been ready to think, that thou wert truly of the fraternity of Friends, that thou hadst obtained uncommon lights, and that thy heart was indeed

deed touched by that seraph, who, taking a coal from the altar, consecrated therewith the till then unhallowed lips of the prophet Isaiah. I must acknowledge that I have assiduously, and perhaps vainly, encouraged this idea ; and moreover, that when I saw thee lead the comely maiden, whom thou hast cherished, to the altar, after the manner of the profane, with no small inquietude I relinquished my hopes in regard to thee.

But if thou art not a Friend, the question remaineth, What then art thou ? I believe that thou meanest very well ; and that thou hast great goodness of heart at the bottom ; but suffer an honest observer to set up for thee a land-mark ; take care that thou art not misled thereby, that thou stickest not fast in the quicksands of error, or, that following an *ignis fatuus*, thou runnest not on shore upon the shoals of misconception. There is a fatal delusion, which is now but too prevalent in our country ; a delusion, the fundamental principle of which, restoring the lapsed nature, finally returns every individual of the degenerate children of men to the state of felicity which they have so notoriously forfeited : Verily I shudder at the bare penning of so pernicious and heterodox a vagary ; and I am rendered the more fearfully apprehensive, from a knowledge of the plausibility with which its enthusiastic advocates enwrap the soul-destroying heresy ! Many paragraphs in thy lucubrations, render me suspicious that, under the influence of benevolence, thou hast inhaled the streams which have issued from so poisonous a fountain ; but again, from a number of choice sentiments, which thou hast occasionally interspersed, I am led to suppose that thou lookest upon thyself as a responsible being, that thou conceivest thyself accountable for thy actions, and that thou rationally concludest thou shalt receive a reward according to the deeds done in the body.

Thus am I continually tossed about in my opinion concerning thee ; and thus am I induced to ask thee two important questions. What dost thou think of

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the final state of mankind? What are thy sentiments of Jesus Christ, and his redemption? I hope, friend Vigillius, that thou wilt excuse this plainness of speech, and that thou wilt not fail to number, among thy sincere well-wishers and faithful friends,

ZEPHANIAH DOUBTFUL.

As a general answer to friend Doubtful, it may be sufficient to say, that the Gleaner aspires not to the dignified chair of the theologian; that whatever are his sentiments, he hath entire complacency therein; that he is content with proposing them to the reason of his family, without parading them to public view, or enforcing them upon any one.

Yet, thus called upon, though he doth not propose himself as a sectarian, and though *upon this occasion*, he may not avow the creed of the christian Universalist; he yet craves the indulgence of his readers, while he takes leave to hazard a few remarks.

He is free to own, notwithstanding the despotism of tradition, the prejudices of education, and the predominating sway of revered opinions, that he cannot help regarding that plan as the most eligible, which represents the Father of eternity, as beneficently planning, before all worlds, the career of a race of beings, who, however they were immersed in ills, and from the various vicissitudes of time, plunged into a series of misfortunes, were destined, nevertheless, to progress on to a state of never ending felicity. Jehovah, while thus employed, appears augustly *good*, as well as augustly *great*, and every faculty of the mind rejoiceth to adore the paternal Deity.

We hesitate not to combine, in our ideas of the great First Cause, with an unrivalled sovereignty of power, that unerring *prescience*, which, indeed, seems truly necessary to infinite wisdom, and the fullness of the Godhead.

Would it not be impious, to suppose the Creator originating the vast designs of creation with a disposition unpropitious to the well being of his creatures?

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Would it not be most absurdly irreverent, to represent the creature as independent of the power which had formed him, and as unexpectedly escaping from the orbit in which he was placed? Would it not be blasphemous to arm him with strength sufficient to frustrate the benevolent purposes which primarily gave him existence? Is not that conjecture highly irrational which renders him capable of obtaining the knowledge of good and evil, without the permission of that omnipotent Father of universal nature, who had moulded him agreeably to his own designation, who had shaped for him his little part, who had commanded him into being, who could make him whatever he pleased, and who could, in a single moment, recal the animating breath of life, which he is said to have breathed into him? We can easily reconcile, with the arrangements of equity, allotments which may be clouded with misery, through the lengthening period of many revolving years, provided that the horizon at length brightens upon us, and we are finally presented with a happy termination.

The soul of man is indeed capacious; it can inhale, in one luxuriant moment, such large draughts of divine enjoyments, as may in effect obliterate the painful remembrance of calamitous centuries; and, in a future destination, we may awake only to the sacred rapture of corrected pleasures. Nor do we know that sentiments of this complexion are unfriendly to the interests of virtue; for, besides the oft cited observation, that rectitude insures its own reward, and that a state of suffering must ever be considered as an appendage to vice; there is a view in which we may still be regarded as probationers, as accountable beings; and rewards and punishments must ever remain in the hands of our common Father.

We conceive that the system, which, bounding the salutary operations of Deity, confines his gracious interference to an *elect* few, while the many are consigned to perdition, and which considers this awful decree as irreversibile, looks with a much more unfavourable aspect upon the moral walk, than the denounced sentiments

ments of the Universalist ; since it as effectually destroys every exertion to obtain the prize of future beatification, for the immutable determination of Jehovah hath unalterably fixed the destiny of every candidate. This discriminating plan, while it merits, in a high degree, the accusation of unwarrantable partiality, (the most reprehensible characters not seldom becoming the objects of its predilection) throws open, at the same time, the widely terrific gates of despair. It is moreover the parent of schism ; and it invests the arrogant mind with every incentive to pride and undue self-estimation, authorizing the supposed privileged being to believe, that the eternal difference, which must of necessity forever exist between himself and the greater part of his fellow-mortals, may justify proceedings against them, for which a jury of philanthropy would find him guilty of high treason against the Rights of Man.

We think the hypothesis, which is ever goading us to the performance of duty, by threats of the uplifted lash, is not a little derogatory to the dignity of our nature. Generosity and gratitude are plants which we wish to see cultivated in the soil of humanity. We would wish to see persons profelyted to the *beauty of virtue* ; we would wish to see them in *reality, sensible of the charms of a regular and meritorious life* ; in one word, we would wish to see them *embrace innate goodness, merely for the sake of its intrinsic worth*.

I remember, some fifteen or sixteen years since, being on a visit to a friend in the capital of the State of Rhode-Island, that chance threw me one evening into a company, in which a certain transatlantic preacher,* well known for the liberality of his sentiments, made no inconsiderable figure ; this gentleman did at that time,

* The author's design in thus expressing herself of a person with whom she boasts the most intimate connexion, will be obvious to every intelligent reader. Concealment, even from the gentleman alluded to, was essential to her plan ; and this manner of giving the anecdote, appeared the surest path to the attainment of her wishes.

time, and I am told that he still continues to attract much attention in the religious world. Perhaps he may justly be styled the father of the Universalists in this country ; and however censurable I may be deemed, I freely confess that I was not, upon the occasion adverted to, displeased at his ideas. Among other curious anecdotes and observations, which constituted his quota of the conversation, he produced a dream, which made no small impression upon my mind ; whether he himself was favoured with this nocturnal vision, or whether it was the privilege of a friend, I do not recollect ; nor is it of importance to determine.

Its outlines were as follows : Sleep had spread over the closed eyelids its sombre veil, and the illimitable region of fancy became illumined by a prodigious variety of lustres ; myriads of winged beings seemed to flit around ; now, the empress of the slumbering hour crowded the scene with motley sketches of every object which a teeming imagination could devise ; and anon, as if solicitous to vary the entertainment of the night, a splendid solitude gradually pervading, extended itself around. It was at this moment that an interesting form, robed in spotless white, and moving with inexpressible velocity, presented herself before the sleeper : Dignity was inscribed on her very mien, her aspect was majestic, and every look became expressive of some important designation ; in her right hand she grasped a blazing torch, and in her left she bore a transparent vase, which, constantly issuing a copious stream, seemed to possess the properties of a living spring. Hastening along, with inconceivable rapidity, she pressed forward, and it was with difficulty that he detained her, while he humbly requested information respecting the nature of her office and employ ; briefly she replied, " Know, inquisitive mortal, that, commissioned by the Ancient of Days, I go forth, with this flaming torch, to light up a conflagration which shall consume the heaven of heavens, while the exhaustless fountain in my left hand shall pour forth a flood, whose waters shall utterly extinguish the devouring

fires of Tartarean hell ; and, know also, that when my mission is accomplished, then will the era be produced, in the which our God shall recognize *some disinterestedly sincere worshippers.*"

The consternation produced by this astonishing piece of information, dispelled the somnific influence of the drowsy goddess ; and the reflections which it originated in his bosom, must occur to every serious mind.

I have been amazed when I have listened to the declarations of those, who have protested, that if a state of retribution was not in reserve, they would embark, with a full sail, upon what they have termed the ocean of unlicensed pleasure, and that they would take in large draughts of illicit gratifications !—Surely, such persons have never yet awaked to the best enjoyments of life—are yet to receive the perceptions, which alone can entitle them to a rank among the dignified order of rational beings.

Independent of every future consideration, how serenely rolls on the days of that individual, who is solicitous to employ his time, his talents, and his abilities of every description, in a manner calculated to do honour to himself, and to conduce to the best interests of his fellow mortals !

View the well regulated family ; no sooner do their eyelids uncloze, than their grateful orisons spontaneously and individually ascend the vaulted skies ; with the first uprising of the orient beam, they are assembled in the neatly furnished parlour, where, from the sacred oracles, a portion for their improvement and consolation is selected ; where their common teachers in words fully chosen, energetic and concise, and in a manly and endearing tone of voice, offers up their united and early thanksgivings, supplications and praise, to the universal Sire of angels and of men.

This separate and collected intercourse with Heaven, will constitute them reciprocal guards upon themselves and each other ; they will be cautious of offending ; their words and their actions they will consider, and they

they will be anxious to conduct as persons privileged by a frequent access to the Sovereign Disposer of events.

The domestic departments will be filled in an allotted and regular manner ; the affairs of the household will go smoothly forward ; the individuals will reciprocally assist each other ; and plastic order, with affectionate harmony, will preside among them. They will look abroad, and, finding a complacency in communicating good, they will feel it their interest, as well as their duty, to relieve, to soothe, to succour, and to support, to the utmost of their ability, the suffering sons and daughters of men ; and while thus engaged in mitigating foreign woes, in extending the extricating hand, they will find that the blessings of heaven-born peace have become natal in their bosoms.

In the varied and interesting offices of social life, they will cheerfully engage ; they are apprized of what their characters demand of them ; and the happiness of their extensive connexions, they are careful to promote. As members of the community, they will discharge with propriety their parts, and they will ever reflect the highest honour upon their country. When they are overtaken by the unavoidable calamities incident to the present mode of existence, in every affliction, they will naturally pour out their spirits in prayer : This is a privilege which will meliorate their sufferings ; and, accustomed to address the great Origin of being, they will hasten with alacrity to the throne of grace. Whatever may be their employments or amusements, in the course of the day, or during the closing evening, being careful to combine innocence withal—they will gladly turn from every inferior or trivial pursuit, and when the empire of night is commencing, they will re-assemble in the peaceful apartment, that will be thus consecrated, and, by the mouth of their revered head, they will perform the evening prostrations of their devoted spirits, worshipping with sincere hearts, enumerating the multiplied blessings of the day, and offering up their mingling

ling hallelujahs, thanksgivings and adorations. Their errors, of whatever nature, they will deplore with contrite hearts; but with child-like dispositions they will approach, and they will be confident that their august Father, who pitieth their infirmities, bendeth to their supplications a gracious ear. Calm, grateful, and disburthened of their heaviest load, they will retire to present their separate ejaculations, and they will commit themselves to the slumbers of the pillow with heart-felt tranquillity.

The theme is copious; I have rapidly hurried along; I could dwell untired upon the charms, and the unquestionable utility, attendant upon the present hours of an unoffending and useful life. But the fear that I may again exceed the pages, with which I am indulged by the obliging Editors of the Magazine, forbids my expatiating further.

N^o. XX.

Then are the shafts of disappointment barb'd,
When of her well form'd hopes the soul is robb'd.

"**A**LL is not right at Margaretta's"—said my poor Mary, some nights since, as she laid her head upon her pillow. It was an involuntary expression, and from the fullness of her heart it escaped her: She would gladly have recalled it, or at least have palliated its effects, but it was too late, for the impression was indelibly made—*all is not right at Margaretta's!* Her words reverberated through the inmost recesses of my soul; they seemed to possess a deadly power, which, at a single blow, annihilated the serenity of my bosom. A thousand painful ideas rushed in a moment upon my mind, and they originated the most alarming and affecting conjectures.

I had observed, that a kind of pensive melancholy had for some time clouded the fine open countenance of my wife; that her wonted equanimity was interrupted; that her slumbers were disturbed and broken;
and

and that the admirable regularity of her movements were evidently discomposed. As I possessed a perfect confidence in her prudence, I had forborne to press her upon so distressing a change, well knowing, that whenever it was advantageous or proper, discretion would not fail of prompting her to pour into my ear the sorrows of her heart.

Maternal affection had armed her with an anxious and vigilant attention to her daughter; she had for some months marked a visible alteration in her child; the dimpling smile of complacency no more spontaneously welcomed her approach; thick glooms encircled her brow; and while she visibly struggled to preserve appearances, the tenor of her soul was apparently lost. Whenever Mary occasionally looked in upon her Margaretta, if her visit was unexpected, she was sure to find her bathed in tears; and the apologies which she seemed to study, but ill concealed the discomposure of an agonized bosom.

Mary, with all her penetration, could not divine the cause of an event, which she so greatly deplored; she imagined that her daughter was in possession of every thing which could conduce to the most pleasing kind of tranquillity; and she conceived that the grateful affections of her heart ought to be in constant exercise. Competency beamed its regular, mild, and equal blessings upon her; her infant was not only lovely and promising, but he seemed almost exempted from those disorders, which are usually attendant upon his imbecile age; her own health was uniformly good; and though Edward Hamilton partook, of course, the morbid contagion of her grief, yet he was still the pensively pleasing and entertaining companion.

Mary concluded, that nothing remained, but for Margaretta to re-assume the accustomed equability of her temper, in order to the perfect restoration of that sunshine, which had for a season illumined her hours; and tenderly interested, while her heart was torn by anxiety, she could not forbear to interrogate—but the only replies she could obtain were sighs and tears,
interrupted

interrupted by broken assurances, that indeed she was — she was very happy ; and that she supplicated her dear Mamma to put upon every appearance the most candid construction. Her mother, however, made wise by the observations she had collected from books, from the study of her fellow mortals, and from a large share of natural discernment, could not be thus easily deceived.

Curiosity was, upon this occasion, her smallest inducement ; and she trembled at the impervious darkness of a cloud, which she rationally apprehended involved the dearest hopes of her Margaretta ! Baffled in repeated attempts to fathom a mystery, which had yielded her bosom a prey to the keenest anguish, she changed the mode of her attack ; and, addressing her daughter by letter, in the language of discretion, in the language of tenderness, she penned the feelings of her soul.

To Mrs. HAMILTON.

IS it possible for Margaretta Hamilton to conceive her mother a calm spectator of that corroding inquietude, which is gradually and too surely undermining the peace of a child, who is, she had almost said, dearer to her than any other human being ? As I have not been stimulated by an idle wish to obtain your secret, I am hurt that my inquiries have proved so ineffectual. Can Margaretta wish to veil herself from the eye of the guardian friend of her early years ? Believe me, I seek only to probe the wound, that I may the more assuredly arrest the progress of the envenomed poison, and be enabled to judge what prescription may operate as a specific.

But, for the tender age of innocence, the advice of the physician is the superstructure of conjecture ; and in this instance I am necessitated to follow the example of the benevolent practitioner, at all hazards assaying to throw in something, which may possibly preserve the opening life of those budding joys, the growth of which

which I had fondly hoped to have watched, until I had gratulated their confirmed maturity.

When we gave our Margareta to Edward Hamilton, *we conceived that we had yielded her to the man of her heart*; and, believing him to be every way worthy, we congratulated ourselves upon the establishment of the felicity of our child. What, my love, can have produced a change so affectingly agonizing? Whenever you *appear tolerably composed*, it is *evident* that you are *acting a part*.

I tremble lest your father should penetrate the thin disguises which you assume; and, sanguine as his expectations in regard to you have been, it is difficult to say, what serious consequences his disappointment might produce.

Oh, my child, my soul is torn by the most fearful conjectures! will you not endeavour to assuage the sorrows of my heart? will you not at least relieve me from the pangs of suspense? Can it be, that Mrs. Hamikon is so far subjected to sexual weakness, as to have delivered herself up to the most alarming chagrin, merely because, perhaps, she receives not from the husband such *adulatory devoirs* as distinguished the lover? Surely I ought to regard this idea as inadmissible; and yet, the strongest minds may have their moments of imbecility; and, my Margareta, all accomplished, all lovely as she is, must nevertheless still be considered as a young and inexperienced woman.

If this is indeed the source of your perturbed anxiety, I persuade myself that some such reflections as the following, will ere long awaken you to reason.

It is impossible to change the order of nature. Delighted admiration of pleasing novelties, is the spontaneous growth of every bosom; a second view finds us more calm; a third, a fourth, may possibly rouse us to pleasure; but a constant repetition will create that indifference, which will constitute a perfect contrast to the keen edge of our new-born feelings. The impassioned ardours of the soul must of necessity subside;

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they are but created to expire : But I pity the mind which prefers not the calm rational affections that succeed, to all the hurricane of the passions.

Love, as it is commonly described, is undoubtedly a short-lived being ; it is a luxurious glutton, that invariably gormandizeth to its destruction ; but from its perfumed ashes ariseth a star-gemmed soother, that the wedded pair may either crush in the birth, or agree to cherish, as the security of their mutual happiness. Esteem may sometimes be traced as the *parent*, but I think it will be found that it is oftener the *offspring* of love. Young esteem, entwined by smiling confidence, enwreathed with sweet complacency, how fragrant is its rosy breath, how necessary to the hymeneal career, and how much is it in the power of the affianced friends to render its existence permanent !

Behold your Edward in a large circle of ladies ; doubtless, he is all attention ; his features are animated ; and if they are young, beautiful and sentimental, he is all soul ; he seems to tread on air, and he hath no eyes or ears, but for them ; he will address to them the most refined gallantries, and he will appear lost amid a constellation so splendid. But think you, my love, that he would experience sensations thus highly wrought, were he to mingle every hour in their society ? and would you wish to exchange for such *mental gewgaws*, if I may so express myself, the solid pleasures of endearing familiarity ; the advantages resulting from unbroken confidence, from a social intercourse, uninterrupted by the fopperies of language, and from all the matchless and serene enjoyments which wedded friends may know ?

Are you not apprehensive that the continued clouds which gloom your lovely face, may prematurely destroy your bloom, and, by imperceptible degrees, alienate the affections of your husband ? If once you relinquish your place in his bosom, it will require a series of the most arduous efforts to restore you to the possession you will have thus imprudently abdicated !

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I am not an advocate for undue gentleness, or submissive acquiescence ; such conduct may border upon meanness ; a woman should be *just too, she should reverence herself* : I am far from conceiving that the female world, considered in the aggregate, is inferior to the male ; but custom hath established a certain order in society, and custom is a despot, whose chains, I am fearful, it will be in vain that an individual will assuage to burst.

I know too, that it is for the interest of every person who singly considers either him or herself, to cultivate an *equal* and *serene* temper of mind. If you array yourself in the garments of tranquillity, if you seek to clothe yourself with innate cheerfulness, *habit* will at length render you in *reality* complacent, and it will not be you who will derive the smallest share of advantage therefrom.

In short, my dear girl, you have every inducement to call forth your most unremitting exertions. Parents tenderly anxious for your welfare—Parents, whose felicity is inseparably entwined with your own ; a husband acknowledged as highly deserving, and a beautiful infant, whose little eyes are raised to you for protection, for instruction, and for peace : Oh ! cloud not his budding life by a grief so strange and unaccountable ; his lovely cheek should not thus early be washed by the tear of sorrow. Oh, pierce not thus the bosom of her who hath reared you to womanhood, whose prime hopes of temporal enjoyment rest with you, and who, in consequence of that authority, which by high Heaven is vested in her, demands of you an account of that latent woe, which, *gaining strength by concealment*, is thus preying upon all your promised joys. Speak, I conjure you, speak ; and let your communications mitigate the pangs, which cease not to lacerate the bosom of your afflicted and commiserating mother.

The evening of the day, which had presented the foregoing address, returned Mary the subjoined reply.

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To

To my dear and honoured MOTHER.

PITYING angels—and must I then speak? assuredly I must—every consideration unquestionably points out an explanation.

I have sunk, mortifyingly sunk, in the estimation of her whose *approbation* I would die to preserve; and I have inflicted upon her the severest anguish; yet, probably, her tender bosom may be disburthened, by a knowledge that her Margaretta is not altogether so culpable as she hath apprehended: And duty seems to impel an unreserved confidence; for the honoured woman, to whom I am primarily indebted for every thing that can render life valuable, hath commanded me to be explicit.

But stop!—can duties clash? Ought the discreet female to accuse him to whom she hath voluntarily yielded her most sacred and solemn vows? Can Margaretta criminate her Edward!!!!

Yet, possibly, what I have to urge in my own defence, may not exhibit my Hamilton in a censurable point of view; from a mutable being we are not to expect immutability; and, if my conjectures have their foundation in truth, though I may be wretched, I will not be unjust. It is necessary that I justify myself to my mother; but I will not dare to cast a shade upon the character of a man, whom I regard as the first of created beings.

Hardly three months after our marriage had elapsed, when Edward exhibited marks of a growing and deep-felt inquietude! an impenetrable gloom overshadowed every feature! Had you witnessed, as I have done, and still do, the lasting and serious sorrows of his bosom, your maternal remonstrance would have been addressed to him, rather than to your unfortunate child. Often hath he regarded me with a fixed and melancholy attention; and when, alarmed and terrified, I have sought the cause of his mysterious deportment, as if unable to command his grief, he hath fled with precipitation from my importunities. To induce
him

him to disclose the fatal secret of his heart, no means within my power have been left unassayed; and although failing in my well intended efforts, I have still endeavoured to soothe and woo his steps to the sweet and flowery paths of peace.

With the severe eye of unrelenting rigour, I have examined my own conduct: Probably I am under the dominion of *self-partiality*; for, in regard to him, I cannot view myself as reprehensible either in thought, word, or deed.

When, by your direction, I announced to him my expectation of presenting him with a little being, who would bring into the world with it, its claims to his fondest affections,—Oh, Madam! instead of the effect which we naturally imagined, the sorrows of his heart became ungovernable; with convulsed and agonized emotions, he clasped his hands—Never shall I forget his exclamation; it sounded like a death-warrant to my ear—“*Gracious God! wretch, wretch that I am!*”——What he would have added, I know not; for, overpowered by my grief and my surprise, I sunk lifeless at his feet; and when, by his endeavours, and those of the attendants whom he summoned to my relief, I was recalled to sense and to recollection, I found him kneeling by my bed side, assiduously and tenderly employed in my restoration, and his transports at beholding me, as he expressed himself, once more open my eyes to love and to him, at seeing the bloom again revisit my cheeks, were, he declared, the most exquisite he had ever experienced!

You will not doubt, that I seized this tender moment, to expostulate with him relative to his heart-afflicting and soul-piercing expressions of grief, and continued melancholy; but, although he beheld me, as I then supposed, with unabating affection, although he soothed my spirit by the most delicate and unequivocal assurances, he nevertheless turned a deaf ear to the voice of my supplication! Edward Hamilton hath a strong and determined mind; fortitude is innate in his bosom; he can wear to the public eye, and even to the

the circle of his friends, a face of tranquillity, while his breast is a prey to the most perturbed sensations.

Fearful of disgusting him by my persecutions, I banished from my lips every expression of my anxiety; and, as far as was in my power, I dismissed from my features the inquietude of my bosom. I studied, by my every movement, his pleasure; and I flattered myself, that the birth of my child, by giving a new turn to his ideas, would restore my felicity. It is true that I had nothing to complain of, except the corroding grief, with which he evidently struggled, and which, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal it, was generally the companion of his private hours: For the rest, I judged myself in possession of his heart, and his deportment was descriptive of the most refined and faithful attachment.

Thus passed the days, until the arrival of my painful hour. You, dear Madam, were a witness to the distressing agitation of his soul, during that perilous and tremendous period; you heard and repeated his fervid vows for my safety; they were music in my ears; doubtless they were sincere, for the heart of Edward Hamilton is as tender as it is manly. You also witnessed the rapt sensation of his grateful spirit, when he received his son; you heard and marked the paternal blessings, which he poured upon his youngling head; and, it is true, that the little creature is as dear to him, as the vital spark which warms him to existence—but alas! *this is the sum total of my enjoyments!* The anguish of heart, which is destroying the father of my child, seems daily to augment! The tears, of which he is apparently unconscious, often bedew the face of my infant! Frequently, as if by mutual consent, we gaze in silent sorrow upon the dear innocent, and when Hamilton supposes himself unobserved, his eyes and hands are raised toward heaven; and in all the majesty of innate woe, he pathetically makes his appeal to the Searcher of all hearts, while rectitude, it should seem, is the motto of his life.

Yet,

Yet, I will not withhold some circumstances, that have produced inferences, which my full soul hath recoiled at admitting. Alas, my mother ! will you not esteem me wretched, when I confess to you, that I have but too much reason to suppose *myself the origin of his misfortune.*

Some weeks after the birth of my little William, I was alarmed by the frequent absence of Hamilton ; and as I *forbore any remarks thereon, being unwilling to embitter, by my expostulations, the few moments which he allowed me,* I continued ignorant of the manner in which he appropriated his time. Accident, at length, informed me that all those hours of which he had robbed me, were devoted to Serafina ! and from her he always returned a prey to the deepest and most fearful chagrin.

The shock which my tenderness and my sensibility received, in a moment so replete with anguish, I as- say not to describe ; but reason, I bless God, darted athwart the region of my soul her beamy influence. Serafina was the sister of my heart ; she was a lovely and an amiable woman. Edward and Serafina had been educated together from early life ; their habits of intimacy were confirmed ; and I considered, that if her society possessed more charms than mine, Edward was unfortunate, but not culpable.

I immediately formed the resolution of soliciting her to become an inmate in our house ; and when I made my proposal to Hamilton, *he received it with more satisfaction than my feelings could well tolerate ;* he kissed my hand with rapture ; a gleam of joy vermillioned his cheek, and he flew to acquaint Miss Clifford with the wishes which I had expressed.

Serafina too demonstrated the highest complacency ; a residence with her. Margaretta, she was pleased to say, would complete her felicity ; and she could not hesitate, when a situation every way eligible was tendered to her acceptance.

Our plan was no sooner concerted than put into execution : Miss Clifford was established in this mansion, and Hamilton no longer wandered abroad ! When I

am present, Hamilton hath never, for a single moment, abated his marked attentions to me ; and he regards Serafina in his accustomed manner ; but if I unexpectedly join them, although they have apparently been engaged in the most affectingly interesting conversation, they are immediately silent, embarrassed and uneasy !

The fine eyes of Serafina are often drowned in tears, and the grief of Hamilton seems to know no bounds ! Two weeks since, upon the morning of the day on which you surprised me yielding up my whole soul to sorrow, supposing Hamilton in his closet, I took my needle-work, with a design, while sitting beside him, to make one more effort to allure him into the sweet and flowery walks of tranquillity. He was not there—but an open piece of paper lying upon his scrutoire, written by the hand of Serafina, in which I saw my name in large characters inscribed, caught my attention. I read it—its contents are indelibly engraven upon the tablets of my heart ; and, with a trembling hand, I transcribe them for your perusal.

“ THAT I love not my own soul better than I do my Edward Hamilton, I trust he will always believe. I have received his *exposulatory letter*, and by that love which we mutually avow, I conjure him to consider, weigh, ponder, and reflect. Can Edward consign Margaretta to ruin ? Can he be forgetful of the interest and well-being of his infant son ? If Hamilton will give to these claims their due weight, I persuade myself that he will then listen to the voice of prudence—of that prudence which is, in this instance, regent in the bosom of

SERAFINA CLIFFORD.”

I read, I say—and the agony of my spirit was inexpressible—with a wild air I turned toward the window ; and, as if fate had determined to make me completely wretched, I beheld Edward and Serafina, arm under arm, walking down the gravel-walk of our little flower garden : This, at such a moment, was too much.

much. With precipitate and unequal steps, impassioned almost to frenzy, I hastened from the closet, flying, as for refuge, to my own. It was at this distressing juncture, that you, Madam, looked in upon me ; you saw, and your eye condemned the irregular expressions of a sorrow to which you was a stranger ; but I flatter myself that you will, in future, rather pity than censure your Margaretta.

Real illness, through that fatal day, served me as an apology for not making my appearance at dinner, or at evening tea time ; and, in the course of the night, reason taught me sufficient self-command, to appear tolerably composed at breakfast the next morning. As I left the writing precisely as I found it, there cannot be an idea entertained of the suspicions which wound my bosom ; and if it is mine to suffer, I am determined to suffer in silence.—Thus, dear and honoured Madam, you will see that I have no common cause of sorrow—that I am not so very faulty as you conceived. Thus have I entitled myself to your advice ; and thus you will be induced to pity your

MARGARETTA HAMILTON.

Mary hesitated not to dispatch the following approving reply.

To Mrs. HAMILTON.

NO, my poor sufferer, you do not stand in need of advice—persevere as you have begun—Mr. Hamilton is a man of sense and feeling ; he will rouse to a recollection of your virtues, and your reward will be great. Believe me, I glory in my child.—My tears flow so fast, I cannot add ; and I can only say, that I am indeed your commiserating and tender mother.

 N^o. XXI.

Worth, sterling worth, amid the ordeal shines,
 Conviction gems it—truth the polish gives ;
 Asbestos like, it whitens in the flames,
 And in eternal records brightening lives.

SITTING, last evening, in the little apartment which I have devoted to pleasures, properly termed sentimental, I was endeavouring, while Mary was seated by my side, to amuse the hours which she employed at her needle, by a re-perusal of Gibbon's Roman History. We had passed our afternoon, in a vain attempt to investigate the cause of the infelicity of our daughter ; we went over and over the ground, we traced and re-traced, we exhausted the powers of retrospection, until wearied amid the wilds of conjecture, we attained the precise point from which we at first sat off.

I had forbore to question either Mr. or Mrs. Hamilton, imagining that the discretion of Margaretta must inevitably become finally triumphant ; and I conceived, besides, that any interference, considering the exquisite sensibility and delicate circumstances of the parties, must unavoidably increase the evil we lamented.

But, to delineate the agonized perplexity which tempestured the bosom of Mary, is impossible ! the perturbed sigh, humid cheek, and swollen eye, proclaimed the anguish of her spirit ; while she in vain endeavoured to reassume the wonted fortitude and equability of her disposition.

Last evening, however, wiping from her face the tear of maternal woe, and calling into action all those efforts which it is the privilege of tender esteem to embody, I so far succeeded in my attempts to soothe her mind, as to procure a temporary calm ; and pressing, as an auxiliary, my admired historian, my purpose was to draw her off, at least for the moment,
 from

from the contemplation of the melancholy consequences of her daughter's marriage.

We had but just invested our pensive *tete-a-tete*, with a degree of apparent serenity, when Mrs. Hamilton, without being announced, rushed hastily into the apartment. Our astonishment at so unexpected a visit, was in no sort abated by the wild extravagance of which her air and manner were descriptive; it was, however, the mania of joy; and, without giving us time for reflection or interrogation, throwing herself suddenly at my feet, with clasped hands, and all the delirium of rapture, she exclaimed—"O Sir! O my father! bless, "bless, your happy child!—delay not to bestow your "benediction upon this, the most blissful period of "her life; thus giving the paternal voice, to sanction "and complete that measure of felicity, which per- "haps her wayward and desponding heart hath but "ill deserved."

Alarmed and apprehensive, I would have folded her to my breast, at no moment hesitating to pronounce a blessing, which was ever the spontaneous dictate of my heart; but ere I could utter a word, springing up and hastening forward, she threw her snowy arms around the neck of Mary. "O my mother, my "more than mother! embrace your now not sorrow- "ing, but perfectly assured and extatically enraptured "Margaretta!"

Mary, alternately clasping her to her bosom, and regarding her with looks of agonized terror, struggled in vain for utterance; the impassioned feelings of her soul disdained language, and the perturbed emotions which agitated her spirit, were expressed only by an affecting and descriptive silence.

For myself, I am free to own, that the scene had almost unmanned me; and, that trembling equally for my wife and daughter, I could not have supported it a moment longer. It was interrupted by the entrance of Edward Hamilton and Serafina. "Ah, my love!" cried Hamilton, "why do you thus cruelly deprive "me of your presence; at a moment too, when you
"have,

“ have, as it were, renovated my existence ; when you
 “ have relieved me from a burthen that, by its mighty
 “ pressure, had well near crushed my every hope of
 “ happiness this side the eternal world ; when you
 “ have new pointed every felicity, and taught me still
 “ more highly to appreciate the inestimable worth
 “ of yourself, and of your ennobling affection ! Were
 “ it possible I could call my Margaretta unkind, her
 “ absence at such a time, would be the only plea that
 “ could justify my accusation. *But who talks of accu-*
sation ? Margaretta, like the Being from whom she
 “ originates, and who hath formed her a near resem-
 “ blance of his blessed self, *unreservedly forgives ;* and,
 “ influenced also by an example so fair, while urged
 “ by their own lenient benevolence, our revered bene-
 “ factors, parents, friends, will likewise condescend to
 “ sign my acquittal ; and thus their once almost def-
 “ pairing culprit, restored to peace and to them, will
 “ new plume his hopes, and, re-embarking upon the
 “ voyage of life, he will trust that prosperous gales
 “ may attend his once shipwrecked prospects.”

Margaretta, encircled in the arms of her husband, bent her sweet face upon his bosom, while Serafina, enthusiastically pressing her hands to her lips, murmured in broken sentences—“ Lovely and forgiving *sister !* a sister indeed ! angelic Margaretta ! May
 “ God in heaven greatly reward and forever bless my
 “ indulgent Margaretta.”

But not to fatigue the reader, by the incoherently agitated manner, in which we finally obtained an explanation of these mysterious appearances, I will piece together materials which, through many breaks and pauses, I received, and present a succinct narrative of circumstances, that have produced an eclaiircissement, which hath rendered Margaretta, in her own estimation, the happiest of women.

The opening dawn of yesterday presented a serene autumnal morning, and the advancing day confirmed the pleasing indications of its rosy harbinger.

The

The ripened fruits of autumn gathered in, the industrious swain once more hailed the interval which, crowning his hopes, permitted him to indulge a suspension of his labours ; the very air, gently moving the motley foliage of the grove, impregnated with the seeds of bland and social peace, and disburthened of the undulating and busy clang, seemed to breathe the true spirit of grateful and unmolested contemplation ; while all varying nature apparently wore the semblance of tranquillity.

Margaretta made the comparison—she could no longer support the dreadful contrast which her bosom exhibited ; and, asserting herself, she determined to be peremptory in her demand of an explanation. For many hours she revolved her important purpose ; her spirit laboured with its interesting design ; her breast was the seat of inquietude, and her soul was heavily oppressed. How to present herself ; how to introduce her subject ; in what language to clothe those sorrows which she had hitherto so assiduously sought to veil from the eye of Hamilton—these were questions which strongly agitated every faculty of her mind ; but all her attempts to concert a plan of operation were ineffectual, until at length, tortured by reflection, hesitating, trembling and irresolute, she bent her steps toward that saloon, which Edward had consecrated the scene of his most retired moments ; thither, at certain hours of the day, she knew that he repaired ; upon this solitude she had never before ventured to intrude ; yet, by slow and solemn movements, urged by despair, she now approached : She drew toward the recess, the door was but half closed ; Edward and Serafina, for the purpose of obtaining an uninterrupted conference, had previously retired there. Serafina was seated on a sofa, her face bathed in tears ; Edward, evidently overpowered by grief, reclined by her side ; he pressed the left hand of Serafina to his lips, while her right was thrown affectionately over his shoulder !

“ O Edward ! ” with a voice almost choaked by sorrow, exclaimed Miss Clifford, “ why are you thus
“ unkindly

“unkindly persevering? False sentiments betray you. My attachment to you is closely interwoven with my existence. I stand upon the brink of a precipice, down which your unyielding obduracy will not fail to plunge me! Again I assure you, that my happiness or misery is involved in yours! If you become an exile from your country, doubtless I shall be the companion of your flight; but whither shall we go? in what recess can we hide ourselves? Is it possible that we can voluntarily consign to irremediable ruin, the lovely and affectionate *Margaretta*? Is it possible that you, that a father, can deliberately resolve to blast the just budding prospects of him, who now, unconscious of the threatened danger, lulled in the cradle of innocence, smiles with celestial sweetness?”

Margaretta had entered unobserved; she had beheld the attitude of two persons whom she had accustomed herself not only tenderly to love, but reverently to esteem. The most envenomed pangs of despair at that moment pervaded her bosom—a feverish kind of anguish seemed to drink up the purple stream of life—her voice was lost, and her sight well near absorbed. Unable to proceed, she sunk upon the ready settee, which the second step presented—she distinctly heard the exclamation of Serafina!!—and the powers of animation suspending their operations, she sunk motionless upon the settee—a sigh burst spontaneously from her bosom—a sigh, that might well be imagined the immediate harbinger of death; it first drew the attention of Serafina—Hamilton started from his seat, and with mingling surprise, anguish and terror, they mutually flew to the supposed expiring sufferer. Their applications were in part successful; the active principle of life resumed its functions, and a gradual resuscitation pervaded the system. Reason, nevertheless, as if indignant at the outrages which she had sustained, stood aloof; and it was but too evident, that Margaretta possessed not that fine arrangement which had hitherto regulated the feelings of her dignified and gentle mind.

Her

Her wanderings, however, imbibed the hue, and partook the prevailing bent of her natural disposition ; and amid her incoherent ramblings, the true situation of her soul was expressed.

In pathetic language she lamented her own hard fate ; and, addressing Serafina, whom she believed to be Mary, she questioned her in regard to the propriety and eligibility of a separation from Edward. She said that her attachment to her husband could never know abatement ; but (lowering her voice, as if fearful of being overheard) as he was devoted to another, she thought it was becoming her character to relinquish her claims ; she wished, indeed, that Edward and Miss Clifford had sooner understood the nature of their mutual attachment—But perhaps they might have much to plead in their own defence ; and that, for her part, though she was at a loss to trace the origin of the calamity which had overtaken her, and could not justly accuse herself of intentional error, yet she wished every body well. That they need not be reduced to the necessity of abandoning the country ; for if she could but obtain one of those moss-grown caverns, which she had heard were so numerous in the dominion of Old Ocean's God, in those watery abodes she would seek her deceased father ; possibly too, her supplications might draw down the fainted spirit of her injured mother ; and if she might be permitted to take with her the darling boy, for whom her last sigh would arise, they would be a family of love—she would soothe the woe-fraught bosoms of her parents—she would prepare for her infant son an oozy bed, the sea-green turf should pillow his little head, and, by the murmuring waters of some coral grove, he should be lulled to rest.

Hamilton, agonized beyond expression, in the frenzy of the moment, would have put a period to his existence ; but by Serafina, who is ever present to herself, he was wooed, and awed to some degree of composure.

Serafina, by the assistance of a faithful female, conducted Margareta to her chamber ; and, while she

offered up to Heaven her silent and fervid vows for the perfect restoration of her friend, she availed herself of the idea she entertained that she was her mother; and, assuming the mildly commanding air, she had so frequently observed Mary to wear, she gently remonstrated, pressed and soothed, until she had placed Mrs. Hamilton upon her pillow, when, seizing the exact crisis, in the softest key, she proceeded to chaunt the most plaintive, harmonizing and dulcet strains, within the compass of her musical voice, until she beheld the disordered mourner embraced by those slumbers, from which she doubted not she would awake, in the full possession of her charming intellects. Having thus effected this salutary purpose, leaving Margaretta to an attendant, her next care was to rejoin Hamilton.

It was impossible not to understand the nature of the suspicions, which, it was apparent, had so deeply impressed the soul of Margaretta; and a retrospection convinced them, that even in the bosom of apathy, reason, from a variety of circumstances, would have originated conjectures. Edward acknowledged, that a desperate disease demanded a decisive remedy; he trembled for the consequences; but his dearest hopes now pointed out the most unreserved confidence. Alas! had he known the heart of my daughter, how many pangs he might have spared her. But the limited pages of this publication forbid remarks.

Seraphina, obtaining full power to act agreeably to her own discretion, returned to the chamber of Margaretta, fraught with a sovereign specific for her wounded spirit; when, dismissing the girl, and seating herself beside her, she impatiently waited her release from that salutary repose, to which she had been so solicitous to consign her.

Margaretta at length opened her grief-swollen eyes; the traces of deep-felt melancholy were visible in her countenance; but reason, it was evident, had resumed her operations, and the expression of every feature was descriptive of a mild and affecting kind of resignation.

"How are you, my sweet friend?" soothingly questioned Seraphina.

"Not

"Not well, Serafina;" returned Margaretta; and, after a moment's pause, letting fall some tears, in an affecting tone of voice, she added; "I am, Miss Clifford, the daughter of misfortune; my parentage was early announced; and though the interposition of my blessed friends and benefactors, would, by adopting me into their family, have snatched from me the bitter cup of adversity, yet, to struggle against the unalterable decrees of an all-wise Providence, it is in vain we assay!"

Serafina, inexpressibly affected; delayed not her remedy, but immediately taking her hand, which she bedewed with her tears, she delivered herself to the following effect:—

"You are undoubtedly an angelic woman; hardly any lot could be considered as fully adequate to your uncommon merit; yet, if my admeasurement of the mind of Margaretta is just, the secret which I have to communicate, will banish from her bosom its most corroding sorrows.

"I shall make my recital in as few words as possible; and, although I may criminate the everlastingly absent, yet I will not be so unjust to myself, as to suppose that the fact which I have to state, will lessen me in your esteem. The bosom of my Margaretta is the natal habitation of candour; and, while I inform her that Edward Hamilton and myself, owe our being to the same father, the sensation that is most prevalent in my breast, is a pleasing kind of conscious pride.

"While Mr. Hamilton, the elder, transacted business in Europe, he saw and distinguished my unfortunate mother. A circumstantial narrative of the tender, though unwarrantable connexion, which was the consequence, you will find in these sheets, *which are the hand-writing of my father; the characters are familiar to your eye*, and I yield them cheerfully to the perusal of some serene hour.

"It appears, that the only fault of which my ill-fated mother could be accused, was her unjustifiable and
"fatal

“fatal attachment to my father : the struggles of her soul were great ; her sufferings were accumulated ; a number of *extenuating facts* the narrative faithfully records ; and the filial feelings of a daughter’s heart, naturally suggest a persuasion, that when, at the moment of my birth, she yielded up her life, the sacrifice may be regarded as an expiation for her indiscretion.

“My father called me by her name ; and, returning to America, presented me, then only six months old, to his lady, as an orphan, whose person and fortune were entrusted to his care by her expiring parents, and to whom he was determined to discharge the part of a tender and faithful guardian.

“The soul of Mrs. Hamilton was the seat of *unsuspecting virtue*, and she received me to the bosom of commiserating affection ; but I had not passed my third year, when this excellent lady was summoned to the mansion prepared for her ; and my father exchanged no second vows. The attention which he paid to my education, hath often been remarked to you ; and though, until I had completed my twelfth year, I viewed him only as my guardian friend, yet upon the tablets of my heart the sincerest veneration for his character was inscribed. Edward, born during the absence of his father, had only one year the advantage of me, and it was on the twelfth return of my natal day, that, leading us to his library, and putting into my hands those papers, which I have now committed to yours, he thus expressed himself : Receive—Seraphina Clifford”—and the big tear rolled down his venerable cheek—“receive the recital of your mother’s woes. I have marked, with a perturbed and anxious kind of pleasure, the uncommon attachment by which my children distinguish themselves ; yours is the age of innocence, and your affections bud on the stem of virtue ; but a little onward, and the passions of youth too often assume a baleful and fatal hue—these, alas ! may perhaps precipitate you into a gulph of ruin—I judge it proper

- "proper to commit to you a *secret*—that I command you never, but in an hour of *unavoidable necessity*, to divulge—*Know, Edward Hamilton, that Serafina Clifford is your sister ; she is the daughter of your father—Know, Serafina Clifford, that Edward Hamilton is your brother ; he is the son of your father ; and upon the heads of my children may the blessings of Heaven descend !*" Here the emotions of his soul became too big for utterance ; he was unwilling to submit them even to the eye of dutiful affection, and he hastily withdrew.

"For us, our bosoms were awake only to the mingling sensations of surprise and joy. I, for my part, never experienced a rapture so sincere ; and, no longer restrained by the presence of our father, we flew into each other's arms, eager to exchange those vows of eternal amity, which we have ever since inviolably observed.

"With one half of his ample fortune, my father, by gifts, investitures and last testament, scrupulously endowed me ; and, as I enjoy no maternal inheritance, my every pecuniary emolument is derived from him : Yet, he so well concerted his measures, as to lead every one concerned to imagine, that he was only relinquishing a trust that had been reposed in him.

"The remainder of my account I shall pass rapidly over. When Mr. Courtland's pretensions were apparently approbated by you, my brother, struggling in vain to rise superior to an attachment, which he then deemed unfortunate, sought a remedy in absence ; and, flying for refuge to the southern States, melancholy, and almost despairing, he assayed the various rounds of dissipation ; gaming became his favourite amusement ; and, in a few weeks, it is scarcely credible what immense sums of money were squandered ! Mortifying embarrassments were the consequence ; and had it not been for the extraordinary interposition of a friend of uncommon merit, his immediate ruin would have succeeded.

"Viewing himself, however, as young, and uncon-
 nected, he was prepared to meet the frowns of for-
 tune ; and supposing he had obtained the cure of a
 passion, that had gained strength with almost every
 added year of his life, he returned home, well pleased
 with his expedition. The event proved what an er-
 roneous calculation he had made ; and when he re-
 ceived your hand at the altar, he trusted that future-
 successes, economy and application, would retrieve
 his affairs. What shall I say ?—every month he hath
 accumulated misfortunes ; and the rapid decline of
 his finances hath operated as a severe check upon
 his dearest pleasures. When you communicated to
 him your expectation of augmenting his felicity, by
 presenting him an invaluable pledge of love, he was
 then struggling under the pressure of a recent disap-
 pointment ; he reflected upon himself as a prodigal,
 who had wasted the patrimony of the unborn. You
 must recollect his unguarded and impassioned expres-
 sions, with the alarming effects which they produced
 upon you. He accuses himself as a wretch who hath
 deceived you ; and he is miserable. The generous
 forbearance of his southern friend, hath hitherto up-
 held him ; but that benevolent creditor hath himself
 become a bankrupt, and the state of my brother's af-
 fairs can no longer be concealed. My lovely sister
 must soon have known, that her husband is some
 thousands in arrears, which he hath not a shilling to
 discharge. My fortune would completely reinstate
 him ; often have I tendered it—Interrupt me not,
 my love ;"—for Margaretta was eager to express
 her feelings ; "I have written, I have repeatedly re-
 monstrated : To effectuate this favourite purpose
 of my soul, I have revolved a variety of plans ; my
 nights have been spent in tears, and my days in at-
 tempts to conceal from you my chagrin.

"Edward is withheld, by false principles of delicacy,
 from availing himself of what the laws of his coun-
 try, but for the regulations of his father, would un-
 doubtedly have invested him with : Gladly would I
 "commit

“commit myself wholly into the hands of my brother.
“The good or evil which awaits him, I would wish to
“share ; I would have but one interest between us, and
“I would be regarded only as the sister of his heart.

“But for him, he styles himself a wretch who hath
“deceived and betrayed you, and, under this appella-
“tion, he shuns your presence ; he cannot bear to ap-
“pear before your parents, the victim of extravagance ;
“he meditates absconding from America, and if he
“cannot be induced to relinquish his design, his sister
“will bear him company in exile : But if matters can
“be adjusted, Edward may receive my interest, at least
“as a loan. If Margaretta can forgive, and will be-
“come my auxiliary, she may yet possess tranquillity ;
“and she will ensure to herself the eternal gratitude of
“two persons, who will, upon all occasions, devote
“themselves to the promotion of her felicity.”

As Miss Clifford proceeded in her narrative, Mar-
garetta had quitted her couch ; she had continued
highly agitated, traversing up and down her apart-
ment. Now her clasped hands, raised eyes, and accel-
erated movements, expressed the big emotions which
struggled in her bosom ; now she threw abroad her
hands in admiration, and now raised them to Heaven,
in a delirium of joy : Vehemently seizing the first
pause, she repeated—“*Tranquillity !*—Gracious God !
“—Can Serafina Clifford Hamilton—my divine sis-
“ter—my angel friend—my peace-speaking, hope-in-
“spiring genius—can she give so cold a term to the ex-
“tatic rapture of this blissful moment ? Creator, and
“Almighty Preserver of my life, how have I deserved
“this fullness of felicity, which, like a mighty torrent,
“now bursts upon me ? O Edward ! my faultless, my
“injured husband ! but instantly, on my knees, I will
“supplicate the benign tenderness of that manly bo-
“soms, to intercede in my favour.”

Margaretta glided through the passage—Hamilton
met her in an adjoining chamber ; where, with a per-
turbed and anxious spirit, he had waited the result of
what he termed the crisis of his fate. It was not in
his

his power to present the humble posture of his charming wife ; Margaretta bent before him ; and, with streaming eyes and supplicating hands, besought his pardon for the error, into which a hasty, inexperienced and suspicious spirit had precipitated her. Edward in vain assayed to raise her ; by the events of the day her reason was still in a degree disordered, and she insisted upon receiving her forgiveness in form.

"My God !" cried Edward, flinging himself beside her, "this is too much ; receive once more your offending Hamilton ; endeavour to erase from thy lovely bosom every painful remembrance of his past irregularities, and you may then number him among the happiest of human beings. Dearer to my soul than the light of heaven, my Margaretta hath ever been : All amiably consistent, and mildly good as she is, she hath not, she never could be found in a reprehensible walk ; and consequently, her husband must have marked her progress with an approbating eye ; consequently, he can have nothing to condemn, nothing to forgive."

The appearance of Miss Clifford suspended their tender contention ; and Margaretta embraced the opportunity of hastening to impart to us, the astonishing change which had taken place in her favour.

The subsequent scene, in my reading parlour, naturally resulted ; and, I only add, that if there are, who do not greatly admire, and highly applaud the unequivocal demonstrations of joy, with which my daughter received the knowledge, that she must relinquish the independence of affluence, and descend to the humbling grade, which *scanty and precarious circumstances* create, — I pity the frigidity of their bosoms.

No. XXII.

DECEMBER, 1793.

Majestic o'er the plains December bends,
 In flaky heaps, o'er hills and dales descends;
 With icicles his hoary head is bound,
 The tempest shrieks, the cold winds bellow round;
 Darkness supreme in gloomy triumph reigns;
 From time revolving, added subjects gains;
 Wide o'er our world his sable mantle spread,
 The sunny hours and breezy gales are fled.
 Yet howsoever replete with *partial* wrongs,
 Still to December ceaseless praise belongs:
 Period august! thy star-gemm'd records give
 That sacred truth which bids the mourner live;
 On thy broad disk the splendid beam impress'd,
 Where unborn nations are supremely blest'd,
 Produced in thy train th' expected morn,
 On which a liberating God was born;
 The general weal all potent to secure,
 To pay the forfeit, and our woes endure:
 While hallelujahs should ascend the skies,
 Praises high wrought from ev'ry tongue arise.
 White bosom'd month, glad hearts thy footsteps hail;
 Sweeter thy carols than the vernal gale:
 With thee, the renovating work began,
 That immortality bequeaths to man;
 Surpris'd, he glances o'er the vast profound,
 And marks, rejoicing, thy eventful round:
 So, on the vestments of the long dark night,
 The day-star dawns, blest harbinger of light;
 While the lorn wand'rer, erst of hope beguil'd,
 Dragg'd doubtful on through many a dreary wild,
 Shapes to the opening gleam the matin song,
 And once more mingles with the cheerful throng.

MY mind, much occupied and greatly exercised,
 by the deranged state of Mr. Hamilton's af-
 fairs, together with some other very painful and deep-
 ly lacerating events, hath not found itself at liberty to
 pursue, with wonted avidity, its accustomed avocations.

Thus circumstanced, as a substitute for the subject on
 which I had intended to expatiate, I present, for the pe-
 culiar of the reader, the contents of a folded paper I
 lately

lately picked up, in one of my solitary rambles ; and which, being without a signature, it is not in my power to restore, in any other way, to its original proprietor. The sentiments and language of this little performance, are evidently the devout and spontaneous breathings of a christianized mind. And, as I think that the piece, altogether, may properly enough be characterized, a Eulogy upon the month of December, I have chosen to christen this Gleaner by the name of that celebrated portion of time.

[Here followeth the Paper.]

“ DECEMBER—it is true thou hast been fruitful to me of misfortunes ; many a time hast thou lacerated my bosom, by ravishing from me my dearest enjoyments ; thou hast stabbed me in the tenderest part, and thy broadly wild and congealing eye hath seemed to glut itself with my tears ; into thy frozen ear it is in vain that I have poured my sorrows ; harder than adamant, thou seemest to arrest the stream of pity, and thou regardest my lamentations with stern and unrelenting severity ; thy storms have been as a whirlwind to my soul ; and thy tempests, up-rooting my peace, have well near whelmed, beneath the barren heaths of despair, my every hope.

Fell Despoiler ! I have called thee—for thy hoary visage hath still for me been marked with terror—But hark ! what sweet voice is that which issues from yonder Angel of peace ?—it soothes my spirit by the most consolatory assurances—reason and religion it combines—with the Shepherd of Israel the commission originates—and, with bland and gentle pity, deep in my bosom it implants immortal Hope.

December—blest era !—thou art the natal month of the Saviour of the world—Let thy winds convey my individual sufferings to that oblivion, to which the Redeemer hath, eventually, consigned the woes of the exonerated children of men.

To the private considerations of corroding sorrow, let me no longer listen—Let me gird up the loins of my

my mind, and look forward to that blissful consummation, the dawning of which was presented in thy administration.

Hail ! returning period—white-garbed month !—thou shalt ever be right welcome to my devoted bosom—Every moment which constitutes thy admeasurement, should be consecrated as sacred to the most refined enjoyments of the soul—Henceforth, waving my accumulated griefs, I will love thy slaky footsteps—I will anticipate their approach ; and my spirit shall solace itself, by a confiding view of the accomplishment of that arrangement, which was designated in thy apportioned round.

December—blest period !—most illustrious in the order of time !—thou containest the natal day of the Son of God—and thy broad encircling eye extendest from the man of paradise, to that infant who shall latest swell the sigh of humanity.

Yes, I will love thy slaky footsteps—darkness cannot overshadow thee—Thy shades but serve to render the brightening splendours of thy course the more conspicuous. *The natal day of the Son of God !*—what records have engraven so stupendous, so salutary, so momentous a truth !—Thy hours register his birth—the birth of the Prince of Peace—During thy progress, the Virgin brought forth her *first-born son*—and renovated nature smiled extatic—healing breezes chase the chills of winter—and celestial spirits cluster round the haunts of men.

Soft as the vernal shower his doctrine distilled—and the plant of perfection attained maturity—From the storm he is a Hiding Place—and the burning eye of Divine Justice can never pierce that invulnerable envelopement, by which he hath encompassed the sons and daughters of men—Sickness fleeth before him, and imbecility dwelleth not with him—Evil shall be exterminated from his dominion—rectitude shall administer unto him—peace shall erect an immortal standard—and innocence, adorned with chaplets of equity, shall be the gift of the Most High.

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The deaf shall hear his voice—the blind shall behold his day, rejoicing—the lame shall speed before him—the dead, even the dead, shall hear the voice of the Son of God—and *they who bear shall live!*

Blest thought!—*the dead shall again be raised*—And the hour approacheth, when, inmingling with departed faints, we shall rejoin that privileged and beloved circle, over whose open graves we have poured the comfortless, unavailing and corroding stream of sorrow—But from every eye every tear shall be wiped away—nor shall the wide extended universe contain a son or daughter of adversity.

Such will be, *such is*, the effects of his sway, who first breathed in mortality during the division of hours, which make up thy allotment. Hail, first of months! when I forget thy distinguished auspices, may I be dead to the voice of the charmer—when I cease to mark with gratulations thy annual return, may the blest sounds uttered by the tongue of our holy, sacred, and animating religion, no more vibrate upon my heavy ear.

Toward the close of the month, which closeth our year, the Saviour was born—so, in the last day of time, when the divine arrangements are well near completed, the restitution of all things shall be made manifest, and the winding up of the great drama, bringing forward the accomplishment of the designs of an all-wise Creator—Crimes of every kind shall be banished from the family of man—the train of ills, which have infested the works of the Eternal Mind, shall accompany their origin; and sin being annihilated, sorrow shall be no more.

Evangelic month!—again I repeat it—surely I will love thy days, O December! and the event produced under thy domain shall ever be right precious to my soul!"

 N^o. XXIII.

Justice an eye of fire should broadly ope,
 Yielding to virtue the rich germ of hope ;
 Each latent cause pervading to its source,
 Her firm decisions potent to enforce.

Fortune bandeau'd may blindly mark our way,
 While radiant justice spreads celestial day.

TAKING my seat, the other evening, in a front box at the play-house, I was, previous to the drawing up of the curtain, not a little amused by the chit-chat of a couple of sprightly girls, who occupied seats at my right hand. The house, the company, and the expected entertainment, alternately engaged their attention. I found, by their conversation, that they, as well as myself, were strangers in the metropolis, and that the witnessing the representation of a play, was rather an extraneous occurrence in their catalogue of enjoyments.

"In the name of wonder, sister Peggy," exclaimed the youngest of the girls, "who is that figure that seems placed as a sentinel over yonder avenue, and who is at the same time so curiously bandeaued, that one might be ready to imagine him just starting off upon a game of blind-man's buff?" "That figure? sister Clary," replied Peggy, "why that figure, my dear, is the figure of Justice." "O my conscience, sister," cried Clary, "*Justice, do you say?* Why surely, Peggy, you must have made a monstrous blunder; for I have heard a thousand and a thousand times, that *Justice* was nothing but eyes, and that she could see every way at once." "You are thinking of Argus, Clary: The poets indeed describe him with his hundred eyes; but *Justice*, believe me, is always painted blind." "Poh, poh, Peggy, you are certainly in the wrong; or, if it is as you say, your great writers, or painters, or whoever they be, must certainly all have been in a dream: Why I would not suffer a blind man to choose me a set of ribbons, much less should he decide upon a ques-

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tion, which involved my life, my character, or even my estate."

The girl's observation was the spontaneous language of nature, and truth and nature are generally upon the same side.

How long my fair neighbours continued their entertaining confab. I know not, for the ingenuity of Clary, throwing me into a train of thinking, from which I was only roused by the appearance of the players, I unfortunately lost the remainder of their remarks.

The sentiments of the lively Clary are certainly authorized by reason. Fortune is described as blind; and she is said to bestow her benefactions most capriciously. The rich, it is thought, considered in the aggregate, derive not their claim to the distinctions with which they are invested, from the suffrage of virtue; Fortune is frequently lavish of her favours to vice, while the good man is seen struggling with all those ills which are the accompaniments of penury. Yet did Fortune always thus designate, we might be ready to say she had undoubtedly the gift of sight, and that the depravity of her taste led her to select her favourites from the children of error. But to shield her goddeship from a conclusion so derogatory to her moral character, instances may be produced, where the votaries of rectitude bask in the sunshine of her smiles; integrity is sometimes crowned by her with affluence, and the upright, being liberally endowed, are appointed to administer to the necessities of the sons and daughters of adversity.

Fortune, moreover, is extremely variable in her dispositions, and in the constant revolutions of her wheel, those who are to-day standing tip-toe, upon the highest eminence, may to-morrow be precipitated into the abyss of entanglements, embarrassments, and comfortless despair. Ingenious therefore is the allegory which permits us to attribute the caprice of Fortune to her deficiency of vision; and those ancients were happy, who, thus regarding her distributions, consoled themselves in the deprivation of her favours, by the possession

possession of that intrinsic worth, which it is not in the power of so uncertain a being to designate or to bestow.

But whatever may be urged for veiling the optics of dame Fortune, is undoubtedly point blank against hood-winking the goddesses Themis, or Justice. I am aware that the decisions of Justice should ever be impartial, and that her visual ray is said to be thrown into the shade, to prevent the bias in favour of appearances, that her judgment would otherwise have received; but it should be remembered that Justice, *divest of fable*, is one of the most dignified attributes of Deity; that it partakes the nature of its august Original; and that it is, by consequence, infinitely superior to party.

Justice is enthroned far above all law, since no human arrangements can take cognizance of every possible event, and much must at all times be left to the spontaneous dictates of this illustrious viceregent of Omnipotence.

Were I to personify Justice, instead of presenting her *blind*, I would denominate her the goddess of fire; she should possess a subtle essence, which should penetrate through, and pervade the inmost recesses of the soul; by every insignia of light I would surround and designate her; while among the ornaments which composed her crest, a broad and never closing eye should stand conspicuous; she should possess the power to unravel the knotty entanglements of the most sophisticated web; piercing as the forked lightning, instantaneous and penetrating, she should disclose, at a single glance, the secret and crooked windings of the most profound labyrinth, while, patient and unerring, she should listen with calmness to the various disquisitions of the interested claimant; and, careful to investigate, her decisions should always accord with her own important nature and office.

Uniform in her awards, neither youth, beauty, nor innocence, should possess a charm to soften her firm inflexibility; dignity, age, the venerable head of snow, these should not awe; adversity should not excite an

improper

improper compassion, nor should the tears of the widow, or of the orphan, unduly persuade. Of unbending integrity, Justice should *feel, hear and see*, but *truth* alone should be the pole star, by which she should shape her movements, and equity only should constrain her determinations. To the ravages of wayward passions she should be at all times superior; and her administration should be under the regulation of wisdom. Elevated beings are dishonoured by the supposition, that they can possibly be influenced by improper or foreign representations, and my delineation of Justice, armed at all points, should be inaccessible even to the *suspicion* of imbecility.

August and dignified delegate of the great First Cause! to thee the nations appeal, whatever form their governments may assume, whether democratical, republican, oligarchal, monarchical, or despotical—still they are careful to give their doings the investiture of thy sacred name; they affect thy sanction, they arrest thy titles; the violation of thy laws, is the *ostensible* reason for the battles which they seek; and, assuming thy banners, they anticipate success, exulting in victories, which, agreeably to thy allotments, the iniquity of their cause may forbid their ever obtaining. Nor is the general disposition of great events alone under thy direction; thou takest cognizance of the minutiae of human life, and with an unerring hand, thou directest all those occurrences in the career of being, which the infidel is accustomed to ascribe to the agency of a blind and undescribable chance. To thee the good man raises the eye of confidence; virtue is sure of thy award; and the oppressed of all ages have flown to thee for refuge.

Thus far I had written, aiming, gentle reader, at thy amusement—when Edward Hamilton looked in upon me. “You are busy, Sir, and I will not interrupt you.” No, my son, I have always leisure to receive your visits. Sit down, Sir, and unfold the tale, to which your perplexed countenance is a preface.

“I come.”

"I come, Sir, to take your direction in regard to the line of conduct which the untoward state of my affairs renders it proper for me to pursue." I threw down my pen which I had till then held in my fingers; and, grasping his hand, I eagerly exclaimed—*Justice*, Sir, *Justice* must be your guide—you are an excellent young man, Mr. Hamilton; and I am happy in the assurance, that you will find no difficulty in following the course of the radiant director, which I take the liberty to point out as the guardian of your every step. Endear'd as you are to me, Sir, your very fault, the occasion considered, serving to interest me still more in your happiness, I could at this moment with pleasure divest myself of my little inheritance in your favour: Start not, Sir; (for he was extremely agitated at this suggestion) considerations of tenderness to the *unborn*, forbid my taking this step; and the possessions of her father, must be secured to the children of our Margaretta. I approve much of your declining to avail yourself of the generosity of Miss Clifford. *Justice* would redder indignant at such a sacrifice. *Nature*, however legislators may have ordained, gave that young lady a right to the patrimony she enjoys; and your fraternal affection ought not to suffer you to risk property, the loss of which would render so amiable a woman dependent and uneasy.

Such, my son, hath been the uniform integrity of your commercial transactions, that, to abridge you of your liberty, not a single creditor will present himself. Possibly you might go on to accumulate arrears; but *Justice*, inflexible and unyielding *Justice*, must here interpose; a full statement of your embarrassments, with an estimate of your possessions, must be immediately given in; not a single article must be withheld; your family seat, which hath, for such a number of years, continued the residence of hospitality, if you are allowed time to attempt its redemption, you will confess an obligation; meanwhile, it must be occupied to the best advantage; it may be converted into an annual income, which will considerably augment your finances;

this house is large, and the hearts of your parents are open to receive you ; hither, until the storm be overblown, you must retire ; and by the restoration of that society, the loss of which, I do assure you, we have not ceased secretly to regret, our domestic enjoyments will be inexpressibly advanced. *Fortune is blind*, and her dispositions are extremely variable ; you must perseveringly pursue her ; possibly she may relent, and should she in future bestow upon you her gifts, you must not fail to discharge, to the last farthing, every just demand which can be made upon you. I bless God that your own habits, and upright way of thinking, will irresistibly stimulate you upon this occasion. Bankrupt and limitation acts may succeed each other, and all these may be very well in their place ; but the honest man will hear the voice of Justice, he will bend his ear attentive to her pleadings, and Virtue will be the motto of his actions.

Fame once wafted to my ear, a little narrative, which indelibly impressed my mind ; and I have never reflected upon it, without the accompaniment of an exquisite kind of complacency. I will give it you, my son, as an example.

A gentleman, engaged in the mercantile line, had followed business with little success ; his integrity, his efforts, and his abilities were unquestionable, and for many years they enabled him to make head against a tide of misfortunes, which would have overwhelmed a common capacity ; his creditors themselves, well convinced of the propriety and frugality of his arrangements, readily contributed the means, which his continued losses only converted into an accumulation of his arrears. Weary, at length, of a warfare that fate seemed to render so unequal, he summoned all those to whom he stood indebted, and forcing upon them, according to the amount of their demands, an exact proportion of the interest which remained with him ; after thus voluntarily divesting himself of every shilling of property, he found, to his great regret, that it was only adequate to the discharging of a very small
part

part of his arrears; he received, however, from his approbating creditors, receipts in full; and, thus exonerated in the estimation of the law, he very soon made up his mind, relative to his future destination. A generous friend supplied him with a small sum, by the means of which he embarked upon a foreign voyage; prosperous gales soon wafted him to his desired port, and he presented himself with such credentials as he merited. Shakespeare says, there is a tide in men's affairs! he had embraced the favourable moment of opportunity; every thing he undertook was prosperous; all his transactions were marked and crowned by success, and a few years saw him master of a very handsome property. He had kept no correspondence with his friends during what he termed his period of exile; but he no sooner attained that independence, after which his noble spirit had so long and so ardently sighed, than he departed in a ship of his own, richly freighted, full speed for his native country. Information of his return was conveyed to his creditors, through the medium of a card, soliciting their presence at a public house, to partake of an entertainment which he had ordered for them. His creditors remembered him as an unfortunate, but an honest man, whose arrival they should gladly welcome, and they obeyed with avidity his summons. The first compliments, were marked by mutual expressions of satisfaction, and from the lips of the welcome claimants the warmest congratulations spontaneously issued. A superb dinner, with much elegance, was served up, and the covers being removed, the bottle was briskly pushed about; but who can express their astonishment, when, in the midst of their hilarity, every man was presented with the full sum he had so formally relinquished; together with every shilling of interest, which would have been legally due, had they received promissory notes instead of the releases they had so voluntarily given! A generous contention immediately ensued; but our merchant convincing his friends of his ability, they finally yielded to his remonstrances.

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They were, however, determined to exhibit a monument of their admiration and their gratitude; and they solicited and obtained permission of the government to erect, in a public stand, a magnificent obelisk, the faces of which were inscribed with the name of the upright debtor, and with a circumstantial account of the whole transaction.

How much more honorary is a virtuous fame, than the possession of houses or of lands. The law was not made for the votaries of integrity; their own feelings are sufficient to them as a rule of action; and *Justice*, unerring *Justice*, is the great standard of their lives.

N^o. XXIV.

*Learning on morals when the Drama moves,
Friendly to virtue when the vision proves—
Lessons adopting form'd to mend the heart,
Truths meliorated; potent to impart;
Her splendid fictions wisdom will embrace,
And all her scenic paths enraptur'd trace.*

THE various parterres, now putting forth their promising buds, in many sections, in this our country, looks with a very favourable aspect upon a man of my profession; and I cannot but hope, that in the occupation of a Gleaner, I shall be able to cull many a fragrant flower, wherewith to compose a bouquet, that may throw an agreeable perfume over the leisure hours of the sentimental speculator.

To express myself less technically. The progress of the Drama, in this new world, must assuredly interest the feelings of every observer; and, being under the pleasing necessity, in the routine of my excursions, of visiting many parts of the United States, and thus, having frequent opportunities of presenting myself in our several theatres, from the elegant house in Philadelphia to the temporary resorts of itinerant companies, in those little country towns, which will invariably copy the examples they receive from the metropolis, I naturally,

urally, in the course of my perambulations, pick up many observations, that may possibly serve for the amusement of my readers.

The great question which does, and *ought* to occupy the mind of every patriotic moralist, is the *utility* of licensed stage-playing. Perhaps I may as well withdraw the word *licensed*; for, in the present enlightened era and administration of liberty, the citizen would hardly consent to an abridgment of those amusements, the evil tendency of which could not be unequivocally demonstrated to his understanding; and the late struggle in the State of Massachusetts, evinces the futility of erecting barriers, not substantiated by reason.

The law in that State was outraged in its very face: the flimsy subterfuge of *moral lectures* deceived no one; and though, as I am informed, the theatrical prohibition is but *partially repealed respecting the Bostonians*, and *remains in full force upon the rest of the State*, yet it is notorious, that itinerant players are constantly marching and counter-marching from town to town, to the no small diversion of the good people of this very respectable member of the Union. But, without presuming to intermeddle with the policy of the legislature, my design is, to hazard a few remarks upon the subject in general:

As I abhor the domination of prejudice, and, upon the strongest conviction, regard it as a tyrant, that if once brought to the guillotine, would (*provided it is not of the Hydra kind*) leave an opening for the introduction of an era far more friendly to the progress of *genuine and corrected liberty*, than the murder of all the *humane, virtuous, and religious princes in the universe*; so I most sincerely deprecate its despotism; and whenever I seat myself, with the pen of inquiry, I am solicitous to raise a rebellion against encroachments, that, however sanctioned by time, cannot, in my opinion, be considered in a court of equity, as legal or natural. The objections to theatrical amusements are many and plausible. I pretend not to decide for others; I would only investigate.

If I mistake not—*Waste of time—Imprudent expenditures—Encouragement of idleness—and, Relaxation of morals*, stand foremost in the catalogue of objections.

Prodigality of time, is indeed an irremediable evil; and if it can be proved, that an hour devoted to the theatre would certainly have been appropriated to any beneficial employment, for which no moment of leisure will in future present, I, for one, shall be impelled to allow the validity of the allegation; and, I do hereby invest such plea with full authority to detain every such person from all dramatical representations whatever: But, with the same breath I contend, that those evenings which are immolated at the shrine of Bacchus, which are loitered in a tavern, in unnecessary gossiping, cards, scandal, and the numerous vagaries of fashion, will be *comparatively redeemed*, if marked by an entertainment so incontrovertibly rational.

The complaint of exorbitant expenditures, is of a similar description. A friend of mine, who resided for some time abroad, once informed me, that he had frequently been stopped, when in full career to the play-house, by a consideration that the indulgence he was about to procure himself, would supply some tearful sufferer with bread, for at least one whole week. Now, all such persons, provided they can make it appear, they are not in the use of any *as expensive and more superfluous gratification*, shall be released, upon their parole given, that they will absolutely and *bona fide* employ their six shillings to the aforesaid purpose.

To the third objection I cannot allow the smallest weight: *Who, I would ask, are the Idlers?* Perhaps there is no mode of life which requires more assiduous and laborious application, than that of a *good and consistent actor*. School exercises are certainly not the most *pleasurable* employments of adolescence; and every adult can tell, how much more easily he could imprint the memory of his early years, than that retention which is the accompaniment of his matured life. But the *ambitious and principled actor* hath past the age of flexibility, and still his days are, almost unceasingly,

ceasingly, devoted to study : By frequent repetitions, such is the constitution of the mind, the finest sentiments too often pall ; and the well informed, ingenious and meritorious performer is in danger of losing his taste for the highest mental enjoyments ; while the entertainment which he produces for others, is the result of unremitted and painful labour to himself.

Why then, permit me to ask, if he is solicitous to blend, with our amusements, the highest possible improvement ; if he professedly pursues the means of living ; if his manners and his morals are unblemished ; and if, by becoming stationary, he in effect takes rank with our citizens—why, I ask, is he *so lightly esteemed* ? Surely, if, under the influence of reason, of gratitude and impartiality, I must unhesitatingly acknowledge, persons ardently engaged in procuring for us a *rational entertainment*, are entitled to a *degree of genuine respect*, to encouragement, and even to patronage.

It is asserted, and the assertion does not appear unfounded, that a *virtuous theatre* is highly influential in regulating the opinions, manners, and morals of the populace.

Here we are naturally led to the fourth and last division of our subject.

Relaxation of morals.—And I ask, Doth not a *virtuous theatre* exemplify the lessons which the ethic preacher labours to inculcate ? I take it for granted, that none but a *virtuous and well regulated theatre* will be tolerated. In the southern and middle States, Philadelphia particularly, no performance can make its appearance upon the stage, without passing under the previous examination of the governor and two other respectable magistrates, who, by their avowed approbation, become responsible to the public for the merit of the piece. Similar restrictions will, perhaps, be adopted, wherever the Drama shall progress ; and my confidence in the trustees of the Boston theatre, represents to my view every apprehension, not only as superfluous, but absolutely injurious.

Virtue

Virtue then will be adorned with all her native loveliness, and vice exhibited, deformed and misshapen, as that detested hag, which Milton's energetic pen hath so hideously portrayed. Is there a bosom that will not hasten to embrace the one? Is there a mind that will not shrink with horror from the other? The man of firmness, of principle, and of worth innate; the mild, the consistent, the regular, the maternal fair one; these shall be rewarded with bursts of heart-felt applause; while the imbecile or irresolute votary of error, the unprincipled betrayer, the fraudulent villain, the licentious, perverse and abandoned female; these *characters* shall be stigmatized with reproach, exhibited in their native atrocity, and set up as beacons to deter our young people from pursuing a path, which will render them odious to every person possessed of sentiment and virtue.

Socrates, Cicero, and even Cato, have mingled with the audience in a theatre; and as it is presumed that the buffoonery of an Aristophanes will not be tolerated upon an American stage, it is pleasingly believed, that the dignity of years, of wisdom, and of virtue, will, in no instance, be outraged by the children of the Drama.

The Pompeys of our day, it is to be hoped, will learn many a useful lesson; they will commence students in the school of the *rights of man*; and, becoming proficient in the laws of equity and of nature, like the Roman general, they will retire from the theatre, converts to the virtuous and impartial designations of equality.

Religious worship, it is said, gave birth to the Drama; and under proper regulations, it may still conduce to acts of devotional piety. To Athens and to Rome, the theatre became a source of information, refined perception, and genuine morality; and we have only to avoid the causes which finally produced its degeneracy in the elder world, to continue it among us, in these States, an excellent exemplar and preservative of rectitude. The theatre opens a wide field for literary exertions; and we anticipate a rich harvest of intellectual

tellectual pleasure and improvement. The sons and daughters of fancy, the sentimentalist, and the moralist ; these will engage in the interesting competition. They will consider that their productions are not intended barely for the amusement of a solitary hour ; that the Drama, pointing every excellence, will imprint upon the heart the sentiment of worth ; that it may be in their power to fashion, and to lead, a *national taste* ; that by *exalting virtue, and adorning religion, rendering vice disgusting, and stigmatizing infidelity*, they will most effectually second the endeavours of that revered body, professedly engaged to beautify morality, and elevate religion.

We trust that a spirit of *laudable emulation* will be excited ; and while the summit of fame, in brightening perspective, uprears its wreath-crowned head, writers will be animated to the splendid career, and with glowing ardour they will hasten forward to the desired goal. How delightful the employ ! the mind, while engaged in painting the native charms of genuine and philanthropic religion, catching the fervour of divine inspiration, will necessarily become rectified and ameliorated by the delineation. Rectitude, adorned by her sister graces, heaven-born contentment, consequent felicity, and ever blooming joy—these will captivate every beholder. Economy, attired by her handmaid competence, with serene tranquillity, presenting to view the peace reflecting mirror, will not fail of reclaiming from the paths of profligacy the most dissipated wanderer ; and frugality and equity will remain prevalent in the mind. Nor will the exhibition of vice be unattended with its salutary effects. Conviction will be pointed to the bosom of the aggressor ; the deformity of atrocious offences, striking by illustrating examples, will present the disgusting figure, which the conscious culprit will assuredly recognize, and the probability is, that abhorrence and reformation will ensue.

Shakespeare, that penetrating observer, skilful investigator, and indisputable judge of the human heart,

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makes his Hamlet say, "*I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a play, have, by the very cunning of the scene, been struck so to the soul, that presently they have proclaimed their malefactions. I'll have these players play something like the murder of my father, before my uncle.*" And again; "*The play's the thing, wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.*"

If it may be presumed, that the stated objections, thus considered, are obviated, I conceive it will not be denied that, from a *chaste and discreetly regulated* theatre, many attendant advantages will indisputably result. Young persons will acquire a refinement of taste and manners; they will learn to think, speak, and act, with propriety; a thirst for knowledge will be originated; and from attentions, at first, perhaps, constituting only the amusement of the hour, they will gradually proceed to more important inquiries.

Clarinda Meanwell, the daughter of a gentleman whom I highly respect, whose education hath been upon the very best plan, continued nevertheless, for the first twenty years of her life, without manifesting the smallest literary curiosity. It was impossible to interest her, even in the pages of a novel; and whatever she learned, was more the result of a disposition naturally conceding, than of voluntary application. A company of itinerant players visited her native village; the night of exhibition was announced, *every body*, as they phrased it, was going; but Miss Clarinda could not be animated to a wish for the entertainment; her accustomed complacency of disposition yielded her, however, the companion of her associates; the piece was interesting; it forcibly seized her faculties; it possessed, to *her*, in every sense, the charms of novelty; for the world she would not be absent upon any future occasion. In the course of the day preceding a theatrical entertainment, that she might the better comprehend the several parts, the play-book was in her hand, a laudable spirit of inquiry obtained in her bosom, and with amazing rapidity she ran through, and compassed the sense of every volume within her reach.

reach. History, geography, astronomy—in all these, her proficiency is prodigious; and, in one word, I hardly know a better informed, or more amiable young woman in the circle of my acquaintance. But Clarinda Meanwell is not a solitary instance; and as I have very frequently observed the good effects of dramatical representations, I trust that my readers are enough acquainted with a heart, the feelings of which I have, upon various occasions, essayed to sketch, to give me full *credit*, for that throb of deep-felt complacency, which I experienced upon receiving information of the elegant and superb theatre, which hath so recently been erected for the reception of the Drama, in the State of Massachusetts.

And here, gentle reader, I would with all my soul gratify thee by a full and complete description of this well built and beautifully decorated mansion of the Muses—such as it appeared upon the first drawing up of the curtain; but from the multiplicity of ideas which then crowded the mind, it is impossible to prepare an accurate description, and as I *write for posterity*, I would not willingly leave a single pillar, capital, architrave, entablature, or cornice, unnoted: Future opportunities may present, and, if I am not forestalled, a future Gleaner may delineate the building. My brother Russell hath already informed thee, that “the house was filled from the lowest note to the top of the compass;” and his observations upon the audience may be recognized by truth. The long expected era arrived; it was indeed replete with expectation—the interposing veil was thrown back, and that pleasing actor, whose eulogy hath been so frequently pronounced, made his entrance amid the most unequivocal demonstrations of satisfaction which a sensible, anticipating, and admiring assembly could exhibit. The effects of a reception, which must have been every way adequate to his wishes, were pleasingly evinced, by a susceptibility honorary to the manly character; and the prologue then first vibrated upon the public ear,
with

with every advantage, which that truly classical performance so indisputably merits.

That this prefatory address is a genuine prologue, notwithstanding every objection which hath been advanced, I take leave to affirm. What can so properly be constituted the harbinger of a dramatic performance, as a succinct account of that drama it is intended to introduce? and what so natural for a general dedication of a theatre, as a delineation of the progress of the art, to which it is consecrated? If variety, and richness of imagery, classical allusions, sound morality, nervous expressions, beauty of diction, and much information, constitute a first rate poem, the prologue is certainly invested with the fairest pretensions to the honorary palm. To point out all its beauties, it would be necessary to insert the composition entire; yet I cannot forbear repeating the following charmingly figurative lines:

“ Warm to the heart the chymic fiction stole,

“ And purg’d, by moral alchymy, the soul.”

And again,

“ The globe’s proud butcher grew humanely brave!

“ Earth staunch’d her wounds, and ocean hush’d his wave.”

The allusion to the general deluge is strikingly and inimitably beautiful. The poet was most happy in this thought: I think I have not seen it surpassed; and I question if the Shakespearian panegyrists have ever yet done that immortal bard more ample justice, than he hath received in these finely expressed lines:

“ But hark! her mighty rival sweeps the strings:

“ Sweet Avon, flow not! ’tis thy Shakespeare sings!

“ With Blanchard’s wing, in Fancy’s heaven he soars;

“ With Herschel’s eye, another world explores!

“ Taught by the tones of his melodious song,

“ The scenic muses tun’d their barbarous tongue;

“ With subtle pow’rs the crudest soul refin’d;

“ And warm’d the Zembla of the frozen mind.

“ The world’s new Queen, Augusta, own’d their charms,

“ And clasp’d the Grecian nymphs in British arms.”

I have a strong propensity to go on transcribing; but, full many a time, hath the recollection of the
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stinted pages of a Magazine, damped the most fervid wishes of my soul. Mr. Paine hath certainly done himself great honour; and I congratulate my country on the possession of a genius, which, in the very morn of manhood, hath boldly seized the *golden fruit* of maturity. The Poet must doubtless feel himself much exhilarated, as he contemplates the well earned *guerdon* of superior talents; yet I dare say that he will wear his honours with becoming meekness; and when it is remembered, that Sophocles, the illustrious ornament and patron of the Grecian drama, absolutely *died of joy*, upon obtaining from his competitors the prize of merit, adjudged him for one of his tragedies, our youthful bard will be tolerated in a considerable expansion of pleasurable feelings.

The play was admirably chosen; it is a *time borrowed piece*; and it contains many sentiments, which can never reverberate upon the ear of sensibility without speaking to the finest feelings of the soul. In the very first scene, in the first act, our attention is forcibly arrested, and we cannot avoid taking the deepest interest in the disguised hero, although immured in the mines of Dalecarlia; and while "*stretch'd there, where reigns eternal night, the flint his pillow, and cold damps his coverings*; yet we behold him bold of spirit, and robust of limb, throwing inclemency aside, superior to the lot of human frailty." With Anderson, spontaneously, "*we breathe the voice of virtue, of cordial amity, from man to man, and that benignity that whispers to the soul, to seek and cheer the sufferer.*"

The sentiments of Anderson, of Arnoldus, and of Gustavus, are the very soul of valour, benevolence, patriotism, and every shining virtue. The subsequent discovery, the entrance of Arvida—the tenderness, the amity of heroes is personified, and we experience an exquisite satisfaction, in yielding our applause to those Dalecarlians, of whom Gustavus says, "*I've search'd these men, and find them like the soil, barren without, and to the eye unlovely; but they've their mines within them, and this the day I mean to prove them.*"

The character of Cristiern is a complete exemplification of whatever is detestable in a tyrant : Perhaps no language can more concisely group the traits, which go to the composition of the insufferable despot, than the following : "*Wretches ! shall I go poring on the earth, lest my imperial foot should tread on emmetts ?*"

The trial of Arvida is admirably conceived ; it was an ordeal adequate to the warrior, the lover, and the friend. In the struggles which lacerate his manly bosom, we take a deep and affecting part, and every feeling of benevolence would invest him with that honied balm, which he so well describes—" *Yes, peace has sweets that Hybla never knew : It sleeps on down, cull'd gently from beneath the Cherub's wing—no bed for mortals—Man is warfare—all a hurricane within.*"

Christina's description of Gustavus, is the breathings of virgin purity, and it cannot fail of captivating the bosom of virtue—" *But, O Heaven, what then was my amazement ! He was chain'd, was chain'd, my Mariana ! Like the robes of coronation, worn by youthful kings, he drew his shackles. The Herculean nerve brac'd his young arm ; and, soft'n'd in his cheek, liv'd more than woman sweetness ! Then his eyes ! his mein ! his native dignity ! He look'd as though he led captivity in chains, and all were slaves around.*" When to the portrait, drawn by love and fancy, we add the finishing touches of the veteran soldier, we shall not hesitate to do homage to a model so perfect : "*Fear fled before ; behind him rout grew loud, and distant wonder gaz'd—At length he turn'd, and, having ey'd me with a wond'rous look of sweetness mix'd with glory—grace inestimable !—he pluck'd this bracelet from his conqu'ring arm, and bound it here—my wrist seem'd trebly nerv'd ; my heart spoke to him, and I did such deeds as best might thank him—but from that bless'd day I never saw him more—yet still to this I bow, as to the relics of my saint : Each morn I drop a tear on every bead, count all the glories of Gustavus o'er, and think I still behold him.*" These animated and combining testimonials, prepare us to hear the illustrious chief himself ;

self; and he arrests, from every sentiment of the soul, the full tide of approbation. "*Approach, my fellow soldiers, your Gustavus claims no precedence here; friendship like mine throws all respect behind it—'Tis enough—I read your joys, your transports in your eyes; and wou'd, O wou'd I had a life to spend for every soldier here! whose every life's far dearer than my own; dearer than aught, except your liberty, except your honour.*" But it is not enough that Gustavus is the finished patriot and undaunted warrior; the milder virtues too are natal in his bosom: Suspicion cannot take root in a foil so noble. "*If thou hast aught to urge against Arvida, the man of virtue, tell it not the wind, lest slander catch the sound, and guilt should triumph.*" The interview between the matchless friends, is uncommonly high wrought, and supported too upon the best principles. Unlike our modern votaries of an *illusion*, which they blasphemously term *honour*, Gustavus, innately elevated, esteems it no diminution of his glory, to develop a mystery, which was on the point of precipitating his Arvida into irretrievable ruin. How doth the explanation dignify the hero, and how generously pathetic is his defence of the beguiled chief: "*Unhappy man! my heart bleeds for thee: false I had surely been, had I like thee been tempted.*" But the self-reproach which had planted all its daggers in the bosom of Arvida, proclaims him the proper object of a hero's confidence, and we most sincerely join issue in his conclusion: "*Pardon can expiate; it is the lethean sweet, the snow of heaven, new blanching o'er the black'ning front of guilt, that, to the eye of mercy, all appears fair as the unwritten page.*"

To the bosom of filial piety, the apology of Christina is a necessary and timely relief: "*Had I to death or bondage sold my fire, or had Gustavus on our native realms made hostile inroad! then, my Mariana! had I then sav'd him from the stroke of justice, I should not cease my suit for pardon. But if, though in a foe, to reverence virtue, withstand oppression, rescue injured innocence, step boldly in betwixt my fire and guilt, and save my king, my father*

father from dishonour ; if this be sin, I have shook hands with penitence. First perish crowns, dominion, all the shine and transience of this world, ere guilt shall serve to buy the vain incumbrance." The address of Augusta to the kneeling beauty, is beyond expression charming : "Ha! who art thou, that looks so like the 'habitants of heaven, like mercy sent upon the morning's blush, to glad the heart, and cheer a gloomy world with light, till now unknown?"

Upon the ear, hallowed by the benign voice of the Saviour of sinners, the following sentiment must harmoniously vibrate : "Soft and sweet as looks of charity, or voice of lambs that bleat upon the morning, are the words of christian meekness ! mission all divine—the law of love, soul mandate !" Thus spake the man who "from the breast, from out the swathing-bands, stepp'd the true child of honour." The scene between Gustavus and the venerable matron to whom he owed his being, together with the tender fears of that soul-affecting bud of innocence, his infant sister, is almost too much for the feelings of humanity ; and the sensations of my bosom spontaneously thanked the judicious Manager, who expunged the whole scene of the lifeless bodies, the bier, &c. The heart of susceptibility is sufficiently wrung, while listening to the agonized chief. "Thence she's gone—Arvida ! Anderson ! forever gone !—Arnoldus, friends, where are ye ? Help here ! heave, heave this mountain from me—O Heaven, keep my senses !—so we will to battle ; but let no banners wave : Be still, thou trump, and every martial sound that gives the war to pomp or levity ; for vengeance now is clad with heavy arms, sedately stern, resolved, but silent." I confess, I am happy to find the princes of Denmark again in the path of duty—what justness of sentiment—"Patience and peace possess thy mind ; not all the pride of empire e'er gave such bless'd sensations, as one, one hour of penitence, though painful ; let us hence, far from the blood and bustle of ambition. Be it my task to watch thy rising wish, to smooth thy brow, find comfort for thy cares, and for thy will, obedience ; still to cheer the day with smiles, and lay thee nightly down beneath thy slumbers."

Gustavus,

Gustavus, the victorious Gustavus, is still the same as in the mines of Dalecarlia. "No, matchless men! my brothers of the war, be it my greatest glory to have mix'd my arms with yours, and to have fought for once, like to a Dalecarlian—like to you. The fires of honour, of a new born fame, to be transmitted from your great memorial, to climes unknown, to age succeeding age, till time shall verge upon eternity, and patriots be no more." And again, "Fear not, the fence of virtue is a chief's best caution; and the firm surety of my people's hearts, is all the guard that e'er shall wait Gustavus. I am a soldier from my youth; yet, Anderson, these wars, where man must wound himself in man, have somewhat shocking in them; trust me, friend, except in such a cause as this day's quarrel, I would not shed a single wretch's blood for the world's empire."

The royal maid is also still consistent, still equal with herself, when "pleading for a father, for a dear, much lov'd, if cruel, yet unhappy father." But far surpassing all that is excellent, she bursts upon us with more than mortal glory, when, with all the dignity of sex, we mark, to the lov'd, victorious, supplicating chief, her incomparable reply—"Now aid me, all ye chaster powers that guard a woman's weakness!—'tis resolv'd—thy own example charms thy suit to silence. Nor think alone to bear the palm of virtue—thou who hast taught the world, when duty calls, to throw the bar of every wish behind them. Exalted in that thought, like thee I rise, while every lessening passion sinks beneath me. Adieu, adieu, most honoured, first of men! I go, I part, I fly, but to deserve thee!" And again, in return to the hero's remonstrance—"The bond of virtue, friendship's sacred tie, the lover's pains, and all the sister's fondness, mine has the flame of every love within it. But I've a father, guilty if he be, yet is he old; if cruel, yet a father. Abandon'd now by every supple wretch that fed his years with flattery, I'm all that's left to calm, to soothe his troubled soul to penitence, to virtue; and perhaps, restore the better empire e'er his mind, true seat of all dominion—Yet, Gustavus, yet there are mightier reasons.—O farewell! had I ne'er lov'd."

lov'd, I might have said with honour." This finishing of the character of Christina, is unexpected, and, in my opinion, completes the beauty and symmetry of the performance.

It is impossible to give language to the feelings of an attentive and susceptible audience during the representation of this masterly composition. The finished elegance of the building, the surrounding lights, the brilliant assembly, so strikingly contrasting the stage scene, where was exhibited the country of Dalecarlia, the tents in perspective, the hardy veterans, arrayed in martial order, passing in review, &c. &c. all this, together with the novelty of arrangements, so far surpassing what we had ever before witnessed, was, in truth, inexpressibly captivating.

The distant country of the admired chief seemed in reality extended to our view; and, for myself, I am free to own, that as I glanced my eye from the stage, to the throng of respectable citizens, occupying the pit, boxes, and galleries; as I observed the marked attention in the *never deceptive eye*, the solemn stillness, the tender tear upon the cheek of beauty, and the humid eye of manhood, with the alternate bursts of applause, betokening *congenial virtues*,—as I marked these effects, the agitation of my bosom became well near ungovernable.

On the performers, perhaps, I ought not to hazard a remark. As an American, *comparatively new* to observations of this nature, I cannot be supposed a competent judge; yet, so complete was my satisfaction, that I did not hear without pain, that many individuals expressed displeasure; and I can only account for this by a supposition that their expectations were too high raised to admit of gratification in the present infancy of our Drama.

Surely it ought to be remembered, that the plant, however luxuriant, doth not, immediately on being removed to a foreign soil, continue its pristine vigour; and candor hath already observed that the *prohibited play then first* arresting the attention of the performers, could

could not, in so early an exhibition, obtain, in the representation, the perfection of which it is doubtless susceptible. Yet we think it must be acknowledged, that Mr. Powell, in the character of Cristiern, inspired all those abhorrent feelings which the poet intended to originate; that Mr. Jones supported with admirable skill the part of Trollio, and that the Swedish priest, by so finely contrasting the treachery and baleful talents of the infamous bishop, presented to the mind a most agreeable relief. Such should always figure a herald of genuine religion.

Gratitude and faithfulness, in the character of Laertes, were persuasively delineated by his representative. Mr. S. Powell seemed indeed Arvida; and Gustavus shone upon us enriched with native splendour.

In the female parts, the beauty and propriety of filial piety, the captivating magic of the tender passion, the dignity of the princess and the woman, were strikingly exemplified by Miss Harrison; her pronunciation was distinct, her emphasis generally proper, and her gestures naturally expressive.

The Spartan virtues personified in Augusta, and entwining all the tenderness of the maternal character, demanded the most glowing, dignified, and deeply affecting action. We conceive the first theatrical abilities were *requisite* to the performing this part with propriety.

The young Gustava was truly interesting; nor was there a sympathizing mother present, whose bosom did not throb to snatch from the envenomed talons of the fell destroyer the soul-affecting innocent. Mariana was not destitute of merit; she seemed to deserve the place she occupied in the confidence of the royal virgin.

To the comic powers, exhibited upon that evening, ample justice has been done. Unequivocal demonstrations of applause resounded from every corner of the house, and, for my part, I congratulate the sons of Moimus with all my heart; for, having never yet been
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able to conceive the smallest evil in laughter, simply considered, I cannot but give my vote in favour of *corrected mirth*. Mr. Collins, Miss Baker, &c. &c. these have all received the tributary laurel; and I do not feel in the least disposed to enter my caveat upon this occasion.

The Gleaner confesses that his expectations were more than answered; but the Gleaner hath never witnessed the theatrical abilities of a Garrick, or a Siddons; nor is he certain he ought to regard this as a misfortune.

It is always invidious to point out faults; at least it is to me an unpleasing task. From an infant stage I look for improvement. The time will arrive when the performers will in no instance "*O'erstep the modesty of Nature.*" Even tragedy may deal too much in starts: It should be energetic; it should be pathetic; but the pompous swell and strut, make no part of its excellence. Ease and elegance are the naivette of comedy, and its features are the features of polished and corrected nature.

But I repeat, I look for improvement; gradually we shall progress; the performers will think more of the audience, and they will, by consequence, *appear to think less*; in other words, they will *seem* to forget the circles that attend them. *Their frequent appeals by eye and hand* will insensibly subside; and, through the whole of the representation, they will see the propriety of addressing the person, or persons, to whom they are *supposed* particularly to speak. In one word—the audience will refine the players, and the players will refine the audience.

 N^o. XXV.

Truth, though envelop'd round in mystic folds,
 Still brightens to the contemplative mind ;
 Th' enraptur'd eye each latent charm beholds,
 Tracing the plan by righteous Heav'n design'd.

I HAVE often thought, that serious and well disposed believers of the heathen mythology, must have found themselves wonderfully impelled to acts of devotional piety. It was scarcely possible for such persons to pursue their course in any direction, which did not present to their external optics, or to the eye of their imagination, beings who were, *in their estimation*, proper objects of adoration. A respectable writer describes the vast universe as the solemn temple of the pagans ; and, we may add, that in every division of this superb fane, altars, sacred to their various rituals present. The empire of fancy is thronged by personified ideas ; the *prosopopœia* is easy, and gods and goddesses cluster in every walk. Hesiod, in his genealogical history of the heathen deities, delineates thirty thousand of these dignified beings, and an indulgent imagination readily invests them with their peculiar properties and offices.

To the child of fancy, sheltered in the sequestered grove from the intense heat of summer, the salutary breeze which gently agitates the leaves is the rosy breath of the winged zephyrus, and the murmuring of that stream, which winds its glassy course, is the soft sighing of a river nymph, while, with equal ingenuity, amid the pelting storm, he considers the hoarse bellowing of the winds as the sonorous voice of some potent god.

Neptune grasps his trident, and holds dominion in the vast world of waters. Pluto, borne in his sable chariot, bears the keys of ages and of death ; while Jupiter, ascending the skies, mounts his throne of ivory, extending in his right hand the avenging thunder-bolt,

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and in his left the sceptre of sovereignty. To these succeed a train of subordinate immortals, all possessing their peculiar attributes, and occupying their various departments. Of the seasons of the year, the fruits of the earth, and the different stages of life, infancy, adolescence, maturity, and old age, a presiding deity took charge. In the catalogue of divinities, every virtue found its patron and its patroness; nay, among this multifarious generation of immortals, even the reprehensible passions were not destitute of their protectors. The sincere votary of this mythology, I say, must have been continually stimulated to acts which his directory assured him were proper and necessary; and, for my own part, I am free to own, that however fanciful *reason* may consider this fabulous hierarchy, I see no impropriety, in still allowing it, in the works of imagination, a *visionary being*; and poetry, certainly, even to the present era, gathers some of its most ornamental flowers from this magical, or legendary garden of antiquity.

The history of the heathen gods and goddesses is so interwoven with the occurrences of ancient times, that it is impossible to peruse those venerable pages with advantage, without a competent knowledge of their various characters and powers. I remember, when Margaretta was a child, I began a little biographical volume, which, entitling a *Theogeny*, the better to captivate her attention, I threw into doggerel verse. My design was, to give a succinct account of those deities who had figured in history, and who still hold their rank in some of our best poetical performances. An attention to business prevented my completing this *bagatelle*; but I am not sure that I shall not look it up, giving it a form, and the last polish, for the benefit of her children.

If we trace the traditionary fables which make up the bulk of the pagan system, we shall generally find they originate in some momentous and incontrovertible truth; and however they may have been combined and adulterated, in the various channels through which they

they have adventitiously passed, they still retain some features, which, to the eye of observation, sufficiently evince their august parentage.

Through the labyrinth of error, the scripturarian often follows a clew, which leads him directly to the fundamental principles of that *revealed religion*, which he reverences as of God, which he believes to be most holy, and which he receives as the ground of his present tranquillity, and his future hopes.

That chaos, which Hesiod dignifies by the appellation of The Father of the Gods, Moses simply calls *The earth, without form and void*. Hesiod's relation is undoubtedly an allegorical account, wherein the various parts of nature are personified, of that history of the creation, which the Hebrew writer, in language natural and beautifully sublime, so inimitably narrated. Writers have appeared, who have supposed the fable of Prometheus to have taken rise in the character of Noah; others imagine they trace the features of the second founder of mankind in Deucalion. Plausible reasons are adduced for these conjectures; but perhaps we hazard less, in yielding credence to the respectable Bochart, who conceived this favourite of the Almighty to have been worshipped, in succeeding times, by the name and attributes of Saturn. The golden age which is placed under the administration of that deity; the tranquillity, friendship, and innocence, which is said to have reigned in the bosom of every description of mankind; the perpetual spring which invariably flourished; the temperate serenity of the atmosphere, neither veiled by gathering clouds, nor deformed by bursting storms; these, and similar arrangements, undoubtedly proclaim the interposition of some philanthropic prince, or benefactor of the race.

The history of the Deucalion flood, if not a description, by another name, of the general deluge, bears, nevertheless, strong marks of affinity thereto. Lucian, giving some account of Syria, where it is said the deluge of Deucalion originated, assures us, "That the Greeks assert in their fables, that the first men being
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“of an insolent and cruel disposition, inhuman, inhospitable, and regardless of their faith, were all destroyed by a deluge—the earth pouring forth vast streams of water”—(in the Mosaic language, the fountains of the great deep were broken up)—“swelled the rivers, which, together with the rains, made the sea rise above its banks and overflow the land, so that all was laid under water: That Deucalion alone, saved himself and family in the ark: That two of each kind of wild and tame animals, losing their animosity, entered into it of their own accord: That this Deucalion floated upon the waters, until they became assuaged, and that he then repaired the human race.” Writers also describe the eminence which arrested the course of this vessel; and by the authority of the celebrated biographer, Plutarch, we catch a glimpse of the issuing dove which Abydenus denominates a certain fowl, that being twice let out of the ark, and finding no place of rest, returned into the vessel.

The metaphor of Pandora, it is conceived, may be easily developed. The beauty, wisdom, various intellectual endowments, matchless eloquence, and harmonic powers, with every other combining charm, which so eminently distinguished that accomplished vision, are picturesque of the assemblage of graces that dignified and adorned our general mother, while yet, arrayed in spotless innocence, she presided the sovereign lady of those blissful regions, which her presence rendered so truly interesting, and which she was so well calculated to embellish. The mischief consequent upon the disobedience of the first woman, are exactly figured by the catalogue of ills which followed the opening of Pandora's box; and *poor humanity* hath ever since been doomed to lament the discord, anarchy, anger, envy, calumny, *crimes in their variety*; wars, famine, diseases, pestilence, decrepitude, old age, and death, which escaped thence—yet hope, blest hope, remained at bottom, and the christian investigator will not fail, in this expressive figure, to recognize the promise given
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to the fair delinquent, ere yet her trembling footsteps were exiled from that elysium, which, previous to her devious wanderings, she was so well skilled to cultivate and beautify.

The fable of Typhon, and the rest of the giants, with the daring temerity of those hideous monsters; their audacious insult upon the residence of the celestials, and their levelling war with the gods; all these astonishing circumstances may find their origin in the Hebrew historian, who describes the earth as bearing a race of men of uncommon stature, and complicated atrocity; who delineates the tower of Babel, and the defeat of that impious confederacy. The design formed by Agamemnon, of immolating, upon the altar of idolatry, his unoffending daughter, may be nothing more than a vitiated tradition of that illustrious period in the life of the patriarch Abraham, which exhibits him as preparing, at the command of the Almighty, to sacrifice as a burnt offering, that son, then a beardless youth, among whose descendants he had been taught to expect the Shiloh, to whom the gathering of the people should be. But however amusing the tracing this analogy may be, were I to pursue so fruitful a subject, I should assuredly multiply words beyond the indulgence of my readers.

It is evident from sacred and profane history, that in the beginning, one only Omnipotent, Omnipresent, and Omniscient Sovereign of the universe, was deemed a proper object of adoration; and this unknown Being was devoutly hailed as life, light, and wisdom. All created beings were supposed to be beneficently directed by a self-existent and eternal mind to the preservation, protection, and final felicity of the whole. This great First Cause, ere yet the imagination of men had clothed him in the habiliments of caprice, was addressed under several appellations. Perhaps the *rational religionist* of every age hath found no difficulty in adopting the language of Seneca—"By Jove," says that celebrated Roman, "the wise men among the ancients, did not mean such a one as we see in the capitol,

and other temples, but the Guardian and Ruler of the universe, a *Mind* and *Spirit*, the Master and Artificer of this mundane fabric, whom every title suits. Would you call him *Fate*? you will not err; for he it is on whom all things depend: *The Cause of causes*. Would you call him *Providence*? you are in the right; for by his wisdom is the world directed; hence it moves unshaken, and performs its every office. Would you call him *Nature*? 'tis not amiss; since from him *all things proceed*; and by his Spirit we live. If you call him the *World*, 'tis well; for he is *all in all*, and existing by his own power." It is not strange that a lively and pious imagination, should gradually deify the attributes and favours of so unsearchable, august, and beneficent a being. Thus the family of the gods claim their origin; and, in process of time, the depravity of mankind endowing them with absurd and reprehensible passions, rendered them in their descriptions altogether like unto themselves. Respectable persons of both sexes were next pressed into this sacred order, and thus the multifarious catalogue was swelled to an enormous size. The joys, the sorrows, the apprehensions, and the calamities of mankind, supplied the materials from which the convenient deity was shaped; the apotheosis was conferred, and divine honours were next in course.

It is needless to inform thee, gentle reader, that I am no pagan. The heathen system is long since exploded; and we have, by common consent, circumscribed their deities within comparatively narrow bounds; but yet it may be a question, whether in ceding to them the empire of imagination, in leaving the domain of fancy open to their jurisdiction, we have not assigned them circles which are sufficiently ample. However, be this as it may, I am free to own, that while I trace in the Jupiter of antiquity many of the features of that Omnipotent, who presideth over the informed mind of more refined ages, arguing from analogy, I am fond of conceiving, that not a few of their subordinate traditions originating in truth, may thus possess a right to claim their ancestry in the invisible world:

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A plastic and beneficent hand, fashioning and upholding the great and various productions of nature, is momentarily evinced, both to sense and to reason. A thousand circumstances assure me that I exist by the omnific power of a *self-existent* Being; an innate persuasion of immortality triumphs in my bosom; I confidently expect a never ending futurity. Those who are departed are not lost; they have only obtained an earlier emancipation; in the general assembly I shall rejoin them—the social virtues, commencing on earth, shall be perfected in heaven; amity shall wear a never dying wreath; and, progressing in knowledge, we shall of course recognize those with whom, while habited in garments of mortality, we have tasted the pleasures resulting from a sentimental intercourse.

The doctrine of guardian seraphs—this also makes a part of my creed. Some bright celestial was commissioned at my birth, to preside over my infantile years, and to continue the attendant of my mortal career. During the hour which shall terminate my present mode of being, he will be busy round the bed of death, and he will gratulate, with ineffable transport, the liberated spirit. "*Myriads of beings tread this globe unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.*" I persuade myself that truth guided the pen of the poet in this assertion. The gross film of mortality veils for the present the visual ray; yet there are, who have been so favoured, even while sojourning in terrestrial abodes, as to catch a glimpse of those natives of Elysium; and the period hastens when the wide expanse shall be outspread before us. But beside those beneficent seraphs who, with angelic vigils guard our path, the shades of departed friends hover round; and, when worn by sickness or by sorrow, the gradually attenuated machine admits, through apertures thus made, the dawning light of paradise. These tenderly interested and sympathizing denizens of the celestial world, not unfrequently, with mildly sympathizing aspect, stand confessed to the patient sufferer, pointing him, with the finger of affiance, to that opening heaven, upon which

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he is so apparently verging : And hence perhaps it is, that the period of dissolution is seldom to the expiring individual, marked with those horrors, which in a state of health and vigour are commonly anticipated. Possibly the felicity of those who have bid adieu to time, may not be completed until the final consummation, which shall present the family of man entire. They may witness our actions ; when our conduct is marked by regularity and propriety, we insure their approbation. When, deviating from the line of rectitude, we engage in reprehensible pursuits, we incur the censure of beatified spirits, and they experience that kind of pain to which immortals of this description may be subjected ; the lustre of celestial visages are dimmed ; a transient cloud obscures their brightening joys, and the pearly drop of regret suffuses the radiant eye of seraphic pleasure.

What a forcible incentive to a perseverance in the career of virtue, do considerations of this nature furnish ! The eye of my mind is at this moment thrown upon an amiable and elegant woman, whom I have long known ; her whole life hath exhibited a uniform exemplification of every social, every humane, and every endearing excellence ; her conjugal engagement hath been remarked, for some uncommonly splendid traits, and the chaste correctness of her manners have been regarded as the pattern of feminine demeanour. Her married life hath comprised a period of forty years. She has never been a mother, and yet perhaps the annals of her sex cannot produce a more perfect model of the maternal character. No less than twenty orphan girls, at different periods of time, with great care, assiduity and tenderness she hath genteelly educated. By her assistance and patronage, they are comfortably established, and they look up to her, as the revered source of their every enjoyment.

She is even now, in the present advanced stage of her life, surrounded by a virgin train, who pay her honours, surpassed only by those which they devote to heaven. She hath her stated days of festivity, the

return

return of which are very frequent, when she summoneth her children, as she calls them—all those who have taken rank in families of their own, to join with her in tender and grateful commemorations. No sovereign, attended by the dependants upon his bounty, ever looked round with half the exultation, which, upon these occasions, glows in, and elevates her bosom. The figure is not good—she is not a sovereign, she is a tender parent, regarded with the cheerful eye of dutiful affection, by the little community which her own hand hath formed to virtue and to happiness.

It was on one of those convivial days, that, induced by curiosity, I lately looked in upon her. She was seated in the midst of the pleased and pleasing assembly. Methought I had never seen an object more interestingly beautiful: *Yes, beautiful*, for the wrinkles of her face possessed more charms, than adorn the red and white of the polished skin of that giddy flutterer, whom all the energy of sentiment could never raise to the ennobling swell of elevated thought or exemplary action. Dignity was impressed upon her every feature, and it was impossible she could fail of inspiring the venerating glow of admiration. I was coxcomb enough to pay her a flourishing compliment, which I concluded with pronouncing decisively—The reward of your benevolence, undoubtedly, Madam, will be very great.

Echoing my last words with inimitable grace, she replied, "*Will be very great?*" Trust me, dear Sir, I have *no arrearages to demand*. If, as you say, I have obtained the approbation of the good, that approbation is of itself a rich reward; and, Mr. Vigilius," placing her hand upon her breast, "*I have peace at home*; the plaudit of my own bosom is indeed of countless worth; besides which, the dutiful complacency at this moment imprinted upon the countenances of these dear girls, is in truth a great and immeasurable reward; every decent gesture, every proper action, every grateful expression, have still continued to me, through a course of many years, a ready source, from which I have momentarily derived a ceaseless and abundant recompense.

ompenſe. And, Sir, if you will indulge me ſo far, I will confeſs a ſentiment which hath, through life, very forcibly operated upon my mind: I have ever ſuppoſed myſelf conſtantly under the inſpection of numerous, although viewleſs, witneſſes of my actions. Theſe encircling ſpectators I have regarded as beings of the angelic order, aſſociating with thoſe ſpirits who were once clothed in mortality; and the approbating ſmile of celeſtial joy, which I have conſidered as illumining theſeraphic countenances of the progenitors of theſe my adopted children, while they have ſeen me buſied about their offspring, engaged in eradicating the evil, pruning the luxuriant growth of ſentiments, equitable in their ſource, and in directing and cheriſhing the principles of rectitude. Such obſervance, and ſuch complacent applauſe hath frequently given energy to my efforts, placed me buoyant upon the utmoſt ſtretch of that invention, which is ſometimes neceſſary to allure to virtue the ſteps of youth, and abundantly ſtrengthened, encouraged, and confirmed me in thoſe walks, which lead, as I conceive, to the paradise of the good. And, Sir, you will give me leave to add, that ideas of this kind obtaining in my mind, operate at once as an incitement to regularity of conduct, and conſtituteth a fund, from which I can freely draw the largeſt compenſation."

The Gleaner joins iſſue with theſe conjectures; by this controverted hypotheſis, he confeſſeth his mind is eſſentially influenced; nor can he, gentle reader, conceive it dangerous to embrace opinions which *probably* are the offspring of truth, which wear an auſpicious aſpect upon the intereſts of mankind, which produce benevolence in their operation, which furniſh motives for goodneſs, and which ſtimulate to every proper, every becoming action.

That ſcepticiſm, which is the growth of falſe reaſon, and degenerated philoſophy, may abide during the calm ſerene of the vernal or ſummer breezes, which make up the gentle and prosperous gales of life; but, being the ſuperſtructure of falſe and inſidious concluſions;

sions; in other words, being bottomed upon the sand, it will fall before the mountain torrent, before the combined and desolating storms of wintry time; and, bending under the accumulated pressure of mighty ills, the dweller in humanity will of necessity lift up his mental eye to some propitious, although invisible power, who, he will conceive, is adequate to his assistance.

By the self-poized hero, and the worshipper of chance, the Gleaner, henceforward, may be accounted a *ridiculous visionary*: But he is persuaded that the Christian religionist will enlist upon his side—for in the oracles of his God, the scripturian will find, that the Author and Finisher of his faith, hath sanctioned the idea of guardian spirits, where he pronounces that the *angels of the sojourners in mortality, do always behold the face of Omnipotence.*

The immediate disciples of the Redeemer spoke *confidently of the angel of Peter*: And the apostle to the Hebrews characterizes the angels, *as spirits, ministering unto the heirs of salvation.* Upon our knowledge of deceased persons, the scene displayed upon the mount of transfiguration, decides: For Peter said—Lord, if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for Moses, one for Elias, and one for thee. And Jesus speaketh of sitting down in the kingdom of heaven with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

The Gleaner perceives, while embracing this persuasion, viz. the doctrine of angels and of spirits, that a most pleasing tranquillity pervades his mind; and he cannot willingly relinquish it, except, in exchange for sentiments, that he can conceive more divinely consolatory, or more morally influential.

 N^o. XXVI.

[WRITTEN APRIL, 1794.]

Now, by my manhood, my full soul disdains
 These dark'ning glooms, which suddenly pervade;
 True dignity an equal part sustains,
 Lending its calm and persevering aid.

THAT melancholy pause, and *extreme* dejection, which at this present so apparently pervades every order of citizens among us, is, methinks, rather derogatory to the American character. The question, relative to opening the temple of Janus, seems to be agitated with unbecoming warmth; and a zeal, not properly tempered by knowledge, is, I conceive, strikingly exemplified by every party.

That our country hath, during a most auspicious period, been borne forward upon the full tide of prosperity, no one but the embittered, the cynical, or the interested incendiary, will deny. Peace, with her olive wreath, was to us the celestial harbinger of unexampled felicity; agriculture hath flourished in primeval beauty, fostered on the bosom of liberty, and fanned by the genial airs of the meek-eyed goddess, it is rapidly approximating the highest perfection of which it is susceptible. Our manufactures have surprisingly advanced. Our navigation is extensive; almost every stream conveys the well freighted bark; and our commerce, wafted by the breezy gale, hath accumulated riches upon the far distant shore. Whether trade ought not to partake in *some degree* the nature of its favourite elements; and whether under the general regulations of rectitude, it would not find its own *advantageous* and *equal* balance, may be considered as problematical: at any rate, unaided by *treaties of commerce*, our merchants, obtaining the object of their wishes, have, in many instances, found their enterprises crowned with uncommon success.

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The arts and sciences are also attaining naturalization in our soil ; and *literature*, *blest source of rational elevation*, literature hath enlisted its votaries : The extensive and energetic movements of the soul are afloat ; the sciences and the virtues love the venerable shades and sequestered haunts of liberty ; and, cultivated successfully in this new world, we had hoped they would become patrons of frugality, temperance, and that holy religion, which smootheneth the bed of death.

Our citizens, intuitively, as it should seem, had become sensible of that *indiscriminate* advantage, derived to the *community* in general, where *each individual receives from the common fund*, and where *every member contributes his quota, for the benefit of the whole* ; in one word, every one seemed sensible of the blessings of a good government, and *federalism* was the basis, on which we were successfully building the superstructure of every thing useful, every thing virtuous, every thing ornamental. What a fearful and destructive hydra is faction ! War is its eldest born, and with the eye of the basilisk it seeketh to annihilate the cherub peace. Dreadful is the progress of war ; it is retrograde to almost every virtue ; the duties of benevolence it inverteth ; it enjoineeth upon every individual to afflict and harass by every possible means. Cultivation is no more. Destruction, with shocking exultation, exerciseth in every goodly walk its fatally blasting influence. Population laments its murdered millions ; the earth is humectated by the blood of our fellow creatures ; and those infernal demons, discord and malice, are glutted by the calamities of the human species. A late elegant writer inimitably pourtrays the consequences even of *successful war* ; perhaps a review of the picture may be of use.—" We must fix our eyes not on the hero returning with conquest, nor yet on the gallant officer dying on the bed of honour, the subject of picture and of song ; but on the private soldier, forced into the service ; exhausted by camp sickness and fatigue ; pale, emaciated, crawling to an hospital with the prospect of life, perhaps a long life, "
X " blasted,

"blasted, useless, and suffering. We must think of
 "the uncounted tears of her who weeps alone, because
 "the only being who shared her sentiments is taken
 "from her; no martial music sounds in unison with
 "her feelings; the long day passes, and she returns
 "not! She does not shed her sorrows over his grave,
 "for she has never learnt whether he ever had one.
 "If he had returned, his exertions would not have
 "been remembered individually, for he only made a
 "small imperceptible part of a human machine, called
 "a regiment. We must take in the long sickness
 "which no glory soothes, occasioned by distress of
 "mind, anxiety, and ruined fortune. These are not
 "fancy pictures; and if you please to heighten them,
 "you can every one of you do it for yourselves. We
 "take in the consequences, felt perhaps for ages, before
 "a country which has been completely desolated, lifts
 "its head again; like a torrent of lays, its worst mis-
 "chief is not the first, overwhelming in ruin towns
 "and palaces, but the long sterility to which it con-
 "demns the track it hath covered with its stream.
 "Add the danger to regular governments which are
 "changed by war, sometimes to anarchy, and some-
 "times to despotism. Add all these, and then let us
 "think when a General performing these exploits is
 "saluted with *Well done, good and faithful servant*, wheth-
 "er the plaudit is likely to be echoed in another
 "place." But however deplorable the calamities of
 war, such is the nature of the present scene of things,
 that there are *circumstances* which fully involve the
necessity of appealing to the sword. When our dearest,
 essential, and most important interests are invaded,
 when our existence, as a nation, is put to the hazard,
 when *negotiations fail*, when we are subjected to contu-
 melious indignities, when we are despoiled of our prop-
 erty, and stripped of the hopes of redress—in emer-
 gencies thus pressing, every sentiment of *self-defence*
 will throw the gauntlet for the battle. That it is pre-
 cisely upon these evil times we have fallen, many re-
 sentfully and vehemently pronounce; and, not yet freed
 from

from the jealousies and entanglements of European politics, while the hemisphere of the elder world is thus dreadfully tempest, nothing but an overweening self-partiality, could lead us to expect escaping at least the outskirts of the hurricane; but if we have been unwarrantably and unnecessarily injured, and if our abilities are adequate to the contention, let every American play the man for his country. Let not our faces thus gather paleness; but, when properly authorized by the authority which we have conferred, let us combine, hand and heart, to work out our own political salvation; and if our cause is thus righteous, the God of armies will again lead us forth, and doubtless the palm of victory will be ours.

But deliberation here maketh a pause—Against whom shall we commence hostilities? So many are the wrongs which we are said to have suffered from the maritime belligerent powers, that an unprejudiced American will hesitate against which to prefer the loudest complaints; and the investigations made in the general council of our nation, so nearly poizeth the scale of depredation, that the closest observer, uninfluenced by party, is at a loss to decide upon the question. Yet, it is said, our obligations to France, furnishing a balance in her favour, ought in equity to destroy the equipoise; and indeed it is greatly to be wished the conduct of that nation had been such, as to have sanctioned the most unlimited election of her interests. If, when emerging from the benighted clouds of despotism; if, when exonerating herself from the intolerable oppression of unlimited authority, she had known where to erect the barriers; if she had not outraged every feeling of humanity, most atrociously committing acts, at which even the bosom of stoicism agonizes at every pore, over which rectitude must pour the never failing tear, and at which fortitude hath learned to weep; if she had supported the constitution which she swore to maintain, we should doubtless have felt for her like veneration, as when the gallant and virtuous La Fayette, directing her councils,

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led forth her armies, and, pointing her steps to victory and fame, extorted the mingling and unhesitating applause of an admiring world. But alas ! France exhibits, at this period, a spectacle, from which lacerated truth indignantly hastes, at which reason stands aghast, while morality and holy religion have received from base and murderous hands a fatal stab.

Perhaps the only advantage which the revolutionary tribunal can boast over the *lettre de cachet*, or the justly execrated *Bastille*, is, that not prolonging the sufferings of its victims, it hasteth to bestow upon them, through the instrumentality of the executioner, a speedy emancipation from its tyranny. Whole *hecatombs* have been immolated ; every person who differeth in opinion from the ruling faction is arrested, tried, and executed. The *federalist* findeth no mercy ; and even an *avowed wish* to qualify their *boasted indivisibility*, by a single feature of the American government, is estimated as treasonable. With regard to our obligations to France, it ought surely to be considered, whether gratitude can ever teach us to abet, even the most *liberal and disinterested* benefactor, in *deeds of darkness and of death* : And, when it is remembered, that the well-timed aid, from which we derived advantages so indisputably beneficial, was procured through the instrumentality of him, *whom we then hailed as our magnanimous ally*—which ally hath, by the most sanguinary men and measures, been, by violent hands, arrested in the middle of his days ! when these circumstances are adverted to, they may possibly be regarded as an *extenuation of our crime*, although barely for the sake of evincing our *loyalty to the Gallic name*, we should not conceive ourselves obligated to leap the bounds of rectitude.

Yet, strange as it may seem, faction hath introduced its cloven foot among us ; with astonishing effrontery it hath dared to lift its baleful head ; and, drawing the sword of discord, it is preparing to sheath it in the vitals of that *infant constitution, whose budding life expands so fair to view, and whose docile texture, yielding ample*

ample *hope to cultivation*, ensures the mellowing growth to every *desired improvement*. Is not the idea of murdering in the very cradle so promising an offspring, a conception which can have received a form only in the maddening pericranium of *hell-born anarchy*? Is there an individual who will not devoutly say—May the Parent of the universe shield our country from the progress of that Tartarean fiend which hath so long desolated France! Yea, we confidently pronounce that every patriotic bosom hath glowed with indignation, and every virtuous sentiment hath recoiled from the frenzy of that parricide, which so licentiously suspended over the head of our matchless Chief, the execrable guillotine † over the head of that venerable patriot whose bosom is the seat of every virtue; whose disinterested efforts for the public weal, stand unrivalled in the records of immortal fame; whose superior talents, and whose revolving hours are invariably appropriated to the general good; whose unyielding magnanimity, hath gleamed athwart the darkest and most distressing moments, the luminous rays of manly hope; who, far from bending beneath the load of national depression, hath considered every event, with the firmness of inflexible virtue; who, like another Atlas, hath still supported the mighty fabric of a various and complicated government; whose penetrating genius, and expanding resources, unravelleth the intricacies of duplicity, and presenteth the extricating hand of wisdom; who glows with the rapture of the hero upon every instance of national elevation—in one word, who was the illustrious leader, the boast, and the very soul of our armies, and who continues the brightest gem in the enfolding robes of peace.

Will ye not veil to the father of your country, ye associated declaimers? Is it your element to arraign, to cavil, to censure, and to exercise a kind of fanciful despotism? Why will you thus pervert talents capable of rendering you, to this younger world, the richest blessing? Yet, if ye will still pertinaciously proceed, the hand of freemen can never arrest your course;

for still ye are cherished by the genial influence of that liberty, whose equal ray, in imitation of its great prototype, invigorateth the poisonous as well as the salutary germe.

But, suffer a fellow-citizen to make the inquiry—What is your object? Why are you thus studious to create divisions? Why are you ambitious of forming an *aristocracy* in the midst of your brethren? Ought not the nation at large to constitute one vast society of people, bound by common ties, common wishes, and common hopes? Hath any part of the Union constitutionally delegated their powers to you? To whom will you appeal? The late envoy of France, *in effect*, at least, threatened an appeal to the people! But surely, neither the quondam ambassador or his adherents have sufficiently attended to the origin, nature, and completion of our happy constitution.

If ever any government might, strictly speaking, be characterized, in a rationally republican sense, *the government of the people*, the regulations made for the administration of order, in these States, is indubitably that government. This is an axiom which I should imagine could never be controverted. Perhaps, the manner of obtaining and establishing our government, hath not, in every respect, a parallel. Delegates appointed by the *free, unsolicited, uncorrupted, and unanimous voice of the people*, were, by the people, invested with authority to weigh, ponder, and reflect; they assembled, they deliberated, examined, compared, and finally arranged. To the consideration of the *sovereign people*, the result of the collected wisdom of our Continent was presented; every article, every sentiment was examined, in every possible view; it was analyzed and scrutinized, in the completest, most uncontrolled, and rigorous manner. Orators embodied the whole force of their eloquence; writers exercised their most energetic talents, and in the strict examination the best productions of the press were engaged: Every member of the community had an undoubted right to investigate; public bodies lent their luminous aid; and, in the momentous

mentous research and expected decision, friends and enemies alike combined. Behold the catastrophe—how loudly doth it pronounce the eulogy of our constitution—how doth it dignify and eternize the American system ! One State and another, time after time, gradually and *deliberately* adopt and ratify a plan, which so evidently embraceth the interests of *the people* at large. In some of our governments, the sanction yielded is unanimous, and, in every part of the Union, the large and respectable majority of *the people*, is unexampled in the annals of legislation.

Surely, I say, a government thus originating, thus sanctioned, and thus established, may be unequivocally pronounced, in every *proper sense*, the government of *the people*. To whom then, from such a government, can we appeal ? The answer is obvious ; but, may our political Hercules crush the Hydra faction, however multifarious may be its powers of mischief, or however widely diffused its poisonous influence.

In this era of general consternation and perturbed suspense, it is undoubtedly our wisdom to abide the result of those investigations and debates, which properly constitute the department of gentlemen, whom we have commissioned to take upon them the administration of public affairs. If the Gleaner might be permitted to breathe a wish, it would be for the general observance and establishment of order, and that every citizen would learn, *habitually*, to venerate offices and characters devoted to, and engaged in, the administration of justice, and to which every good and worthy member of the community is alike eligible.

The Gleaner, from a series of accurate and unimpassioned observations, is induced earnestly to hope, that the general government will still continue to preclude all *illegal interference*, all *foreign, unconstitutional, and unbecoming influence*. And he confesses, that he experienced the enthusiasm of approbation, when he observed in the public prints, that dignified movement of Congress, which directed the galleries to be vacated, upon an indecent attempt made, to approbate men
and

and measures, by *testimonies*, proper only to mark the merit of the votaries of the sock and buskin. Yea, verily, this new world is the heritage of liberty ; but it is of that liberty which decidedly avoweth her *system*, her *regulations*, her *laws*, her *subordination* ; to all of which she exacteth the most scrupulous obedience. I am not ignorant, that *licentiousness* too often assumes the sacred name of liberty : Licentiousness, engendered by darkness, nursed by ignorance, and led forth by impudence ; murder and devastation are her ministers ; hell-born ambition is her incentive ; and the most confirmed and rigorous despotism remaineth her invariable object.

Liberty ! heaven descended goddess, rational and refined—No, she hath not a single feature of the audacious impostor, who, with such astonishing effrontery, artfully arrogateth her character and offices, and who, by a series of execrable machinations, after clothing herself in the sky-wrought robes of the bright celestial, demandeth her honours, procureth against her the most shocking and libellous declamations, and woundeth her in the upright exercise of those pure and wholesome institutions, which are replete with the most salutary and benign influence, upon the morals and happiness of our species. Nay, the blighting and contagious breath of licentiousness, stigmatizeth *decent* and *corrected* liberty, as the most degenerate and servile traitor ! and, denounced by anarchy, the terms, usurper, despot, and tyrant, with every other frightful appellation which the black catalogue can produce, is liberally and indiscriminately bestowed upon her. Between liberty and licentiousness we cannot trace the smallest analogy ; they have been strikingly and beautifully contrasted. Liberty has been compared to an informed, elevated, and well regulated mind ; her movements are authorized by reason ; knowledge is her harbinger ; wisdom administereth unto her ; and all her interpositions are mildly beneficent : Tranquility results from her arrangements ; and a serene and equal kind of contentment is her eldest born. Licentiousness

tionousness is said to resemble the unbridled and tumultuous career of him, who, intoxicated by the inebriating draught, and having renounced his understanding, would invert the order of nature; eager to pour the inundation which shall level every virtue, and annihilate every distinction, he exulteth in his fancied prowess, riots amid the confusion which he creates, and unduly exalting himself, he posteth full speed to destruction.

But my subject unexpectedly growing upon me, the fear of exceeding my limits induces me to postpone its termination to a future Gleaner.

N^o. XXVII.

*Necessity her various grades designs,
And with subordination peace combines.*

I SAID that genuine liberty recognized her systems, her laws, and her regular chain of subordination; to all of which she exacted the most scrupulous obedience; and, if this were not true, I confess that I, for one, should be inclined to deprecate her domination. Surely, that state must be fruitful of calamities, which admitteth not an acknowledged superior; where every person hath, in every respect, an absolute and uncontrollable right to consult his own feelings, submitting himself to no other empire than that of his wayward passions.

It is not, in every sense, true, that Nature is equal in her productions. The same plastic hand that formed a Newton, lends existence to an oyster. Nature levels and diversifies her wide extended lawns, winds her serpentine walks, and spreads her ample fields; but she also erects her mounds, fashions her knolls, elevates her acclivities, and piles together her stupendous mountains. The ocean rolls one vast world of waters; but the little stream murmurs gently and pleasingly along. The huge leviathan and the polypus, are alike inhabitants.

stants of the sea. The elephant and the tatou, the ostrich and the humming bird, respire in our world, while naturalists are at a loss even to name the numerous grades, which make up and complete the shades between these extremes. A various growth of flowers please the eye; vegetables sustain and nourish; fruits regale the palate; and poisonous plants, obtaining a luxuriant growth, rear their baleful heads. To trace the varieties of nature, is indeed a fruitful avocation; the region of fancy is stocked with reflections, while, to the curious observer, engaged in the pursuit, hardly an hour revolves, which produces not an accession of ideas.

Light and shade are productive of the finest effect; the eye is offended by a continuity of the same objects; hills and vallies, succeeding each other, furnish the most enchanting views; the interjacent plain is pleasingly terminated by the sequestered grove; the glade beautifully diversifies the forest; and yonder tall majestic eminence is gracefully skirted by the enamelled meadow which is outspread beneath. The seasons succeed each other, and the revolutions of day and night, possessing their peculiar charms, are salutary and grateful. Nor is this multiformity observable only in the less noble parts of the creation: The human being has varieties, which may almost be pronounced endless. The degrees of intellect, if we may judge by effects, are very unequally proportioned. Now a luminous genius darts through the complicated arrangements of nature; its pervading ken is subtil and energetic; its powers are adequate to researches the most profound; it investigates, and obscurity is no more; the arcana of ages, yielding to its animated and elucidating progress, relinquisheth the impenetrable veil; its versatility, and the depth of its observations are astonishing; and, amid the blaze of refulgent day, it lifts its aspiring head. But the natal place of this luminary, the same village, perhaps the same family, ushered into being the unfortunate idiot, whose faculties are scarcely adequate to the absolute calls of existence. Some dignified

fied minds, born to all the energy of being, devote their time and talents to inform, to rectify, to improve, and in every sense to benefit mankind; others again, are so *absorbed in self*, that were it not for the catalogue of their individual wants and wishes, we should not know that they continued to vegetate. If persons of this description have any principles but that of self love, they are so completely under the direction of, and assimilated by this their *ruling passion*, that it is difficult to trace, in their actions, the smallest vestige of a foreign influence. Is it just to refuse to merit its unquestionable dues? Is it equitable to deny to virtue the palm of honour? Or, ought we to hesitate in doing reverence to a superiority indubitable and decided?

Where is *unvaried equality to be found*? Not in heaven, for there are *principalities and powers*: Not, certainly, in any of the distributions which we have traced on earth; for it is unquestionable, that *variety* constitutes one of the principal beauties in the arrangements of nature. Nor is it the growth of the Tartarean regions; for there the *arch fiend* exerciseth those powers, which proclaim his regality; and, even *Licentiousness* hath her chosen favourite whom she constituteth chief of the savage band of murderers. I do not say, that my reading and observation are sufficiently extensive to decide; but were I to hazard a conjecture, I would suggest, that, from the days of that first murderer who slew his brother, the levelling scheme hath, strictly speaking, continued a chimera, floating only in the brain of the speculatist, or figuring splendidly in the theories, which his fertile imagination hath commissioned to issue from the press.

Perhaps the late Doctor *Johnson*, who may be styled the monarch of literature, however rich in resources, could not have hit on an argument more effectually calculated to flash conviction upon the feelings of a certain *female historian* (of no inconsiderable merit, notwithstanding) than when waiting upon her, in her decent apartments in the city of London, and assuming the humble and serious features of conviction, he addressed

dressed her to the following effect :—Madam, influenced by your good sense, and the irrefragable strength of your arguments, you at this moment behold before you, the proselyte of your opinions. I am at length confident, that the children of men are all upon an equal footing ; and, Madam, to give you proof positive that I am indeed a convert, here is a very sensible, civil, worthy, well-behaved citizen, your footman ; I make it my request that he may be permitted to sit down and dine with us. Doctor Johnson, upon this, or some similar occasion, made a remark, which, agreeably to the general tenor of his observations, carrieth its evidence along with it, and which the experience of every day may serve to corroborate. “ Your *levellers*,” said the Doctor, “ wish to *level down* as far as themselves, but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves ; they would all have some people under them ; why not then have *some people* above them ? I would no more deprive certain characters of their respect, than of their money. I consider myself as acting a part in the great system of society, and I do to others as I would have them do to me. There would be a perpetual struggle for precedence, were there no rules to discriminate rank.”

There is no calculating the disorders which may result from relaxing the series of subordination ; if conviction is suspended, we need but make the trial. I am surrounded by a family of men and maid servants. I am placed upon extensive grounds, which call for the regular aid of cultivation, for all the various routine of agricultural attention. The vernal season is hastening forward—the morning is delightful. On a day so propitious much business may be accomplished : With the early dawn I quit my pillow, I supplicate Mary to direct her woman to prepare me an immediate breakfast ; she, carelessly, pronounces me quite as eligible to that task myself. I apply to Abigail, who refers me to another, and another ; and, as *equality* admitteth no distinctions, the probability is, that I am finally brought back again to Mary herself. Possibly, after many cat-

treatics,

treatment, the females may all combine; one bear a cup, another a saucer; a table is dragged from that apartment, and a tea-kettle from this; ignorant of each other's plans, and having no one to direct, the process is impeded and confused, and when at length the motley assemblage is completed, and the repast presented, the spoiled tea, coffee, chocolate, and bread and butter, all evince the opposite hands employed in their manufacture. But this is the fair side of the business; they might have engaged in a tumultuous *fracas*, and, consigning the whole apparatus to destruction, they might have left me no other consolation, than that of soothing my vexation, by singing, in Homeric numbers, the dismal crash of that eventful morning.

Well, but to proceed. Breakfast over, I sally forth. I *advise* that the cattle be yoked, and that such a parcel of manure be conveyed to yonder sterile spot. Jonathan insists that the horse-cart is sufficient to drag it. Thomas is of his opinion. William sides with me, and we prepare for a trial of strength; equally divided, our opposition bars our purpose; from words we proceed to blows; the females are alarmed; they take their sides; the plot thickens; appearances grow formidable; a doughty battle ensues; bloody noses are the consequence; and the day is sacrificed to discord. Every morning is thus ushered in; every portion of time is marked by opposition. Now the land shall be hedged with bushes, anon the ready rock shall present the barrier, and again the wooden enclosure is all the rage. To-day we will plough, to-morrow we will sow. Nay, you are too early, you are too late; this is sufficient, that is not enough; we will go hither and thither, every where, and no where.

Thus roll on the days, weeks and months. Autumn is at the door, the lands are uncultivated; and famine, with its meagre stride, is rapidly advancing to our borders. Meanwhile, even in this tumultuous era, my house, my estate confesseth a potentate. Anarchy reigneth supreme, and desolation administereth her commands. To prevent, or to guard against consequences,

sequences, which every sober sentiment must deprecate, becomes impossible; no member of the family hath authority to interpose the dictatorial document, and the commands of the fiend are perforce obeyed. Who shall prevent the spreading evil? If licentiousness is successful in her imposture; if, assuming the mask of liberty, she completeth her deception; if we prostrate before this baleful destroyer, where, I demand, is my safety? What security can I have, that my neighbour, whose sinewy arm can bear away the prize of strength, will not snatch from me that patrimony, which, descending from a virtuous line of ancestors, I have preserved, at the expense of laborious days, and many a self-denying conflict? Surely, language, in attempting an enumeration of the calamities of licentiousness, is baffled in the description! and even *conception* must fall short of the mischiefs which she produceth.

But if the *theory* of equality is not *practicable* in the contracted circle of domestic life, much less will that experiment succeed which would realize it, in regard to the heterogeneous collection of beings who constitute a nation. Doth not Liberty associate her laws, her regulations, and her distinctions? Is not good government the basis on which she erecteth the superstructure of all those operations so beneficial to mankind? Yes, Liberty, sacred and genuine Liberty, draweth with precision the line, nor will she permit a litigation of the inherent Rights of Man. She alloweth no imaginary claims; she is fearful of disturbing the regular succession of order; she is fond of the necessary arrangement of civil subordination; and she dreadeth that tumultuous and up-rooting hurricane, which, mingling the various classes of mankind, destroyeth the beautiful gradation and series of harmony, again restoring all that wild uproar, resulting from the rude and mishapen domination of chaos. Yes, we repeat it, that people, that nation, that tribe or family, which is destitute of legislation, regulation, and officers of government, must unquestionably be in a deplorable situation. The strong will invariably oppress the weak;

weak ; to the lusty arm of athletic guilt, imbecile innocence will fall a-prey, and there is no power to redress ! Hence the time registered axiom, *It is necessary to relinquish a part, for the preservation of the whole.* Liberty delegates her powers, and to this effulgent goddess, her anointed ministers, with that integrity and patriotic firmness which becometh the servants of a patroness, who still regards the children of men with an eye of benignity, fail not to render up their accounts.

Let us suppose a people in a state of nature, and let us suppose them made up of all those varieties of constitution, intellect, passions, and corporeal strength, which are commonly found in a community. Experience hath convinced them, that anarchy is pregnant with every evil ; and they finally combine to form the league of government. What is the mode for the administration of justice, which we would recommend to such a people ? Possessed by a wish to render permanent, and give the requisite dignity, energy, execution, and obedience to the social order which we should aim at establishing, we should be solicitous to adopt in our form of polity, that gradatory junction which would cement and bind together, in an amicable and mutual exchange of good offices, the various classes of citizens. Fancy, for a moment, invests me with the venerable and honorary character of a legislator ; and, for the purpose of forming, for a set of well disposed men, a code of regulations, I imagine myself seated, with the pen of inquiry in my fingers, and my design being to compile a government of *laws*, rather than of *individuals*. I am naturally solicitous to promulgate institutions, which shall be at once salutary, efficacious and pleasing. With a view of tracing and combining an eligible plan, I might turn over huge folios of information, and, pursuing a science of such vast importance to mankind, which in its operations is capable of the highest public utility, or which may become the root of every evil, investigation can hardly be too scrupulously exact. But what would be the result of an application to various

rious writers? Doubtless we should find ourselves involved in a labyrinth of opposite testimonies; and, confused by a multiplicity of contradictory and perhaps fallacious opinions, reflection would be absorbed, and decision at a stand.

The ancients have remarked, that, cultivated by the hand of liberty in the dwellings of freedom, the arts and sciences flourished with invigorated charms; that neither the Persians or Egyptians understood their beauties; that from the Greeks, although too often engaged in hostilities, and struggling in the toils of poverty, they obtained maturation; that they declined with that freedom, once the glory of the Grecian republics, and that, with their august patroness, winging their ethereal way to celebrated Rome, they there continued their splendid career, until the immolation of liberty, in that imperial city, muffled in dark and portentous clouds those intellectual luminaries; and hence, from these incontrovertible facts, it is confidently asserted, that the arts and sciences can never flourish but in the soil of freedom. Yet, in opposition to a conclusion which may have been too hastily formed, we are told, that *modern Rome* and *Florence* have entwined with perfection, sculpture, painting, music and poetry; and that Florence, after the usurpations of the family of Medici, made the most rapid proficiency in those arts. Ariosto, Tasso, Galileo, Raphael, and Michael Angelo; these illustrious painters, poets and mathematicians, it is observed, were not born in republics. Reubens, it is said, collected and established his school at Antwerp, and not at Amsterdam; and in Germany, the true polish of manners is rather to be found at Dresden than at Hamburg.

France hath undoubtedly furnished a striking example of the prosperity of literature in an absolute government. Philosophy, poetry, dramatic eminence, oratory, history, painting, architecture, sculpture, music—these have received the most extensive cultivation, and the highest honours in the kingdom of France: And we are moreover assured, that the *sidrant* subjects had

had astonishingly meliorated that most grateful and beneficial of all arts, *l'Art de Vivre*, the necessary and social art, which involves a mutual interchange of sentiments.

Thus *contradictory* are those streams of information, which yet may have originated in the fountain of wisdom. The superstructures of governments have generally been raised upon apprehension and compulsion; in such circumstances, error hath been almost unavoidable, and it can never be matter of wonder, that human systems are susceptible of improvement.

In the novelties of Lyncurgus, the features of artifice and fraud are but too prevalent. Solon, although the votary of wisdom, and undoubtedly the mild and beneficent friend of mankind, yet even Solon entertained despotic ideas of the powers vested in him, and we cannot forbear observing, that he considered himself as possessing an *optional* authority, to implant the germe of despotism, or to emit the rays of bland and corrected freedom. Numa, by virtue of the goddess Egeria, might have originated the grossest impositions; and it is an indubitable truth, that the rights of man are irreconcilable with a relinquishment of that privilege of inquiry, which may erect a barrier to the inundation of evil. Turning, for a moment, from all those reservoirs of knowledge, which, nevertheless, I must ever unceasingly venerate, I wave the occupation of a Gleaner, and simply lighting the torch of reason as the flame of experience, I will, for the organization of my sketch of immunities, consult those sentiments and conclusions, which are the natural growth of a plain mind.

Common sense pronounces, that a people destitute of a leader, and destitute of legislation, loudly demand the *protecting band of a guardian power*; and, liberty adds, that a chief should be obtained by the joint suffrages of the people at large. To this end, they must be convened in their several districts, where, uninfluenced by party or by passion, let them commission him, whom they esteem most worthy, to assume that august

title—*The Father of his Country*; and, after sanctifying the most solemn engagements, after consecrating him by their joint affections and benedictions, let them invest him with authority to lead them against their combined enemies, to fight their battles, and, by the wisdom of his regulations, to procure them victory, and to guarantee their just immunities. Let this chosen patriot be aided by a general council, consisting of delegates according to the number of the people. Let these delegates be appointed by a decision, influenced only by the intrinsic worth of the candidates. Let them form two distinct deliberative bodies, or houses, properly qualified and authorized to act as checks upon each other; and, let these three branches be invested with powers, fully adequate to all the purposes of legislation. To the *departments* thus appointed to these high offices of trust, let the utmost veneration be annexed; but I would ordain, that the individuals who filled them, should, after a stated time, be removable at the pleasure of the people. Even the First Magistrate should hold his place but in consequence of frequent re-elections; and for high crimes and misdemeanors, he should be considered as amenable to the laws. Upon legislative acts he should possess only a conditional negative; and while his fellow-citizens were aided by his counsels, they should be secured from his encroachments. He should always be considered as the Chief Warrior of the people; but in the formation of treaties, he should call in, at least, one branch of the legislature, and the same concurrence should be necessary to the appointment to offices. The commerce or currency of the nation should not be subjected to the prescriptions of its Executive, nor should he arrogate, in matters of conscience, even the shadow of jurisdiction. As a faithful and vigilant friend of the people, he should be unwearied in his informations, recommendations, and all such constitutional measures, as he should conceive would conduce to the public weal; and, during his administration, he should be careful to exact a faithful obedience to the laws. If

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in any single instance I entrusted him with discretionary or absolute power, it shall be in granting reprieves, or remission of offences; for, as I would always give the scale to preponderate on the side of mercy, so I would arm the Executive with the lenity of clemency, while I debarred him the exercise of measures unduly sanguinary.

Yet with the dignified and honorary distinctions of government, I would be careful to invest the Man of the people. Ambassadors, and other public ministers, should mingle in his train, and every national insignia of respect should ornament his *department*. His *office* should ensure the highest respect; and I would yield obedience to the *individual* as long as he was entitled to *public confidence* and respect.

The judicial power should be separate from the executive, and I would invest it with as large a share of *independence* as could consist with *rectitude* and *union*; while the degree of guilt involved in crimes of almost every description, should be determined by the empannelled peers of the culprit. "But all this is only collecting the *instruments*, while the code of institutions are yet unfashioned." True, but as legislative acts should be the result of the most mature deliberation, we will search in the great volume of nature, we will turn over the leaves of experience, and thus selecting the gems, and from time to time accumulating our system, we will finally present the luminous compendium to the consideration, and, as we hope, to the acceptance of unprejudiced reason. Meanwhile, skimming the surface of my subject, I present only the rudiments of a system, which fancy hath pleasingly contemplated.

Doth the reader exclaim—"Surely these hints are nothing more than the lineaments of the constitution of the United States!" Well, honest friend, they are the lineaments of nature—the lineaments of liberty—they make a part of that contract to which she consents; and, without entering into the complex and admirable intertexture of those united and separate governments, which

which constitute our federalism, we pronounce, that these are the leading features of that subordination, without which, GENUINE LIBERTY would no longer irradiate our hemisphere.

May the parties which are originated, stimulate the exertions of her real votaries ; may no description among us ever assume the gorgon head of faction ; and, may the mutual jealousies, dissensions and ambition, which pervade, serve as antidotes to each other. Parties, in a state of civil and political liberty, have been compared to the passions of an individual ; and, as the passions are said to be the elements of life, so the animated and resuscitating spirit of party is observed to be essential to the existence of genuine freedom. Be it so ; and may the public weal, the public tranquillity, be, by every means, promoted.

N^o. XXVIII.

Rich are the splendors of that golden day,

Which breaks triumphant on a night of storms ;

The fleecy clouds pursue their azure way,

And every heart with grateful transport warms :

So oft when wrapt about in shades of woe,

When the lorn bosom swells the length'ning sigh,

In copious streams, when tears of anguish flow,

And mem'ry can no beamy ray supply,

Some blest event bursts radiant on the sight,

And every sense proclaims the new-born light.

WITH sensations of ineffable complacency and high glee ; with feelings, the felicity of which it would be difficult if not impossible to delineate, I set me down, upon this 27th day of May, 1794, to recount unto the *good-natured reader* an event, which, if I have not been extremely erroneous in my calculations, will render him, in no inconsiderable degree, a partaker of my joy.

I say, good-natured reader ; for, without incurring the charge of credulity, I conceive I may fairly presume,

same, that, persons of this description have, from time to time, been constrained to take an interest in the fate of Margaretta Melworth Hamilton. I say, *good-natured reader*, because the *Gleaner* hath never yet had the arrogance to conceive his powers sufficiently energetic to arrest the attention of the phlegmatic, the saturnine, or the fastidious. Individuals, possessing minds cast in these moulds, he hath considered as inaccessible, and he hath imagined them turning from the pages of the *Gleaner*, with all the frigidity of apathy, with all the glooms attendant upon rigorous severity, disgust, or contempt. Nor doth he enter this remark as a complaint; he hath been *humble enough* to content himself with the esteem of the *candid and sincere*; in the bosom of sensibility he fondly conceives he hath obtained a place, and he is ambitious of rendering his efforts worthy that degree of consideration with which they may be regarded. Addressing then the humane, the benevolent, and the ingenuous; in one word, those who are willing to be pleased, he hardly hesitates in promising himself at least a hearing; and, he is free to own, that he possesses such a comfortable share of self complacency, as to become confident, that whenever he consecrates his efforts by the name of the daughter of his affection, he ensures a share of approbation; nor will he consent that this idea should be imputed altogether to an over-weening conceit of his own abilities; for surely it must be acknowledged that an amiable and meritorious woman, struggling with misfortunes, is an object which virtue must ever regard with commiseration and applause. For the officious length of this exordium, I supplicate the indulgence of those gentle spirits, upon whose favour I have presumed; a candidate for the patronage of benignity should hasten to gratify the feelings of susceptibility, and after narrating a few previous arrangements, without further delay, I shall pass on to a developement, which hath not only invested our daughter with high affluence, but hath, moreover, restored to her a blessing, which she entertained not the smallest conception of ever being permitted to possess.

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My last communications relative to Mrs. Hamilton, crowned her with those honours which bloom most becomingly upon a female brow ; the propriety of her conduct in the matrimonial career could not be questioned, and her patient merit was, in her own opinion, amply rewarded, by a discovery that neither misfortunes or caprice had robbed her of, or in the smallest degree abated the affectionate attachment of him, to whom her gentle heart was unreservedly devoted.

That tumultuous delirium of joy, of which the sketch of the scene in my reading parlour, in the month of November last, can have given but an incompetent idea, gradually subsided into an exquisitely pleasing calm. Peace, with every accompaniment, which ever clusters in the train of tranquillity, was re-instated in her bosom ; resy confidence, fruitful in the soil of conjugal complacency, again lifted its auspicious head, and the rich perfumes which it breathed around, scattered those salutary sweets that gave to every object a face of pleasure. Margaretta seemed to regard poverty as the angel of serenity : Indeed a true knowledge of her circumstances had relieved her from a mighty pressure, which, becoming quite insupportable, had well near broken the slender thread of her existence ; and an assured knowledge that she still possessed those undivided regards, which she had strong reason to believe no longer reciprocated, very naturally, for a time, absorbed in her gentle bosom every other consideration.

Some days delightfully serene, thus rolled on. I knew that the bursting storm, the tremendous and uprooting hurricane must succeed ; but I trembled to disturb the innocent and unreflecting felicity of the moment. Mr. Seymour, the generous young man who had extricated Hamilton from his difficulties, while hopeless love produced him a wandering fugitive in the southern States, had failed for some thousands ; and although repeated letters, glowing with friendship and matchless generosity, penned by the hand of Mr. Seymour, assured us, that he would ward
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the blow from us, to the extremest verge of possibility; yet as he continued, for the safety of his person, a prisoner in his own house; as all his books, bonds, and papers, of every kind, were submitted to the inspection of his creditors; and, as he assured himself that a fair adjustment, producing an amicable compromise, would usher in his liberating hour, the utmost credulity could not flatter us with continued exemption. Mr. Hamilton too, had many other creditors, and they became much more suspicious, inquisitive, and troublesome, than we had expected.

The scene once opened, my knowledge of mankind induced me to fear a rapid succession of distressing events; and necessity, therefore, impelled me to obtrude upon the halcyon hours of my children's considerations which threw open the avenues of uncounted cares, and great inquietude. Serafina Clifford continued unwearied in her remonstrances; she was eager to dispossess herself, in favour of her brother, of every shilling which she possessed; and against the ardour and generous impetuosity of her attack, honour, justice, and fraternal affection, although embodied for the purpose, maintained but a doubtful combat; until availing myself of the rights invested in me by my paternal authority, I was reduced to the disagreeable alternative of interposing a positive prohibition.

Miss Clifford, in a kind of frenzy, clasped the little William to her bosom, and calling upon the shade of her departed father to witness her engagements, she vowed henceforward to devote herself and fortune entirely to him; adding, "I will, my lovely child; be
 "indefatigable in guarding the soil of thy infant mind
 "from the admission of that fatal germ, which never
 "fails to produce a growth of false principles, of prin-
 "ciples that prostitute the sacred names of honour and
 "integrity, bestowing them upon an *unsocial kind of*
 "*pride*, a barbarous sentiment, which compels its ad-
 "herents, although placed upon a precipice of inter-
 "minable ruin, to disdain the assistance of that friend-
 "ship which is warm, natural, glowing, and sincere;

"of

"of that friendship, which, as it originates affinity and gratitude, as it is the result of the fondest attachment, and meliorated by deliberate esteem, can surely never be regarded as problematical. Sweet innocent! may the kindred blood that swells thy little veins, render thee one day less obdurate than thy dear inflexible parents. From this moment the interests of Serafina and thine are inseparably interwoven."

Fear not, gentle reader, by virtue of the patriarchal dignity which I have assumed, I will, *upon a proper occasion*, grant unto the said Serafina Clifford, a full and free absolution from this her inconsiderate vow, which I shall take care to impute to the irresistible impulse of an impassioned moment.

In concert with Mr. Hamilton, without delay I took measures to place the property in his possession, beyond the reach of *any single* creditor; regulating it in such a manner, as would incontestibly be most for the advantage of, and yield unto *every claimant an equal and handsome dividend*. Thus prepared for a contingency that we had but too much reason momentarily to expect, I requested Mary once more to call into action that admirable address which she had so repeatedly exemplified. Go, my love, said I, with all thy winning graces, and affectionate persuasion; with all thy angel softness, and reconcile our daughter to that revolution in her prospects, which must place her again a resident in this family. Margareta was far advanced in her second pregnancy, and we judged it necessary to observe, in regard to her, the utmost delicacy; but we had not yet learned properly to appreciate the mind of our amiable child. Those particulars, which are generally so alluring to a young woman, were not considered by her, of sufficient importance to give her essential or lasting pain. An establishment, ranking as the head of a family, presiding at her table, giving laws to a train of servants, receiving visits in her own house, with a number of *et-ceteras*, which have frequently the power of fascinating a young mind, were regarded as considerations *comparatively* of little

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or no moment; and while conscious she possessed the affections of the man of her heart; while she retained his society; while she could clasp to her throbbing bosom her lovely infant; while indulged with the presence of Miss Clifford, now more than ever endeared to her, and bound to her soul by motives of the most delicate and indissoluble tenderness and esteem; while she enjoyed the approbating countenance of her parents, her superior understanding could scarce forbear a smile at the solicitude we discovered respecting her removal; and, relinquishing her elegant apartments, I verily believe without a single murmur, she hastened, together with her amiable friend, to those parental arms which were ever open to receive her.

Trials, however, awaited her. It was necessary that Mr. Hamilton, who was anxious to accelerate the hour that should honourably exonerate him from his embarrassments, and who was extremely desirous of making provision for the growing family which he had in prospect, should immediately apply to some business, which might afford an expectation of putting him in possession of wishes so indisputably laudable. A ship bound for Europe, in which he was offered, with the probability of great commercial advantage, a very lucrative and honorary birth, propitiously presented. Of an opening so fortunate, interest loudly called upon him to avail himself; the favourable gale of opportunity was not to be slighted. But his heart bled for his Margareta; yet manly decision hesitated not, and every thing was in train for his departure. We conceived it adviseable to conceal our purpose from my daughter as long as possible; and it was not until two days previous to the period destined for his embarkation, that I took upon myself the painful task of disclosing to her an event, which we judged must inevitably take place. Mary, Miss Clifford, Edward and myself, seated with Margareta, in a retired apartment, had for some time been employed in observing her; while on her part she seemed wholly absorbed in contemplating the features of the little William, who, sleeping on a pillow before her, display-

ed a countenance truly cherubic. Soul of sensibility! most unwillingly did I recall her from her maternal reverie! but necessity apparently impelling, I thus addressed her:

What is there that Mrs. Hamilton would not sacrifice, to advance the happiness of the little being, whom she hath introduced into existence? Margaretta started—it seemed as if her apprehensive bosom comprehended, in a single instant, the agonizing intelligence which she was about to receive. She continued, however, silent, while urged by necessity, I reluctantly proceeded—There is a duty incumbent upon parents, towards their children, and from the moment of their birth they are bound to every possible exertion, which they can rationally suppose will contribute to their *real felicity*. Upon Margaretta Hamilton claims of this sort will soon be multiplied, and the probability is, that a long train of sons and daughters will rise up and call her blessed. Margaretta will not surely be found deficient in her maternal character; the expenses attendant upon the education of young people, their advancement in life, establishment, &c. how quickly will they succeed. It is happy, that when a single means of acquiring property fails, there are others which present.

The ocean opens its hospitable arms to the unfortunate man, from whom every other resource is cut off; while the dangers, supposed peculiarly incident to a seafaring life are in reality chimeras, calculated only to appal persons unaccustomed to reflect. Those who acknowledge the superintendence of Providence, the existence of Deity, if they ascribe to him those powers and properties which are essential to the being of a God, must acknowledge, that his protecting arm is, upon all occasions, stretched forth; that he can preserve upon the mighty waters with the same facility with which he upholdeth the dweller upon the land. The truth is, we are immortal until the separating warrant passes the great seal of Heaven; and, the breath arrested by a designation so inevitable, no arrangement can
redress.

redeem. I flatter myself, my beloved Margaretta, that your mind, equal, energetic, and considerate, would not suffer itself to be over much depressed, should the vicissitudes of life produce contingencies, unavoidably condemning you to a few months absence from Mr. Hamilton; two or three voyages might perhaps entirely retrieve his affairs, and you would ever after have the satisfaction to reflect that you had contributed every thing in your power; every thing which fortitude and uniform exertions could achieve, in order to re-instate your Edward in that independence to which he was born. I was proceeding—but I had not been sufficiently cautious. My daughter, during my harangue, frequently changed colour; the lily and the rose seemed to chase each other upon her now mantling, and now pallid cheek; she trembled excessively; and upon my particular application to her, the agitation of her bosom, becoming insupportable, she sunk breathless into the arms of that passionately beloved, and truly afflicted husband, who hastened to prevent her fall.

“My God!” exclaimed Hamilton, “it is too much; restore, compose, and soothe this suffering angel, too often exercised by pangs of so severe a nature; and do, with a wretch who hath betrayed and undone her, whatever seemeth to thee good.”

Mary and Serafina soon recalled the fleeting spirit of the lovely mourner. Hamilton once more knelt before her, and the copious tears, with which he bedewed the hand that he alternately pressed to his bosom and to his lips, called forth a mingling stream from the eyes of the beauteous sufferer. The scene was inexpressively tender, but the humid drops upon the face of my daughter annihilated at least one half of my fears upon her account. “And can you, Sir,” in a tremulous accent she exclaimed—“can you condemn my Edward to bondage, perhaps to irretrievable slavery?” What means my love? “Ah, Sir! do you not recollect British depredations? Do you not recollect the ruthless and unrelenting rigour of that
“fate

"fate which awaits the captive, doomed to wear out a
 "wretched life under the galling yoke of an Algerine
 "despot? Might I but have been spared at this time!
 "might a step so fatal to my peace, at least have been
 "deferred, until the face of affairs wore, to the poor,
 "desolate, and exiled voyager, a more confirmed af-
 "fect, I think I could have acquiesced." For a mo-
 ment she paused; sighs, expressive of the deepest
 anguish, burst from her bosom. Again she resumed—
 "Gracious Heaven! what an extensive and wide
 "spreading error hath my early indiscretion proved!
 "and perhaps its cruel consequences will follow me to
 "the latest period of my existence! *Had I waited the*
 "*parental sanction, ere I lent an ear to a wretch, prac-*
 "*tised in the arts of deception;* had I not blindly and
 "precipitately given the reins to reprehensible inclina-
 "tion, I should never have listened to the pernicious
 "voice of adulation; the faithful heart of my Edward
 "would not have received a corroding wound; he
 "would not have been impelled to a voluntary banish-
 "ment; he would never have had recourse to an ex-
 "pedient, which hath too surely involved in ruin my
 "terrestrial hopes! Forgive me, O my parents! for-
 "give me, O thou best of men! and thou sleeping
 "innocent, forgive, O forgive thy wretched mother!
 "It is now indeed that Margareta is completely un-
 "done!"

I was immeasurably affected; yet I knew that my
 daughter would soon become capable of reasoning.
 She possesses, in an uncommon degree, the power of
 accurately discussing points, in which she is the most
 deeply interested; but altogether unprepared for the
 present calamity, reason had been violently forced
 from the helm, and we unitedly endeavoured to re-
 store her to that reflection, to which we well knew she
 was eminently adequate. The soothing of unques-
 tioned friendship are the sweetest solace; they yield a
 balm which is endowed with the sovereign power of
 mitigation, and they are a consolation in almost every
 sorrow. It was necessary to bend the mind of Mar-
 garetta

garetta to our purpose, and a few hours accomplished our wishes ; gradually we opened our plan ; the saw the propriety of every arrangement ; the necessity for the steps we had taken, and the idea, then first held up, of the possibility that the time was not far distant, which might legally immure her Hamilton within the walls of a prison, produced the expected effect. Waving her snowy hand with peerless grace, she pressed it upon her closed lips, and bowing her afflicted head, thus tacitly gave that expressive, although melancholy assent, of which, from the beginning, considering the justness of her way of thinking, we had made ourselves sure. Two days, as I said, only remained, and they were marked by a deeper sorrow, than any which had yet pierced the bosom of my daughter ! It will not be doubted, that we called into action every motive which could give energy and firmness to her feelings ; yet, while pensive resignation dwelt upon her lips, her altered countenance and debilitated frame evinced the struggles of her soul. It was a trial upon which she had never reckoned ; in every event, she had calculated upon the supporting presence of her husband, and that she was thus unprepared for the stroke, must apologize for the agonized emotions with which she submitted to the blow ! The evening at length arrived, which we conceived destined to usher in the morning, upon which our adventurer was to depart for a neighbouring town, in order to his embarkation, and its progress was noted by the heart-felt sighs of corroding anguish.

But just at this juncture, unfortunately, as I then imagined, our Federal Government interposed the late embargo, and joy once more mantled upon the cheek of Mrs. Hamilton. Thus it is, we submit to necessity ; we are convinced of the utility of certain arrangements, and we are constrained, by conviction, to yield our assent to events which, nevertheless, pierce the bosom with the barbed arrows of affliction : Yet, if any interposing hand breaks the order to which we had reluctantly submitted ; if we are conscious that we

have no how aided in producing the incident ; if we have, in every respect, acted up to our duty, we seem to forget the good we had expected ; we rejoice in a change, which emancipates us from those sorrows we had imposed upon ourselves ; we seem to have attained the goal of felicity ; and, for a little moment, we become unmindful of those compulsory considerations, which had urged the application of a remedy, acknowledged indispensably requisite. Margaretta, notwithstanding the good sense of which she is mistress—
notwithstanding the remonstrances of reason—not only regarded the embargo as a reprieve, but involuntarily breathed her wishes for its continuance ; and I produce it as an irrefragable fact, that our country contains not a single partizan, whose bosom glowed with more ill-advised zeal, for the extension or renewal of this same embargo. The 25th instant, however, arrived—it passed—the fleet and welcome footsteps of no new commissioned express gladdened the ear of impetuosity.—and the embargo expired—Hamilton was again on the eve of his departure. Yesterday, exactly at one o'clock, we were assembled in the dining parlour. This very morning was to have witnessed the agonized moment of separation—and melancholy dejection brooded in the countenance of Margaretta.

My servant, a man whom I have loved for these forty years, entered :—" A stranger, Sir, is importunate to see you." Admit him, by all means. Margaretta was hastening from the parlour ; she was solicitous to hide her grief from the observation of the uninterested ; but the stranger was close upon the heels of the servant, and not being able to make her escape, she withdrew to the window.

The gentleman, the stranger, I say, entered ; upon his features were imprinted the strongest marks of perturbed and tender anxiety ; and, moreover, they were features with which I was confident I had long been familiar, although, for my soul, I could not recollect at what time, or in what place, they had met my view. He, however, fixing his inquiring eyes, with impatient solicitude,

solicitude, on the face of my wife, and drawing up a heavy sigh, thus laconically apologized :

"Excuse me, Madam, excuse me, Sir—but my feelings disdain ceremony." The scrutiny under which the countenance of Mary passed, was soon performed ; and Miss Clifford next engaged the attention of a man, who, but for the benign ascendancy, which, amid the most tumultuous agitation I had ever witnessed, was still conspicuous in his countenance, I should have concluded, entirely deprived of reason.

"You are lovely," he exclaimed, addressing Miss Clifford, "but you are not the angel—at least, I think you are not—of whom I am in pursuit.—Tell me, Mr. Vigillius ; tell me, ye incomparable pair ! ye who have still continued the matchless guardians of my long lost and unceasingly lamented Margaretta, what apartment in this happy dwelling contains my only surviving treasure ?" Margaretta, who had sought to hide her sorrow-marked visage from the gaze of a stranger, now, lost in astonishment, mechanically turning from the window, presented to his view her tearful face ; she caught a glance, and, faintly shrieking, would have sunk upon the floor, had not the stranger, whom we now regarded with a kind of indignant horror, snatched her to his embrace ! Our resentment, however, soon gave place to all these enraptured emotions, which the accession of high and unexpected felicity originates in the bosom, when, in a voice expressive of paternal tenderness, of paternal transport, he soothingly said—

"Compose yourself, my lovely, my admirable, my inimitable child ! It is a father's arms that are at length permitted to enfold his long lost Margaretta, ! ! ! Arbuthnot, thou shalt no more invade my rights ; it is again given me to possess my child, and all her beauteous mother stands confest ! Saint-ed spirit—this hour shall render thy elysian still more blessed !"

Margaretta shrunk not from his embraces : Strange as it may appear, her agitated spirit did not entirely suspend

suspend its functions; and while she seemed, in the arms of the stranger, an almost lifeless corse, her lips yet moved, and every charming feature received an extatic kind of ejaculatory impression.

Among the trinkets belonging to her mother, which had come into her possession on the death of Mrs. Arbuthnot, was a miniature picture of her father: Perhaps there was not a single day, on which she did not gaze with filial devotion upon this picture. It was a striking likeness; and, by its general contour, her mind was strongly impressed. Hence the effect produced, by a single glance at the original; and it was a frequent observation of this picture, that occasioned the confused recollection, for which, upon the first appearance of the stranger, I was at a loss to account.

It cannot be matter of wonder, that at an interview so astonishingly interesting, not an individual retained that self-command, so requisite to common forms: At length, however, recollection resumed, in a degree, its office. Mary conducted Mrs. Hamilton to a sofa, when, a flood of tears unlocking for her the powers of utterance, with a look of profound and dignified veneration, she quitted her seat, and suddenly kneeling before the honoured man, in this devotional attitude, with clasped hands, and in broken accents, she perturbedly questioned—"Art thou a spirit blest—dispatched from Heaven's high court to soothe thy sorrowing child?—or art thou indeed my father? Hast thou never tasted death? and, if thou hast not, by what miracle didst thou escape those tremendous waves, which we have supposed commissioned for thy destruction?" Mr. Melworth, forsooth, to say it was he, his very self, raised his kneeling child, and again clasping her to his paternal bosom, in strains of exquisite tenderness, affectionately replied—

"Be comforted, my love; be composed, my heart's best treasure; I am indeed thy father. At a proper time, thou shalt be made acquainted with every particular; and, in the interim, as I have been informed of thy embarrassed circumstances, know, that
"riches,

"riches, more than thou canst want, are in my gift. Thou shalt introduce me to thy worthy husband. I am apprized of the whole of thy sweetly interesting story; and thy happiness shall, if possible, be equal to thy merit." Margaretta, wild with transport, now raised her eyes and hands to Heaven, and the most extravagant and incoherent expressions of joy were upon her lips. "Then he shall not go," she exclaimed—"Avaunt, ye brooding fiends, that hover round the land of murder!—ye shall not intercept the virtuous career of Hamilton—ye shall not presume to manacle those hands that have, a thousand times, been stretched forth to wipe the tear from the face of sorrow—Avaunt, ye hell-born fiends!—Angels, united for his destruction, shall not detain him; for lo, a blessed father descends from heaven, to save his well near sinking Margaretta!"

Edward, who, from the entrance of Mr. Melworth, had remained, as it were, entranced, or petrified by astonishment, roused by his fears for the reason of Margaretta, now coming forward, prostrated himself at the feet of Mr. Melworth. No one possessed sufficient composure to introduce him—nor was this necessary; the strong sensations which pervaded his almost bursting heart, inscribing upon every manly and expressive feature, veneration, joy, gratitude, and apprehension, emphatically pointed him out, and rendered a doubt impossible.

But why continue a scene, which may, *perhaps*, be conceived, but which words can never delineate? Our mutual congratulations; our mutual expressions of felicity; the best affections of which humanity is capable; the most rapturous sensations of delight; these were all in course—and these were all afloat; and I will only add, that Edward will not proceed on his voyage—that Margaretta is happy—that every creditor shall be amply satisfied; and I hereby advertise—let them produce their several claims; they shall receive to the last farthing, yea, and liberal interest too. Seymour—generous Seymour!—if this Magazine shall reach thee,

thee, before thou hearest from thy friend, know, that the hour of thy emancipation is at hand, and that a full reward awaiteth thee, for all the munificent deeds which thou hast so munificently devised.

And, gentle reader, for thy consolation, I give thee my word and honour, that the very next Gleaner, by recounting to thee every particular, relative to Mr. Melworth, which shall come to my knowledge, shall, if it is within the compass of my power, amply gratify a curiosity, which thou needest not hesitate to own, and which I should have been mortified in the extreme, not to have excited.

N^o. XXIX.

The deed of worth is register'd on high,
Own'd and approv'd in worlds beyond the sky—
Nor only so—we feel an answering glow,
Which but the virtuous action can bestow;
Nor these alone—an earnest oft is given,
Immediate good—the award of righteous Heaven.

THE author, who leaves nothing to the imagination of his readers, is frequently accused of blameable arrogance; and it is often asserted that, puffed up by an over-weening self-conceit, he vainly supposes, that the germ of fancy can flourish no where but in the soil of his own wonderful pericranium.

Now, as the fact is, that I am anxiously solicitous to avoid every occasion of offence, I shall (taking into consideration the feelings of sensibility, and properly influenced by an idea of the ingenuity which is its accompaniment) wave the description of those delightful sensations, which, in rapturous succession, were the natural appendages of the introduction of the father of Margaretta. The extatic fondness with which he hung upon the accents of his daughter—the mingling pleasures and regrets—the big emotions which surprised his soul, as he traced each lovely feature—those well-known features, which exhibited to his view a beau-
teous.

teous transcript of those that he had early learned to admire in the face of her departed mother—the exquisite sensations with which he traced the kindred lineaments—comparing them separately and collectively with a miniature of his lady, which he wore in his bosom, and which might have passed for an exact copy of Mrs. Hamilton—the glowing expressions of paternal tenderness, with which he folded the little William to his bosom—the marked approbation, unequivocally demonstrated toward every movement of the husband of his Margaretta—the manly and complacent regards that he bestowed upon Miss Clifford—the sweet incense of expansive and immeasurable praise, that he addressed to me, styling me the saviour, the benefactor, the genuine father of his poor orphan girl—the elevated regards, short only of adoration, which he devoted to my dear Mary—those charming effusions, consisting in expressive looks, broken words, and unambiguous gestures; effusions which were the spontaneous growth of uncommon felicity, the reciprocity of exquisite satisfaction which we abundantly inhaled—All this, and whatever else the soul of sensibility can conceive, gladly do I refer to the glowing mind of the *feeling sentimentalist*; and I do hereby invest imagination, in the utmost latitude of its powers, with full scope; it is impossible it can paint too high; language is indeed insufficient, and the most vivid tints of fancy can alone pourtray.

Nay, gentle reader, I take upon me to assert, that however elaborately thou mayest finish thy picture, after thou has bestowed upon it thy last touches, it may, after all, fall vastly short of the original; and, right sorry am I, that my powers are so circumscribed, as to render it impossible for me to place it in its genuine lustre before thee. But, finite efforts, being doomed to submit to a necessity, the effects of which it must ever be unavailing to lament; we will, without further preamble, proceed in our narration. And here I would not have thee conceive, that I am so unreasonable as to condemn thee to the drudgery of accounting for the sudden

sudden appearance of Mr. Melworth, nor can I consent, that, setting me down as a descendant of Merlin, thou shouldst place in my hand the magic wand; invest me with the powers of incantation, the gift of working miracles, or, of summoning "*spirits from the vasty deep*." No, believe me, I am no conjurer, and the better to banish every idea of a supernatural interposition, I hasten to bring forward the promised facts. Imagine then, that the tumultuous and perturbed sensations of ungovernable transport, which were consequent upon the late developement, are succeeded by that kind of satisfaction which is the result of high complacency in the present, and the most agreeable anticipations of the future; or by that state of tranquillity, which must always be considered as a desirable substitute for the hurricane of the passions, whatever may be the magnitude of the event which produced it. The extreme of joy and sorrow, originating commotions as destructive to the order of the mental system, as the uprooting storm to the apparent harmony of the natural world; the mild and equal disposition cannot but regard as a relief, the regular succession of events. Imagine that our happy circle is retired to the little apartment sacred to sentimental pleasures; to that apartment, upon which the step of inconsiderate levity, or indifference, obtrudeth not. Margaretta is seated between her enraptured father, and that husband, who experiences for her exemplary worth, with every rising hour, augmenting admiration and new esteem. Mary, Serafina and myself, complete the group, and Mr. Melworth, pressing the hand of Mrs. Hamilton, thus commences his interesting communications.

"I observed, my dear, the sweet blush that tinged thy lovely cheek, upon my mentioning in terms of reprehension, the name of Mrs. Arbuthnot; yet you must allow for the feelings of a desolate father—but for her unforgiving and obdurate spirit, the probability is, that your angelic mother would, at this delightful moment, have partook, and doubled all those exquisitely charming sensations, which swell a parent's
bosom,

bosom, and which present such an ample compensation for every evil. From the hour which blessed me with the hand of my Margaretta, she continued sedulously intent on procuring a reconciliation with her sister; for the companion of her youth the sigh of her bosom still arose, and while the utter improbability of obtaining her wishes embittered our most pleasurable moments, her intense and unavailing solicitude visibly impaired her health!

"I flattered myself that the period which gave thee, my love, to her arms, would supply that void in her heart, which, however ardent the attachment of your sex to the man of their choice may be, such is the delicacy of the female mind, a tender and respectable *female friend* can alone fill. Your mother, my dear, was early left an orphan. Her sister had for a long period reigned supreme in her bosom. Fate presented her not a Mrs. Vigillius; goodness so unexampled is not the growth of every clime; neither was a Serafina Clifford contained in the circle of her connexions. Yet, as I had hoped, the birth of her daughter opened a source of new and exhaustless pleasure; and when she clasped her lovely infant to her bosom, she forgot, for a moment, her sister; but memory, too faithful to its office, officiously presented the mirror.—"Dear implacable Henrietta!" she exclaimed, "why wilt thou stand aloof? why wilt thou refuse to heighten the transports of this delicious period? Thy presence, thy sanction would indeed add a completion to my felicity, which would mark me the most blessed of women!

"The novelty, however, the soft endearments, the thousand nameless perturbations, and tender interest of the maternal character, were powerful alleviations, and the tranquillity of the mother was in a measure restored. Eighteen halcyon months revolved, when fate, as if envious of our felicity, presented me with a prospect of obtaining great emolument, by engaging on board a ship bound for the East-Indies. I was flattered by the idea of obtaining for my Margaretta and her infant, an elegant independence, and that resolution

which became the superstructure of a basis so proper and so deeply laid, could not be easily shaken. Margaretta, while she acknowledged the eligibility of my plan, shrunk from its execution. Her tenderly apprehensive bosom foreboded a thousand evils. Yet the heroism of her character can never be too much admired.

"Go, my Charles"—with emotions of tender and unutterable agony, she exclaimed—"since it must be so, go!—and may the upholding hand of Heaven be, in every event, thy never-failing support!" Repeatedly she fobbed out the convulsed and agonizing adieu, while ingenious in inventions to retard my departure, she pressed me to her throbbing heart. "Oh! my love," in broken accents she whispered, "if we meet again, we shall then be happy. But alas! alas!" she could not add. Yet still her clasped hands and streaming eyes continued to supplicate the protection of that God, on whom her firm reliance was invariably placed. I was inexpressibly moved. My soul was little less tempested; yet the splendour of my prospects, my previous arrangements, my pledged honour, all urged me on; and, by one violent effort, I tore myself from the most beloved of women! Our mutual sufferings may be regarded as a prediction of the fatal event. It was decreed that we never more should meet! Propitious gales attended the first part of our voyage, and I had begun to anticipate the rich harvest that a few painful seasons would enable me to lay at the feet of my heart's best treasure.

"We had already doubled the southern extremity of the great continent of Africa, commonly called the Cape of Good Hope; and, shaping our course north-east to the continent of India, we were proceeding with all dispatch—when, lo! on a sudden, the frowning atmosphere gathered darkness; dreadfully portentous the winds of heaven arose. Waves beat on waves frightfully tempestuous. The tumultuous ocean seemed to lash the contending skies. Louder and louder the destructive whirlwinds bellowed round

Hoarse

Hoarse thunders roared terrific peals succeeding peals. The heavens poured forth a deluge of rain, and the forked lightnings were all abroad. Surrounded on every side by the tremendous world of waters, assistance was impossible—no asylum presented. The seaman's art was in vain, and death, in its most shocking form, appeared inevitable. But to describe the horrors of our situation is beyond the reach of language. In the latitude in which we then were, there is a large ridge of rocks, they are pointed out in most of our sea charts; but if our pilot was aware of them, it was not in his power to avoid them; they accelerated that fate which, imagining the ship might live many hours, I had not so speedily expected; and, bilging instantly upon one of those rocks, a second stroke severed her in twain! The shrieks of the mariners were shocking beyond expression. How long they survived, or what efforts they made, I am not able to say; for, seizing a part of a shattered raft, upon which, floating at the mercy of the winds, and waves, while I momentarily expected dissolution, I commended my spirit to that God whose protection and whose favour I had never ceased to invoke.

“And how many of the children of men have been constrained to ask, What circumstances are beyond the reach of Omnipotence?” *He who holdeth in the hollow of his hand, the great deep*, suddenly hushed the winds; and, driven upon a small uninhabited island, my first sensations, it will not be doubted, spontaneously issued in the most grateful orisons to the God of my life, who had thus graciously interposed for my preservation. But soon the image of my Margaretta, clothed in the habiliments of immeasurable woe, harrowed up my soul; her forlorn and helpless situation—her unprotected infant!—My God! madness was in the thought. I was on the point of again plunging into that ocean from which I had so recently escaped; but the good hand of upholding Deity still prevented me, and was still my shield. Gradually the heavens resumed a serene aspect; my mind too became astonishingly

ingly calm ; and, drying the only vestments which now remained to me upon a sun-beat rock, whose craggy sides received the most intense rays of that luminary, beneath the foliage of a sheltering tree I stretched my weary limbs. Sleep spread over me its downy mantle, and I obtained a temporary oblivion of those lacerating reflections, with which succeeding hours, in dreadful order, appalled my sinking spirits.

"Necessity compelled me to search out the good, if any remained, which was yet within my grasp. At the salutary stream I slaked my thirst ; the nutritious berry, zested by hunger, afforded me a delicious repast, and by one soothing hope I was still buoyed up : I traced unequivocal vestiges of the human step—ships, I was positive, had recently touched there—I might yet recognize my fellow-man—I might yet be borne to my native isle. Despair, however, too often gained the ascendancy, and at such intervals, inexpressible anguish overwhelmed my soul. But it is impossible to paint the unequalled calamities of his situation, who is thus circumstanced. Even the glowing imagination of a Thomson could only sketch them. Yet, not a revolving hour but heard me, to the listening echo, repeat—

"Unhappy he ! who from the first of joys,
 "Society, cut off, is left alone
 "Amid this world of death. Day after day,
 "Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
 "And views the main that ever toils below ;
 "Ships, dim discover'd, dropping from the clouds ;
 "At evening to the setting sun he turns
 "A mournful eye, and down his *dying heart*
 "Sinks hopeless ; while the *wonted roar* is up,
 "And his continual through the tedious night."

But forever blessed be the all-gracious Disposer of events ! the term of my sufferings was cut short. It was the employment of my first rational moment, after I had been thrown upon the island, to make, with a part of my clothing, a signal of distress. Upon a prominent angle ascended a small acclivity, on the summit of which stood the tall trunk of a tree, that contending

contending storms had stripped of its branches. To this disrobed trunk I contrived to fasten the beacon of my distress, and I consecrated it, with many supplications to Him who was alone able to save.

"The morning of the fifth day (after I had so providentially escaped the waves) broke divinely serene. An amazing continuity was outstretched before me. With folded arms, and an aching heart, I contemplated the extensive main. The frightful solitude, the awful stillness to which I was condemned, arose dreadfully terrific to my soul. I threw abroad my anxiously-inquiring gaze; a cloud seemed to gather at a distance.—It is not a cloud—What can it be?—Swiftly it approaches—Great God! is it possible?—Saviour of sinners! it is, indeed, the white sails of a Heaven directed bark!—It is bending toward me!—Ah! it recedes, and my bounding spirit dies within me!

"Again, however, its altered course bore rapidly down upon my desolate abode. The insignia of calamity reared not in vain its petitioning head. The necessary arrangements were made. The boat was manned. My heart leaped exulting; it was too big for its prison. My tongue refused utterance, while, with that commiserating cordiality, which seamen know so well to practise, and which is a characteristic trait of their order, I was received on board the ship. To complete my joy, the captain and crew were English. The captain was a humane and venerable man, who had numbered more than threescore years: A shower of tears relieved my bursting heart. I told my tale of woe, and he regarded me with even paternal goodness. Few know how to respect the unfortunate; inestimable are the soothing of benevolence to the children of adversity.

"A tedious voyage was now to be performed; and although a proper sense of the divine interposition in my favour, forbid every murmur, yet a recurrence to those pangs which I well knew would lacerate the gentle bosom of her my soul held most dear, could not fail of pointing the keenest arrows of affliction! Ten long

months (dating from the time of my departure) performed their tedious round, ere the white cliffs of Albion again met my longing gaze. With what extacy did I leap upon the strand. To the parent soil I lowly bent my head; with filial lips I kissed the kindred turf, and my bounding spirit, struggling with its mingling sensations, poured forth the rapt orisons of a shipwrecked, exiled, rescued, and restored man! On the wings of speed I hastened to my native village; to that village which I supposed contained my only treasure. But what became of me, when, posting to the apartments of Margaretta, I found them occupied by strangers!—Yet, hope still whispered she had removed to some other abode; and I hastened to the dwelling of a friend, from whom I learned the sum of my misfortunes!!

“You are, my friends, acquainted with the feelings of the heart. Every feature in your expressive countenances are vouchers of your sensibility—Why should I aim at delineation!

“When to the height of hopeless sorrow wrought,

“The fainting spirit feels a pang of thought,

“Which, never painted in the hues of speech,

“Lives at the soul, and mocks expression’s reach.”

“I drop the curtain over a train of succeeding ills; sickness, loss of reason, comfortless calamities!

“Mrs. Arbuthnot, when she accompanied her husband to Ireland, bore my child with her. My aged, widowed mother, gently remonstrated. My supposed death, and the demise of Margaretta, had centered her every remaining wish in the little prattler. Mrs. Arbuthnot plead the dying injunctions and bequest of her sister. This was decisive. The regulations suggested by the everlastingly absent should be deemed inviolably sacred, and my mother with floods of unavailing tears submitted. A few painful weeks devoted to heartfelt regret, had succeeded a separation judged unavoidable, when my unfortunate mother received a line from Mrs. Arbuthnot, acquainting her that the little Margaretta was no more. This proved a finishing

ing stroke. So many calamities, in such swift succession, treading upon the heels of each other, brought down the grey hairs of my aged parent with sorrow to the grave. Could she have been spared to have witnessed the returning footsteps of the son of her youth, a gleam of joy would have diffused its genial and solacing influence over her parting spirit. But Heaven decreed otherwise, and she closed a life, the sorrows of which had accumulated with every added moment! What could induce Mrs. Arbuthnot to pen a misrepresentation, calculated to pierce with so keen a shaft the bosom of an aged and sorrow worn sufferer, I can only conjecture. Probably she might be influenced by her plan of passing the child for her own; or, she might imagine that my mother, being invested with the rights of a parent, would again demand the child, should the contingencies, peculiar to a soldier's life, remove Captain Arbuthnot (whom it was well known she determined to follow) to a remote or foreign destination; and it may be presumed that she made up the matter in her own mind, by a consideration that if she returned her niece to our village, the extreme age of my mother, would soon leave her destitute of every natural guide.

“For me, after a long and debilitating fever, obtaining a state of convalescence,—youth, and a constitution uncommonly good, soon completed my restoration. The same interest which had before placed me on board an East-India ship, procured me a second employment. I made several successful voyages. I accumulated riches; and at length saw myself possessed of affluence. But alas! tranquillity was not in the gift of affluence. In the variety by which I was surrounded my heart took no interest; and it refused to acknowledge a second attachment. Yet I determined, to regulate my feelings by the dictates of fortitude, and to bend my wayward spirit to a state of acquiescence in the designation of that God who ruleth in the heavens. I became a citizen of the world; and, considering myself born for the universal family, and for the emolument

emolument of my fellow men, I industriously made the most of every acquisition. Under the influence of this sentiment I proceeded in the career of life ; and if my path produced not those high scented perfumes, of which the exquisite succession of domestic enjoyments is susceptible, I was, notwithstanding, so far favoured, as to obtain a degree of composure. Thus rolled on succeeding years, until upon an uncommon fine night, three months since, feeling no disposition to retire to my chamber, I felt constrained to devote an hour to a contemplative walk, and after having strolled some moments upon the road-side, I bent my steps toward St. George's fields, where, experiencing an unusual kind of perturbation, with folded arms, and raised eyes, I continued my desultory aberration.

" Methought the shade of my Margaretta accompanied my steps : The ample heavens, the starry luminaries, the full orb'd moon, the blue expanse ; these all combined to image the beauteous form of her, on whom fond remembrance still regretting dwelt.

" An association of ideas gave birth to a wish, to pass some moments beside a sketch of those waters, on which, bidding an eternal adieu to the injured sufferer, I had heretofore cruelly embarked ; and toward Westminster bridge I rapidly took my way, which having reached, with an expedition for which I could not account, I descended the steps of the landing place ; but no sooner had I put my foot upon the third stair than an unusual dash of the waters of the Thames, for which the stillness of the night rendered it impossible to assign a reason, still further accelerated my movements. I halted forward, and was only in time to seize by his garments, an unfortunate man, who had plunged into the stream, with the unwarrantable purpose of putting a period to his existence. I remonstrated against the atrocious audacity of the deed that he had well near perpetrated, in terms expressive of the horror which it inspired. For a time he preserved an indignant kind of silence ; and when he deigned to utter himself, he breathed only expressions of resentment,

for.

for what he termed my officious interposition. It was manifest that his reason was disordered; and pity grew in my soul. I addressed him in the language of commiseration, and he gradually became softened and communicative.

"Generous stranger," he exclaimed, "I give thee no mark of confidence in the brief recital, which as an apology for my supposed rashness, your apparent commiseration demands. To him, who is resolved on death, the disclosure of secrets which affect only himself, can be of little importance. Know then, that, born to affluence, I was bred a gentleman. Know also, that, pursuing my pleasures in a neighbouring kingdom, I saw and loved a beautiful woman. I wooed and won her. Her parents were no more; but her brethren, her sisters, a numerous family, her fortune, her country, her religion—all these she forsook, and fled with me to our Albion coast. Indiscretion and misfortunes have robbed me of every penny which I possessed. I have no means of obtaining the common necessities of life; the few articles of which I have not yet disposed, will not discharge the debts already contracted. Those flatterers, who basked in the sunshine of my fortune, have now utterly forsaken me. My wife, my beloved wife, and her helpless children, are reduced to the last extremity. I have left no means untried, by which I could presume upon relief; but every effort hath proved ineffectual, and I have now quitted my Almira, with an expressed hope, for which, alas! there is no foundation. She will expect me with the returning sun; but she will no more behold me. I can no longer exist a witness of those ills, of which I have been the wretched cause!" Need I add, that I was eager to speak, to this son of sorrow, the words of consolation? Considering myself as the banker of the unfortunate, his draught upon me was indisputable; and the rays of night's fair empress, lent a light sufficiently strong, to evince the authenticity of its characters.

"I accompanied my new claimant, now incredulous, and now frantic with joy, to his dwelling: I had determined,

terminated to keep guard the remainder of the night. We entered softly. His little family had retired to rest. I insisted that he should instantly speak peace to his beloved. I insisted that he should not revisit the parlour, until the rising sun should enable me to commence my proposed arrangements. I will repose, said I, in this easy chair; or here are books, with which I may amuse myself. Awed by that tone of authority which I had assumed, with looks of astonishment, and the most profound obeisance, he left me; and sleep being beyond my reach, I endeavoured to obtain sufficient composure to amuse myself by reading. I turned over the books—it would not do. A new and painful kind of agitation hurried my spirits; at length a parcel of Magazines seized my attention. I glanced confusedly upon the bundle. The Massachusetts Magazine caught my eye—an *American production*—curiosity was enlisted; I opened one and another; an irresistible impulse still urged me on; the first page of the Magazine for March, 1792, arrested my eye—"Bless me, cried *Margaretta*,"—you will recollect, Sir, that you thus commenced the enchanting narrative.

"The appellation *Margaretta* vibrated interestingly upon my ear; it was the sweet talisman of a thousand mingling sensations; no power on earth could have prevented my reading on. I accompanied you in your journey to South-Carolina, and I entered with you the city of Charleston. The little *Margaretta's* tap at the door possessed a fascinating power—the introduction of the lovely cherub penetrated my very soul; I waited impatiently for the issue; I attended at the bed of death—but, great and good God! what were my sensations when I heard from the lips of Mrs. Arbuthnot, the well known story of my *Margaretta's* sufferings—when I learned that the dear pledge of our sacred loves was yet alive! when I recognized her in the person of the little petitioner—when I became assured that she had been received by such protectors! I shrieked aloud, wrung my hands, wept, laughed, prostrated myself in adoration of a preserving
God—

God—traversed up and down the apartment, until, at length impelled by perturbed anxiety, I was constrained to trace my daughter's wondrous fortune through the various Magazines, which, until the close of the month of November last, presented themselves in order before me. How did my full soul bless her god-like benefactors! During the connexion with Courtland, the most tumultuous agitations tempested my bosom; but the catastrophe, I conceived, gave her honoured guardians a title to almost divine honours. Again I became a prey to all those agonizing fears which can lacerate a father's heart. Even of Miss Clifford, I must confess, that I was not a little suspicious. My feelings against thee, my son, were replete with indignation; and I bestowed upon thy supposed inconstancy a parent's malediction. But November presented the extatic éclaircissement. I saw that nothing was wanting, but what I possessed abundant ability to supply; and, in broken and almost frantic ejaculations, I sobbed out my gratitude. The dawn at length broke. Memorable, ever memorable night! Never, never can I be forgetful of the events which thou produced!

“An early hour presented the now not despairing Altamont. He led his Almira by the hand. I had cautioned him not to shock the delicacy of her feelings, by a recital of the extremity to which he had been precipitated; and he had been discreet enough to follow my advice. He had simply informed her that Heaven had sent him a friend, and this information had proved sufficient to excite the most lively emotions. Altamont began a speech expressive of his gratitude; but I cut him short, by decisively pronouncing, that fate had ordained me eternally his debtor. My disordered countenance, and the energy of my manner, alarmed him; and he in his turn became doubtful of *my* reason. I gave him, however, a simple relation of facts. I held up the divine pages. Had I not met thee; had I not consented to deliver to thee that dividend of our common Father's interest, with
which

which he has entrusted me for thy behoof, I had not met these blessed records; I had not received intelligence, which hath communicated to my soul immeasurable felicity. *Thus amply hath our God rewarded me for designing an act of common justice.*

"Grateful tears of rapture, it will not be doubted, we mingled. Every thing was speedily adjusted to the complete satisfaction of Altamont and his Almira. With the first ship, I embarked for America. The name of Colonel Worthington, of New-Haven, was my clue; and I bore with me the heaven inspired Magazines. From Colonel Worthington I learned every necessary particular. I was told, my son, of your intended voyage, of the consequent anguish of my daughter's soul. I bless God that I am in time to prevent its prosecution. Every individual shall receive his dues; that good young man, your *forbearing friend*, the benevolent Seymour—every one shall be happy!"

Unwilling to leave the curiosity of the reader ungratified, during the tardy revolution of another month, I have felt myself necessitated to curtail the narrative of Mr. Melworth. Many useful observations are omitted. The frequent interruption, breaks, and pauses, occasioned by the susceptibility of Mrs. Hamilton, and the agitation of her father; the unbounded and venerating gratitude of Edward; and the combining admiration, and rapt felicity of our whole party; all this was in course, and to every thing of this sort, I must repeat, that the silently expressive touches of that vivid pencil, which is found in the glowing hand of fancy, can alone do justice.

Already our young people have resumed their elegant family seat. Miss Clifford is still the companion of Margaretta. Amelia Worthington is now a congratulating visitor at Hamilton-Place. Mr. Melworth is for the present a resident in that sweetly romantic mansion; and this very morning, the second day of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-four, witnessing the birth of a daughter to Margaretta, hath seemed to complete our family felicity.

N^o. XXX.

Indulgent nature breathes a plastic glow,
 From which unnumber'd soft endearments flow;
 About the heart her kindred ties she flings,
 And closely twines the sympathetic strings;
 Her silver-cord with touch magnetic draws,
 And yielding minds confess her gen'ral laws.

THE multifarious ligaments which bind families together, being the handy-work of nature, and essentially or closely interwoven with our existence, that shock must be indeed violent, that can burst them asunder. It is true that a long continued series of disobligation may obscure the vivid glow of those images; which nature and habit have impressed upon the intellect. Unkindness is the opaque body, which intercepts the sunny beams of luminous and in-born tenderness; but the eclipse is seldom total, and the cheering influence of affection is frequently invigorated, and often becomes the more transcendent, for the momentary obstruction, by which it seemed well near enveloped.

Surely that heart must be strangely deficient, which the pleasing sensations that are attendant upon the first stage of being, hath not indelibly impressed; and, that mind is unwarrantably implacable, which, intrenched by inexorable inflexibility, is incapable of being roused to the tenderness of recollection; which is not softened by the remonstrances of nature, furnished with arguments, drawn from a series of endearing and substantially beneficial proofs, of a generous attachment. Yet I know there are a variety of combustibles, which although perhaps not radically natives of the human soil, having, however, obtained a growth therein, and once taking fire, it is difficult to say where the conflagration may end. I am aware there are injuries which pride and self estimation, consider as unpardonable. It is a melancholy truth there are obdurate hearts; and, it may be, that the strong winds

of passion may obliterate, or uproot from the bosom every proper sensation of the soul. But granting that the empoisoned plant may become rampant in the rancorous breast, the Gleaner, while engaged in the routine of his profession, hath at no moment bound himself to select the noxious weed; he confesses he is fond of culling the flowers of humanity, and that, with these, as often as may be, he is solicitous to furnish and adorn his page.

To the well regulated mind, the contemplation of family harmony is inexpressibly pleasing. The philanthropic speculator views the little society unalterably attached, bound together by the strong cords of mutual affection, and rising superior to the adverse influence of separate or selfish claims, as a miniature of that vast family of man, which futurity shall see collected under the protecting auspices of a benign and paternal God. Order, unbroken confidence, celestial tenderness, energetic love—in this august assembly, these shall all triumphantly officiate. Peaceful angels shall hover round; discord shall find no entrance there; offences shall be no more; but truth, sky-robed innocence, unimpeached integrity, unblemished virtue, and undeviating holiness, shall be established, *from everlasting to everlasting, and of their dominion there shall be no end.* Yes, it is pleasing to trace the striking resemblance which is exemplified in the animated sketch. Mild, affectionate and judiciously indulgent parents; dutious and confiding sons and daughters; mutually complacent, and unequivocally attached brothers and sisters. The royal bard of Israel, strikingly, feelingly, and poetically delineates the family of love: "*Behold how good, and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.*" Well might the sacred poet summon the aid of a splendid fancy, and arrest the most expressive figures to image the fine effects and pleasing utility of domestic complacency; the rich perfumes which consecrated the anointed priest of the Hebrew tribes, the fertilizing dew descending upon Hermon's verdant summit, and resting with ge-
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nial influence upon the adjacent eminence ; these but shadow forth the sublimity of that union, upon which our God hath commanded a blessing, which originates a dignified and blissful immortality.

Yes, it is pleasing to trace the striking resemblance which is exemplified in the animated sketch. The contemplation of domestic harmony soothes and elevates the mind, and although it is undeniably true, that the philosopher will extend his regards from the little group which constitutes his *relative circle, to friends, to country, to the universe at large, until he commences a citizen of the domain of heaven* ; yet he will not refuse to acknowledge those ardors, those hopes, and those fears, which upon his opening mind, in the white winged hours that marked his dawn of being, were, by the strong hand of nature, irreversibly engraved.

Affection is very properly said to descend ; and it is generally true, that while we venerate with pious duty the authors of our being, while our hearts are warmed for them by love and reverence, we are in the same moment impelled to acknowledge for our offspring, augmented and more energetic tenderness. Nature, it is said, hath implanted these superior and irresistible sensations, for the purpose of nerving our efforts for the preservation and advancement of the infant candidate ; but, be this as it may, in whatever wise regulations it hath originated, the fact is indubitable. Family ties of every description are variously respectable, and variously estimable, in their various departments : I have been lately led to an appreciation of their comparative value by a disquisition on which I was a silent attendant, that aimed at deciding what relative character deserved the preference. The investigation was rather curious than important ; but it served, however, to amuse, during a vacant hour, which might have been worse appropriated.

The attachment of a well informed and tender father, to an amiable and grateful daughter, has been said to resemble that which is experienced by a guardian angel, to the being who is committed to his charge—tender,

—tender, delicate, and divested of all that can debase, the paternal eye regards with immeasurable complacency, his beauteous, his dependent child; and the finest feelings of his soul become embodied. To protect her from every ill he is sedulously attentive; his judicious cautions hover round her inexperienced steps; his protecting arm would present the invulnerable shield; and his auspices are those of wisdom. Ever vigilant, ever upon his guard, to save her, even from the imputation of dishonour, he would consider his life as a comparatively trivial sacrifice. It is true that he is impassioned, but his ardours are those of virtue; his affections are pure, innocent, laudable, elevated, and refined; and, originating in nature, originating in God, they will be perfected in heaven. All this is irrefragably just, and yet I take leave to observe, that the *fraternal* department, when filled by a good and virtuous mind, more exactly answers the ideas which I have indulged, of that attendant cherub, ordained to tread with holy vigils, the destined path of the expecting voyager. In contemplating the character of a father, however beneficial its offices, we can hardly forbear recollecting, that, having produced the being which is cherished, the consequent attachment may be the result of that *selfish principle* which so universally, more or less, actuates the human mind; and, it is, undeniably true, that the operation of a *selfish principle* essentially diminishes the lustre of the most beneficial and exemplary action.

A brother, it hath been divinely observed, is born for adversity; a gentle and confiding female can hardly boast a more agreeable or *disinterested* relation; the general arrangements of nature authorizes a hope, that his protection will continue coeval with her mortal career, and if he fulfils the duties of the fraternal name, he will still continue a natural, patronizing, and consolatory resource. What eye is not charmed by a view of the marked and delicate attention, which is paid by an elegant young man to the gentle and accomplished maiden, who is the daughter of his father and

and of his mother. Grant that opportunities of this kind are extremely rare, the sensations derived therefrom are, nevertheless, in a superior degree, pleasing. The attachment of a brother to a sister, if it is genuine and sincere, if it corresponds with the designation of unadulterated and upright nature, partakes the exquisite delicacies and refinements of love, devoid of its tumultuous caprices, or interested and ungovernable fervors; with ineffable satisfaction it yields that protection, to which nature and education combine to give the sex a claim. It is not stinted in its regards; it is tender, elevated and refined; it is generous and communicable; it is sympathetic and permanent. A true brother unites the duties of the *paternal*, with the more equal, sweet, and social pleasures of the *fraternal* intercourse; the heart of a brother hesitates not to acknowledge the bland, endearing, and indissoluble ties of amity. A true brother is at all times a guardian friend; he rejoiceth in his fraternity; and, I repeat, that his attachment may claim kindred with those sentiments, which are supposed to actuate the tenderly watchful seraph, who, commissioned by the high court of Heaven, enters with the first moment of our existence upon his trust, and fulfils his celestial mission, by attending through every stage of life his progressing charge.

Richardson exhibits the character, proper to a brother, in the most vivid and glowing hues; but if his Grandison originated not in fiction, the portrait doubtless owes many embellishments to the incomparable pen of that inimitable writer. It is a melancholy fact, that eminent virtue, of whatever description, is a gem that the hand of nature, however indulgent, hath too seldom produced. Yet, for the honour of humanity, I cannot deny myself the gratification of affirming that I, at this moment, contemplate *more than one brother* who hath uniformly supported that endearing character. Who, as far as circumstances have called them forth, have amply proved their title to rank in the *same grade* with Richardson's *finely imagined delineation*.

B b 2.

Much.

Much do I regret that I am not authorized to name those fair examples, which, through a course of years, I have been accustomed to admire. But the emblazoning voice of fame might possibly tinge their cheeks with the hue of disapprobation; for it is certainly true, that genuine merit "*Does good by stealth, and blushing finds it fame.*" Yet, if, while sketching the outlines of characters so replete with excellence, their celebrity should induce the finger of perception to point out the living portraits, the Gleaner presumes he ought not to be made responsible for consequences which, by the foreign traits wherewith he hath studiously diversified his descriptions, he hath been solicitous to avoid. It is indubitably an exalted and sublime kind of pleasure which we derive from a view of transcendent worth; and that writer should at least be considered as venial, who, fond of contributing to enjoyments resulting from an unexceptionable source, is careful to collect instances which adorn and elevate his species. A laudable motive is justly admitted as an advocate for the propriety of an action. If it issues pure from the fountain of rectitude, we are not, I have conceived, to be regarded as responsible, for the adventitious mixtures which it may connect, as it winds its course through the murky grounds of opinion, malevolence, misconception or detraction. But, be this as it may, the reflections to which this essay owes its being, have originated in a view of *real life*; and the probability is, that if virtuous, informed and judicious parents were multiplied among us, family attachment would be continued, and individuals, branching out in their several directions, would still, however, reverting to their ancient stock, continue encircled by the bonds of amity. *Character* may some time preserve its ascendancy over *education*; but education will, nevertheless, remain a powerful agent in the formation both of the heart and the manners; and observation convinces us, if the *principals* exhibit the *pattern*, the family will generally be endowed with the *virtues*, the *graces*, and the *elegance of humanity*.

Happy.

Happy in my connexions—I have known many characters highly worthy of imitation. I have known fathers dignified by the integrity of their hearts, the clearness of their understandings, and the humane and indulgent liberality of their sentiments. I have known mothers, who, superior to the *frivolity and want of character*, which is rendered by *education, and subsequent events, peculiarly feminine*, have contributed much to the emolument and elevation of their family. Possessing minds capacious and extensively cultivated, truth seems to receive from their lips additional ornament; they express themselves with elegance, precision, and fluency—their language is the language of propriety, and they add a grace to every sentiment which they utter: the sincerity and candour of their dispositions are equalled only by the frankness which is conspicuous in the manners, and gentleman-like deportment of their respectable coadjutors in the voyage of life, and all their plans for the regulation of those who are entrusted to their care, are marked by wisdom and unanimity.

From such parents we expect a result happy for the individuals immediately under their tuition, and auspicious to society at large. They will early endeavour to endow the minds of those sons and daughters, whom they rear to maturity, with the fortitude so necessary in the voyage of life; they will fashion in the opening mind a disposition which will teach accommodation to the unavoidable evils consequent upon humanity; they will cultivate that spirit of patient resignation which is so proper for the dependent being, whose part it is to submit without a murmur to the strokes of Providence, and when called upon to resign into the hands of their Creator God, any of these little individuals, who are rendered by nature and habit incalculably dear, an opportunity being thus furnished to enforce their *precepts by example*, no impious expressions will escape their lips; the sighs which they will swell, will be the sighs of submission; with holy acquiescence they will bend to the decrees of Heaven;

in

in no instance violating the consistency of their characters, they will support with uniform propriety, the Christian name, and they will possess that applause which should invariably attend the benevolent and the good. In the families of such parents, *regularity* presides. The morning is ushered in by the devout breathings of cheerful and solemnized spirits, and the return of "*sober suited evening*," witnesseth their grateful and pious orisons. The various duties of humanity are punctually discharged, and the hours of leisure are uniformly devoted to the cultivation of the minds of those children, whom they design as *natural friends to each other*, and as useful and ornamental members of the community to which they appertain.

It was from such a stock that the venerable and truly respectable Hortensius descended; and, having marked with uncommon satisfaction the serene pleasures which gild the evening of his days, we have the privilege of a novelist, whose character places in his gift a choice of heroes, and hazard the mentioning a character, the original of which, having continued through revolving years the boast of fraternal records, may perhaps immediately occur to the reader, who is at all conversant in the list of those worthies, that in our Columbian world have given splendor to the present day.

Hortensius was bred to business, and his probity through all the complicated scenes in which he hath been engaged hath remained unimpeached. Frugality and industry are considerable traits in his character; his efforts are crowned with success, and he is in possession of affluence. A severe disappointment in early life, relative to the maiden of his election, steel-ed his heart against every subsequent approach of the tender passion, and ambitious of the title, *Citizen of the World*, he devoted himself to a series of beneficent actions, consulting in every movement the felicity of the family of man.

Hortensius was exemplary as a son, and it was one of his principal enjoyments, "*to rock the cradle of declining age*."

age," his parents continued in life to extreme old age, and after gently sloping for them their passage out of time, he laid them decently in the earth, bedewing their exit with a manly and a filial tear. In the metropolis, where he was ushered into being, he hath sustained through succeeding years, and with unblemished reputation, the office of an upright and important magistrate, and he is beloved and respected as universally as he is known. Hortensius is learned, religious and cheerful, and his liberality is only circumscribed by his abilities. But if you would give the finishing touches to the character of Hortensius, you must borrow the pen of his sister.

This amiable woman, although accustomed to his benignity, can hardly mention him, especially if you advert to his benevolence, without tears. To the numerous family, of which he is the head, he at once discharges the duties of a parent, and a brother; but, by her, he is considered as meriting epithets more tender, more respectful, and more expressive than language hath yet fashioned; and her tongue untired, delights to expatiate upon his many virtues. She was in the bloom of life widowed of her dearest hopes, and the hour which marked the exit of him, with whom she had exchanged her youthful vows, who had been the deliberate choice both of affection and of judgment, and to whom she was devoted by every motive which can endear a besom friend, that fatal hour yielded her a monument of woe! while the virtues of her lost companion, seemed amply to justify those demonstrations of heart-felt anguish, which, notwithstanding the length of years that have since elapsed, she still occasionally indulges. A number of infant sons and daughters, incapable of estimating the amount of their deprivation, while they augmented her grief, armed her with resolution to attempt encountering the ills of life. Yet, destitute of property, (for a train of pecuniary misfortunes had preceded the demise of the father of her children) unaccustomed to any arduous effort, and rendered imbecile by sorrow, the probability

ability is, she must have sunk under the pressure of calamity.

But Hortensius saw, he pitied, and he flew to rescue. A commodious and elegant habitation was prepared; his sister and her little family were put into immediate possession thereof; and, taking apartments for himself under the same roof, he became her solace, her companion, and her protector; and he was, at once, the guardian, the support, and the preceptor of her children. Their education has been the most liberal which our country can afford; her eldest son is now a barrister of distinguished eminence; her daughters are apportioned and married into the genteel families, and they are considered as ornaments of their sex; while the glad emotions of their grateful hearts unreservedly hail the good Hortensius as their father and their friend; and they equitably acknowledge higher obligations to him, than they could have owed to the author of their beings, whose indispensable duty it would have been, to have reared and cherished them.

A view of Hortensius, placed in the midst of the charming group, is gratifying to the best feelings of the heart; he experiences the rapture of a parent, while the children of his affectionate bounty, attached by affinity, gratitude, love, and veneration, behold him as a guardian seraph, clothed in the habiliments of humanity, by that watchful Providence, who designed him their benefactor, their guide, and their truly munificent resource! Doubtless, the first of blessings will be found in his train. Nay, he is already in possession of that "*sweet peace of mind, which goodness begets*."

N^O. XXXI.

Turn how we may, avoid it how we will,
 Innate conviction must attend us still;
 Religion follows as our guardian shade,
 Ardent to bless, though impiously betray'd.
 Our every breath Omnipotence proclaims;
 A God Omniscient varied nature names;
 The breeze is his—the uprooting whirlwind's roar—
 The gentle rill—the waves of every shore;
 'Tis God directs the day—and God the night,
 As erst he spake, and Nature sprang to light.

NO—Atheism will never do. The prime procurer
 and minister of the French arrangements, at
 length accedes to this axiom; and Gallia, having gila-
 lotined her sovereign, and blasphemously fought to
 dethrone and annihilate the Monarch of Heaven, be-
 comes, in her present resolutions, solicitous to re-estab-
 lish the Deity in her systems, to invest the Supreme
 with those divine honours, which the language of na-
 ture hasteth to bestow, which the dictates of reason in-
 variably award.

Opposed, from principle, to those sanguinary decrees,
 which, pronouncing the death-warrant of whole heca-
 tombs of my species, fail not to let loose the dogs of
 war, I will confess, that I have not felt for the name
 of Robespierre any of those cordialities which consti-
 tute the aggregate of amity. The anarchy and con-
 sequent enormities, prevalent in France, together with
 those licentious principles, which have apparently been
 so generally embraced, I have considered as replete
 with incalculable evils, as the baleful precursors of ev-
 ery ill which can afflict humanity! Such my senti-
 ments, I expected not from the report of Robespierre,
 those strong and glowing sensations, which, whenever
 I attend to the voice of truth, most delightfully expand
 my soul—But I have read—and, charmed with the
 prevalent contour of the composition, the energy and
 beauty of the diction, and the demonstrative propriety
 and

and sublimity of the observations—while I do homage to the translator, I cannot but join my suffrage to those applauses, by which America has marked the *new-born* piety of the French politician.

It is true that, as being a member of the protestant community, I am necessitated, by my creed, to renounce all supplications made to saints, whatever eclat may have attended their canonization. I may not feel at liberty to cry out, "*Oh ! Sancta Robespierre, ora pro nobis ;*" yet if he, *in reality*, shall at length pursue the *mild dictates of truth and reason*, every sentiment of my soul will combine to wish him God speed. An admirer of the report in the gross, I yet conceive that the following extracts can hardly be too often repeated, can scarcely be too strongly inculcated, or too deeply engraven upon the tablets of reflection. "What was the wish of those, who, in the bosom of the conspiracies with which we were surrounded, in the midst of the embarrassments of such a war, at the moment while the torch of civil discord was still smoking, suddenly attacked all kinds of worship by violence, to establish themselves as the furious apostles of annihilation, and as the fanatic missionaries of atheism ? Attend only to the happiness of your country and the interests of humanity ; *cherish all opinions and institutions which console and elevate the mind ; reject those which tend to degrade and corrupt them ; revive and exalt all those generous sentiments and those great moral ideas which they have wished to extinguish ; reconcile by the charms of friendship, and the bonds of virtue, those citizens whom they have wished to divide. Who has given thee the mission of announcing to the people, that the Deity does not exist ? To you who are attached to this barren doctrine, and who are not animated in the cause of your country, what advantage do you derive from persuading man that a blind force presides in his destiny, and strikes by chance his virtues or his vices ; and that his soul is only a transient breath which is extinguished at the tomb ? Will the idea of his annihilation inspire him with more pure or more elevated sentiments than that*

of his immortality? Will it inspire him with more respect for his fellow men; or for himself; more attachment to his country; more firmness in braving tyranny; more contempt for death or pleasure? You who regret a virtuous friend, do you not delight to reflect that the most valuable part of him has escaped decease? You who weep over the corpse of a son or a wife, are you comforted by him who tells you that nothing more of them remains than a vile heap of dust? Unfortunate men, who expire under the stroke of an assassin! your last sigh is an appeal to eternal justice! Innocence, on the scaffold, makes the tyrant turn pale in his triumphal car: Would it have this ascendancy if the tomb put upon a level the oppressor and the oppressed? Miserable sophist! from whence do you derive this right of rending from innocence the sceptre of reason, and of placing it again in the hands of vice; to throw a melancholy veil over nature, to drive misfortune to despair; to encourage vice, to afflict virtue, to degrade humanity? The more a man is endowed with sensibility and genius, the more is he attached to those ideas which aggrandize his being, and which elevate his mind; and the doctrine of men of this character should become that of the universe.

“ Ah! how can those ideas differ from truth? At least I cannot conceive how nature could have suggested to man any fictions more useful than these realities; and if the existence of a God, if the immortality of the soul, were only dreams, they would still remain the most splendid of all the conceptions of the human mind.

“ The idea of the Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul, is a continual invitation to justice: It is then social and republican. He who can replace the Deity in the system of social life, is, in my opinion, a prodigy of genius; and he, who without having replaced him, only endeavours to banish him from the mind of man, appears to me a prodigy of stupidity or perversity. If the principles I have hitherto developed are errors, I am deceived in what the world unite to revere. Observe with what art Cesar, pleading in

the Roman senate in favour of the accomplices of Cataline, lost himself in digression against the doctrine of the immortality of the soul; so well calculated did these ideas appear to him, to distinguish in the hearts of the judges the energy of virtue; so closely did the cause of vice appear to him, connected with that of Atheism. Cicero, on the contrary invoked against the traitors both the sword of the law and the thunder of the gods. Socrates, when dying, conversed with his friends on the immortality of the soul. Leonidas, at Thermopyles, supping with his companions in arms, at the moment of executing the most heroic design that human virtue ever conceived, invited them for the next day to another banquet in a new life.

"A great man, a real hero, esteems himself too much to be pleased with the idea of his annihilation. A villain, contemptible in his own eyes, and horrible in those of other men, perceives that nature cannot afford him a more splendid boon than that of his annihilation. Religion collects mankind together, and by collecting them together you will render them better; for when men are thus assembled, they endeavour to please each other, which can only be effected by those things that render them estimable. Give to their reunion a great moral and political motive, and the love of virtuous things will, with pleasure, enter their hearts; for mankind do not see each other without pleasure."

I had but recently perused the whole of this very excellent moral report, when one of the best informed, and most sentimental of my friends, put into my hands a piece selected from the London Morning Chronicle of November 29, 1793.

To the matured judgment of this friend I am in the habit of paying high deference; and he conceived, that whether we regarded the little narration as a fact, or an ingenious reproof of the conduct of the predominant party in France, it contained a sufficient quantum of good sense to merit preservation. It is a proper supplement for the celebrated report of Robespierre, and in my office of caterer for my readers, perhaps I could

could not do better than to offer it to their acceptance. I subjoin it, therefore, with an added wish, that it may contribute as largely to their pleasures, as it did to the satisfaction of the Gleaner.

"A few days after the bishop of Paris and his vicars had set the example of renouncing their clerical character, a curi from a village on the banks of the Rhone, followed by some of his parishioners, with an offering of gold, silver, saints' chalices, rich vestments, &c. presented himself at the bar of the house. The sight of the gold put the Convention in very good humour, and the curi, a thin venerable looking man, with grey hair, was ordered to speak. I came, said he, from the village of ———, where the only good building standing (for the chateau has been pulled down) is a very fine church; my parishioners beg you will take it to make a hospital for the sick and wounded of both parties, they being equally our countrymen; the gold and silver, part of which we have brought you, they entreat you will devote to the service of the State; and that you will cast the bells into cannon, to drive away its foreign invaders. For myself I am come with great pleasure to resign my letters of ordination, of induction, and every deed of title, by which I have been constituted a member of your ecclesiastical polity. I am still able to support myself with the labour of my hands, and I beg you to believe that I never felt sincerer joy than I now do in making this renunciation—I have longed to see this day; I see it, and am glad."

"When the old man had done speaking, the applauses were immoderate. You are an honest man, said they all at once; a brave fellow, you do not believe in God; and the President advanced to give him the fraternal embrace. The curi did not seem greatly elated with these tokens of approbation; he retired back a few steps, and thus resumed his discourse:

"Before you applaud my sentiments, it is fit you understand them; perhaps they may not entirely coincide with your own. I rejoice in this day, not because I wish to see religion degraded, but because I wish to see it

it exalted and purified. By dissolving its alliance with the State, you give it dignity and independence; you have done it a piece of service which its well-wishers would never have had courage to render it, but which is the only thing wanted to make it appear in its genuine lustre and beauty. Nobody will now say of me, when I am performing the offices of my religion—It is his trade—he is paid for telling the people such and such things—he is hired to keep up a useful piece of mummery. They cannot now say this; and therefore I feel myself raised in my own esteem, and shall speak to them with a confidence and frankness, which before this I never durst venture to assume.

“We resign, without reluctance, our gold and silver images and embroidered vestments, because that we have never found, that looking upon gold or silver made the heart more pure, or the affections more heavenly: We can also spare our churches; for the heart that wishes to lift itself up to God, will never be at a loss for room to do it in;—but we cannot spare our religion, because, to tell you the truth, we never had so much occasion for it. I understand that you accuse us priests of having told the people a great many falsehoods. I suppose this may have been the case; but till this day we have never been allowed to inquire, whether the things which we taught them were true or not. You required us formerly to receive them all without proof, and you now would have us reject them all without discrimination. Neither of these modes of conduct become philosophers, such as you would be thought to be. I am going to employ myself diligently, along with my parishioners, to sift the wheat from the bran, the true from the false: If we are not successful, we shall be at least sincere.

“I do fear, indeed, that while I wore those vestments which we have brought you, and spoke in the large gloomy building which we have given up to you, I told my poor flock many idle stories. I cannot but hope, however, that the errors we have fallen into have not been very material, since the village has in general

general been sober and good; the peasants are honest, docile, and laborious; the husbands love their wives, and the wives their husbands; they are fortunately not too rich to be compassionate, and they have constantly relieved the sick and fugitives of all parties, whenever it has lain in their way. I think, therefore, what I have taught them cannot be so very much amiss. You want to extirpate priests; but will you hinder the ignorant from applying for instruction, the unhappy for comfort and hope, the unlearned from looking up to the learned? If you do not, you will have priests, by whatever name you will order them to be called; but it is certainly not necessary they should wear a particular dress, or be appointed by state letters of ordination. My letters of ordination are, my zeal, my charity, my ardent love for my dear children of the village—if I were more learned, I should add my knowledge; but, alas! we all know very little; to man every error is pardonable, but want of humility.

“We have a public walk, with a spreading elm tree at one end of it, and a circle of green round it, with a convenient bench. Here I shall draw together the children as they are playing round me. I shall point to the vines laden with fruit, to the orchard, to the herds of cattle lowing round us, to the distant hills stretching one behind another, and they will ask me how these things came? I shall tell them all I know or have heard from wise men who have lived before me; they will be penetrated with love and veneration; they will kneel, I shall kneel with them; they will not be at my feet, but all of us at the feet of that good Being, whom we shall worship together; and thus they will receive within their tender minds, *a religion*. The old men will come sometimes from having deposited under the green sod one of their companions, and place themselves by my side; they will look wishfully at the turf, and anxiously inquire—*Is he gone forever? Shall we be soon like him? Will no morning break over the tomb? When the wicked cease from troubling, will the*

good cease from doing good? We will talk of these things; I will comfort them; I will tell them of the goodness of God; I will speak to them of a life to come; I will bid them hope for a state of retribution.

“In a clear night, when the stars slide over our head, they will ask what those bright bodies are, and by what rules they rise and set? And we will converse about different forms of being, and distant worlds, in the immensity of space, governed by the same laws, till we feel our minds raised from what is grovelling, and refined from what is sordid.

“You talk of Nature—this is Nature; and if you could at this moment extinguish religion in the minds of all the world, thus would it be kindled again. You have changed our holy days; you have an undoubted right, as our civil governors, so to do; it is very immaterial whether they are kept once in seven days, or once in ten; some, however, you will leave us, and when they occur, I shall tell those who choose to hear me, of the beauty and utility of virtue, and of the dignity of upright conduct. We shall talk of good men who have lived in the world, and of the doctrines they have taught; and if any of them have been persecuted and put to death for their virtue, we shall reverence their memories the more—I hope in all this there is no harm. There is a book, out of which I have sometimes taught my people. It says, we are to love those who do us hurt, and to pour oil and wine into the wounds of a stranger; it has enabled my children to bear patiently the spoiling of their goods, and to give up their own interest to the general welfare. I think it cannot be a very bad book. I wish more of it had been read in your town; perhaps you would not have had so many assassinations and massacres. In this book we hear of a person called JESUS; some worship him as a God; others, as I am told, say it is wrong to do so;—some teach that he existed before the beginning of ages; others, that he was born of Joseph and Mary. I cannot tell whether these controversies will ever be decided; but in the mean time, I think

think we cannot do otherwise than well in imitating him; for I learn that he *loved the poor, and went about doing good.*

"Fellow citizens, as I travelled hither from my own village, I saw peasants setting amongst the smoaking ruins of their cottages; rich men and women reduced to deplorable poverty; fathers lamenting their children in the bloom and pride of youth; and I said to myself—*these people cannot afford to part with their religion.* But indeed you cannot take it away; if, contrary to your first declaration, you choose to try the experiment of persecuting it, you will only make us prize it the more, and love it the better. Religion, *true or false*, is so necessary to the mind of man, that you have already begun to make yourselves a new one. You are sowing the seeds of superstition at the moment you fancy you are destroying superstition; and in two or three generations your posterity will be worshipping some clumsy idol, with the rights perhaps of a bloody Moloch, or a lascivious Thamufar. It was not worth while to have been philosophers, and destroyed the images of our saints for this; but let every one choose the religion that pleases him: I and my parishioners are content with ours; it teaches us to bear the evils your childish or sanguinary decrees have helped to bring upon the country."

"The curi turned his footsteps homeward; and the Convention looked for some minutes on one another, before *they resumed their work of blood.*"

The Gleaner is aware, that the republishing of the foregoing, cannot fail of unveiling him to the gentleman, from whom he received the manuscript; but he has such perfect confidence in the indulgence and honour of the disposition of his respected friend, and in that of those with whom he stands immediately connected, as to rest assured that they will not betray a secret, which he, the Gleaner, hath delayed to reveal to the dearest of his associates.

 N^o. XXXII.

Easy the burden, lightly borne appears,
 Content her poppies strews—a wand she bears,
 Whose magic pow'r can latent peace unfold,
 Changing the iron to an age of gold.

THE value of an equal and accommodating disposition, cannot, I conceive, be too highly appreciated, too energetically inculcated, or too often expatiated upon. Such, and so frequent are the vicissitudes of life, that an unbending mind, refusing to yield to that necessity which is imposed upon its existence, is broken by the boisterous winds which are abroad, and too frequently prostrated by those calamities, or adverse transitions, to which an acquiescent spirit finds it wisdom, with humble patience, to submit. "The burden becomes light by being well borne." I have not forgot that this is an old adage, but I repeat, that its antiquity doth not deduct the smallest particle from its rationality; these venerable old saws frequently contain the very pith and essence of sentiment, and I have often thought that the pen appropriated to the pointing out their excellence, might be *much worse* employed.

Say, thou discontented and repining mortal, what emolument hast thou derived from continually tracing the dark shades in the picture? Hast thou received injuries, and dost thou find thy recompense in eternally brooding thereon? Do such contemplations meliorate thy virtues, or promote the sunshine of the soul? Are the genial and salutary airs of tranquillity originated or wafted forward by reflections, which wound the mind, and fire the bosom with indignation?

Health of body, serenity of soul, sweet complacency, sprightly mirth—all these are among the victims of *cherished, gloomy and corroding resentment*! The soul of the vindictive is the region of horror, and the most black and baleful passions harbour there. What are
 the

the pleasures of the angry man? It is undeniably true that he is his own tormentor; and if he throws the reins upon that implacability and inveterate revenge which so fearfully predominate in his breast, his most uniform or confirmed enemy could hardly devise means more adequate or better calculated for the destruction of his felicity. Have not the attentions I have received been commensurate with that merit, with which my self-partiality hath invested me? Have I to complain of cold indifference or neglect from those upon whom nature, circumstances, or amity, had furnished me with indisputable claims? Have I not only been defrauded of those dues to which the inviolable laws of society hath entitled me; but hath insult, and even outrage been also added? Well, it is really a pity-moving situation, *and I would certainly turn as often as possible from the view.* Canst thou derive either satisfaction or profit from an enumeration of thy grievances? I pity the malignant spirit, which can delight to prey upon food on which the fiends assembled in Pandemonium might joy to riot. Reader, if thou wert ever angry, then hast thou experienced the ravages which the war of the passions maketh upon thy peace—like all other wars, desolation follows in the train, and reason can never estimate their profit; yet, if upon a fair calculation, the sum total proves thee a single drachm, or even a half drachm, nay, the hundredth part of a scruple the gainer; I will then consent that thou shalt in future vex thyself to a skeleton more hideous than the brain of fertile poesy ere conjured up, though sickening envy, or yellow jealousy, or fell revenge, stalked full in view—"Yes," cried Maria, "the sensations which are attendant upon the contemplation of a virtuous action, are undoubtedly divine. *I would pass by a thousand supposed injuries,* but I would dwell forever upon the contemplation of genuine worth. *The reflections which are the accompaniments of offences do not exercise, they do not invigorate the finer feelings of the soul.* I listened to the pleasing matron," continued Maria, "I listened with rapture, for her tongue expatiated upon the philanthropy of Alberta."

"My

"My son," said she, "was on a voyage; he was a stranger, and he took rank among the lowest grade which made up the ship's company—my son fell sick; he was dangerously ill; gloomy was his situation—but Alberto commanded the ship; he sought out my son; he soothed his woes; he lodged him in his own cabin; he attended him in person, and my son was restored to health. Immeasurable are my obligations to Alberto; and his name, next to that of the Supreme, is entitled to my utmost veneration. Alberto is my brother; I am many years his senior; I have known him the most beautiful of infants, and he gladdened the hearts of his parents. How sweet are the praises of a brother! Alberto, dear Alberto, for this, and many similar anecdotes of thy short life, I will remit unto thee all, and every one of the peccadillos, which, shading thy character, do but serve to render thy virtues the more conspicuous. Yes, the genuine benignity of thy soul shall serve as a sponge wherewith to obliterate all recollection of those asperities, that the rough contour of thy in-born integrity so frequently presents."

The election of Maria exemplified her accustomed penetration; for reiterated observation of proper and becoming actions, has upon the heart the most salutary effect. Was I called upon to delineate the path which would most assuredly lead to as great a share of happiness as is compatible with humanity, I should dictate to the candidate for felicity, a frequent recurrence to the fair side of persons, circumstances and events; almost every thing may be viewed in different mediums, and even the various emphasizing of any given narration, may furnish the same fact with features directly opposite. Resolve then to view every occurrence in the very best possible light; and if there is a pleasing construction, seize with avidity the supposition which points to complacency. Make, I beseech thee, the experiment; determine to be pleased for one week, and then tell me how smoothly fled the hours. Here I am aware of an objection; misfortunes may
await,

await, the pressure of which may cloud even fortitude itself. This is certainly true, and yet it should be remembered that habitual equanimity can blunt the edge even of the real calamities of life, and that every evil is undoubtedly mitigated by patience.

Resolution can do much, the embodied faculties of the mind, disciplined by virtue, are equal to almost any situation; and they effectually arrest the progress of that fretful *ennui* which is commonly the offspring of indolence, and strongly marks the want of those efforts that are so proper to a rational being.

Murmuring, repining, captious discontent, invidious cavilling, these are fiends armed at all points against our repose; disagreeable recollections, wounding sarcasms, irritating recriminations—these are hunted after, as if they were some hidden treasure, and they stab our choicest comforts; they are the dark assassins, who, aiming at the vitals of tranquillity, fatally destroy our peace. Of what consequence is it who was the aggressor? humanity is subjected to error, and that immaculate Being, to whom alone belongeth undeviating rectitude, hath given us a dignified example of forgiveness. Take the advice of a friend; make the most of life; enjoy with avidity; reverence virtue, make it the goal of thy wishes; pursue and overtake, cultivate philanthropy; give ample scope to every benign suggestion; take not upon thyself the character of a *public accuser, or censor*; but, leaving this invidious office to those to whom it may *legally belong*, accustom thyself to expatiate upon the *good qualities* of thy associates, upon the *benefits* accruing from an intercourse with thy connexions, and upon the *eligibles of life*: Tread lightly upon offences; if thou shouldst awake the sleeping mischief, it will sting thee to the soul; its envenomed shafts will find their way to the deepest recesses of thy spirit. Do not magnify or even investigate the ill offices which have been done thee; few circumstances can justify the perturbing scrutiny; anger will grow in thy bosom. How shocking, how deforming is anger! Seneca's description of anger is not too highly coloured;

coloured; and it is just as true at the present day, as it was near eighteen hundred years since. Seneca, upon anger, may not be in your library; I take leave, therefore, to transcribe an extract from his admired page.

"He was much in the right, whoever he was, that first called anger a short-madness; for they have both of them the same symptoms; and there is so wonderful a resemblance between the transports of choler and those of frenzy, that it is a hard matter to know the one from the other. A bold, fierce and threatening countenance, as pale as ashes, and in the same moment as red as blood; a glaring eye, a wrinkled brow, violent motions, the hands restless and perpetually in action, wringing and menacing, snapping of the joints, stamping with the feet, the hair starting, trembling lips, a forced voice; the speech false and broken, deep and frequent sighs, and ghastly looks; the veins swell, the heart pants, the knees knock; with a hundred dismal accidents that are common to both distempers. Neither is anger, only a bare resemblance of madness, but many times an irrecoverable transition into the thing itself. How many persons have we known, read, and heard of, that have lost their wits in a passion, and never came to themselves again? It is therefore to be avoided not only for moderation sake, but also for health. Now, if the outward appearance of anger be hideous, how deformed must that mind be that is harassed with it? for it leaves no place either for counsel or friendship, honesty or good manners; no place either for the exercise of reason, or for the offices of life. If I were to describe it, I would draw a tyger bathed in blood; sharp set, and ready to take a leap at its prey; or dress it up as the poets represent the furies, with whips, snakes and flames. It should likewise be sour, livid, full of scars, and wallowing in gore, raging up and down, destroying, grinning, bellowing, and pursuing; sick of all other things, and most of all of itself. It turns beauty into deformity, and the calmest counsels into fierceness: It disorders our very garments, and fills the mind with horror. How abominable then is it in the soul!

Is

necessitated to admit the multifarious produce of an excursive or fugitive imagination ; yet, although thrown from my course, I will not be prevented from presenting my example ; I think it cannot fail of striking agreeably, and it may possibly give birth to those very identical reflections it was my wish to embody.

It was on a beautiful morning of April last that, seeking the pleasures of solitude, I wandered from the company at our little inn, and, mounting my horse, I threw the reins upon his neck, determining to leave to chance the direction of my ramble. We were equally strangers to the road, and a few miles in a country hardly emerging from a state of nature, conducted us to a thick wood, when, securing my horse to the trunk of a tall tree, I prepared to penetrate a coppice which presented the only vestige of the wants or ingenuity of man, which the eye could trace ; and, proceeding onward to the extremity of the wood, which bordered a few acres of ground, equally remarkable for the sterility of its soil, and the strong indications it bore of the persevering patience and uncommon industry of its proprietors, I was roused from my reverie by a number of voices that, arresting my attention, immediately drew me forward to the place from whence they proceeded. I suspected the employment of our rustics, and, lest I should interrupt operations so proper to the season, I made my advances with care. The opening scene presented a poor built cottage, which, in language unequivocal, proclaimed industrious poverty ; the heathy appearance of the grounds evinced the stinted produce, with which they repaid the master's culture ; a few sheep and a single cow, whose thin forms demonstrated the scanty pittance on which they fed, stood forth additional vouchers of the penurious soil. But a fertilizing stream, which murmured by, and bore in its bosom various descriptions of the finny tribe, diversified the view, and gave birth to the pleasures of hope.

A well looking man was busily employed in turning up and shaping the glebe ; a sentimental carol vibrated upon his tongue, and his features were expressive

pressive of content. A graceful female at a little distance, round whom no less than eleven children, of different ages, were collected—was directing the eldest boy, a rosy-cheeked youth, in setting some plants, while she herself committed to the prepared earth, those seeds from which she cheerfully anticipated the distant harvest. The vestments of the family were the vestments of penury; and if they could be considered as garments, they were entitled, for so respectable an appellation, to the unwearied diligence, which, still following the well worn robe, had so repeatedly repaired each time-made breach, as to render it impossible to decide, of what hue or texture it was originally possessed: Yet the voice of gladness echoed round, and the hilarity of the heart seemed impressed upon every feature.

I contemplated, with folded arms and grateful admiration, the uncommon group. The face of the matron was not immediately turned toward me, neither had the shepherd observed me; but the children had begun to amuse themselves with my figure, when their mother, having finished her employ, was drawn by their innocent mirth to the spot on which I was fixed. I have already confessed mingling surprise and pleasure at the gay tranquillity, which was apparently the appendages of a scene so barren of good, and so remarkably devoid of the eligibles of life; but no language can express my astonishment, when, in the countenance of the penuriously garbed matron, I recognized the once opulent, truly amiable, and highly-deserving Flavilla!

Graciotis God!—spontaneously I exclaimed—Is it possible? do I in reality behold the long idolized, and ever charming Miss Kneller? Flavilla, accustomed to the vicissitudes and caprices of events, uttered no perturbed exclamation; but, with that genuine dignity, which nature delights to confer upon a consciousness of innate worth, with a grace and manner which I have not often seen equalled in a drawing-room, presenting her hand, she expressed her satisfaction in an interview so unexpected; and, leading me to her humble abode, we were soon joined by Honorius and the little

little family. I had known Flavilla from early youth: She was born to affluence, and her education had been in the first line. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kneller, had no other child; and this daughter, promising in every view, was, of course, regarded as an inestimable treasure. Honorius was the man of her heart, and her union with the youth she loved, and who reciprocated her attachment, received the cheerful sanction of the authors of her being.

Soon after the marriage of Miss Kneller, her parental friends paid the great debt of nature, leaving Honorius and Flavilla in possession of an ample fortune. But, from this period, thick clouds began to gather, and they experienced a most distressing reverse of circumstances. The career of their misfortunes was ushered in by a dreadful conflagration, in which their mansion-house, containing many valuable articles, was reduced to ashes; a series of calamities succeeded, until, at length, of all their vast possessions, scarce a vestige remained; yet a principle of rectitude triumphed in their souls; of their inborn integrity, the malice of their fate could not divest them; and discharging, with interest, the last farthing for which they were indebted, with the poor pittance which was left, they retired, like Thompson's Lavinia—"far from those scenes that knew their better days," and purchased in this remote spot—*twas all they could*—the barren grounds from which they have ever since obtained a scanty and hard earned subsistence: Their original stock consisted of thirty sheep, one cow, and a yoke of oxen; the sheep were almost immediately destroyed by the wolves; the cow fell a victim, probably, to the sterile soil to which she was confined; and, in an attempt to level a tall tree, one of their oxen was killed upon the spot. Succeeding years has reduced to the lowest state the necessaries which made up their personal and family wardrobe, and it has not been in their power to possess themselves of the smallest supplies! Yet, strange to tell, neither time nor sorrow hath been able to infix their deadly fangs in the bosom of Flavilla; health dances in her veins, and beauty glows upon her cheek; her
smiles

smiles still display the dimples of youth ; and in her mildly expressive eye, corrected vivacity yet beams. It was impossible I could forbear expressing my astonishment and my admiration ! and when I inquired by what means they had, Flavilla especially, supported such an uncommon measure of tranquillity, in the midst of such a calamitous reverse of circumstances,, Flavilla replied—

“ It is simply this, we have considered the *brevity* of life, and the certainty of our removal to another, a better, and a more permanent state of being ; we have adopted, realized, and reduced to practice, the sentiment of an admired poet ; we have been taught by experience, that “ *earth-born cares are vain ; that man wants but little here below,*” we have fully known ; and we do not expect to want “ *that little long.*”

To contribute to the relief of Flavilla, or her family, is impossible ; for since the discovery of her retirement, in regard to which she hath enjoined the strictest secrecy,, however ingenious I have been in my attempts to augment their finances, I have still found myself, and with a firmness almost unexampled, uniformly repulsed. To have put Flavilla in possession of every thing which her situation seemed to claim, would have been the highest luxury which benevolence could have tasted ; but while I regret, as an individual, her steady rejection of all pecuniary assistance, I cannot but admire the genuine elevation of her high-souled sentiments. She listened, it is true, to those remonstrances with which, after more indirect methods had failed, I ventured to address her ; but she listened only to ascertain her rejection.

“ No, Sir,” with all the calmness of inborn superiority, she replied, “ I am but too much obliged in receiving your munificent proposals, but no one shall say that he hath enriched either Flavilla, or her family. Flavilla, and her family, will depend only upon *Nature, and Nature's God ; habit hath reconciled us to our situation ; we are resigned, we are contented*—besides, my friend, the prospect now gradually brightens upon us ; by rigid economy, we have replaced our *stock ; our*

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children

children are growing up ; my boys will assist their father ; we have already laid the foundation of a little tenement, in which we expect to meet a tranquil close to waning life. Labour will ameliorate even the sterile earth ; many hands will bear from some more friendly spot the rich manure ; the increase of our own fields shall yet spread us a plenteous board. See yonder flax, already it assumes a promising and healthy aspect. The finest threads are spun by my girls, and even by myself. Lydia is mistress of the weaving business ; William has a fine mechanical genius, his looms are nearly complete, and the well made web, the product of our own industry, will ere long furnish us with decent and becoming vestments."

Happy, deservedly happy woman ! felicity, more than wealth can give, is thy well earned portion.

Felicity hasteth from the discordant spirit of the capacious murmurer, although the child of affluence, and enveloped in gold and purple ; it hasteth to the bosom of contentment ; it seeketh shelter in the breast of equanimity, bestowing on its votaries, although dwelling in a humble cottage, the choicest of its blessings.

N^o. XXXIII.

Ambiguous movements wear a faulty hue,
In paths oblique, suspicion will pursue ;
While the sweet flow of confidence bequeaths
That treasure'd peace, a rich perfume which breathes.

DISGUISES are frequently the convenient alibums of villany ; and as they are always questionable, they are with propriety always suspected. To trace the labyrinth of folly, into which the flagitious delinquent is precipitated, requires more than human penetration. Many are the windings and doublings of the proficient in error ; all his paths are intricate ; he is fruitful in subterfuges, and he is enveloped in mystery. I do not say that virtue hath never worn a veil, or that integrity may not suppose it necessary to hold up false lights ; but I contend that the *practice of deception*,

ception, being an expedient that must be acknowledged extremely hazardous, ought never to be resorted to but in the last extremity; and I am free to own, I have found a singular pleasure in indulging a hope, that truth and innocence will generally bear their own weight.

The smooth surface of the limpid stream outspreads its azure flow to the most curious investigation; the orient luminary of day emits a flood of light; it issues forth a transcendent body, elevated in itself, while its splendours are confessed by every eye; and the upright ancient wished for a glass in his breast, that the possibility of concealment might be thus erased from the catalogue of his abilities. Ambiguity casts a veil over the most irreproachable life; it originates the invidious ardours of speculation; and it gives to the features of virtue the contour of folly. I confess I am charmed by frankness of soul; ingenuity and integrity of manners, carry with them their title to my unreserved esteem, and upon the honest sincere man, reason, unbiassed by fashion or habit, is ever ready to pronounce a eulogy. I abhor duplicity in every form; doubtful meanings, double entendres, playing upon words, with every bagatelle of this description, are, in my opinion, at least inelegant and unbecoming; nor can I allow that they make any part of manly sense, true wit, or genuine humour. In a fair, open, consistent manner of thinking, conversing and acting, there is both dignity and propriety; and an elevated reputation is the well earned reward of persevering and unequivocal worth. We listen, with unrestrained pleasure, to the man of unimpeached honour; to him, whose upright soul hath never been entangled in the wiles of deceit, who hath never debased himself by an alliance with falsehood, nor sported with the credulity of his associates; who, worshipping at the shrine of truth, hath still held her inviolate, regarding all her instigations as sacred, and disdaining to purchase the smile of levity at the expense of that jest which borrows its humour from a breach of veracity; and it is then that we confer upon him the most honorary distinction, when, with unlimited confidence, we repose upon his word the most unhesitating faith.

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It is dangerous to amuse ourselves with the *semblance* of vice; the *habit* of uttering merry, falsehoods, will soon blunt the fine edge of our feelings, and we shall easily slide into the most *serious* and *capital* violations of truth. Integrity dignifies a character; frankness is truly amiable, and if the offence is not highly enormous, softened by the ingenuity of a candid acknowledgment, we are ready to press the offender to our bosoms; we allow him a second lease of our esteem, and it depends altogether on himself, whether we shall ever again serve upon him a writ of ejection. A moment of concealment is a moment of humiliation; and although circumstances may sometimes render it necessary, yet, it is certain, that when the *paths of innocence* are *encompassed by ambiguity*, the lustre of her crown is dimmed; her blooming honours *seem* to *wane*, and we hesitate, while uttering those applauses which should be reserved to enwreath the brow of *unequivoocal merit*. Mysterious arrangements excite suspicion; conjecture is a float; jealousy is roused; the arial mischief feeds upon the thinnest diet, and peace evaporates in its grasp. Monimia is perturbed and agitated; not an hour in the day but a variety of tormenting ideas succeed each other in her mind; and the most vexatious inquietude, is the despot of her dreams. Monimia once boasted of her felicity, and her present sufferings are the offspring of conjecture; delicacy forbids her to question, and yet her tranquillity will never be restored, until she learns to what fair hand her loved Eugenio was indebted for the *expressive device* so elegantly enwreathed, and so curiously cut, which hath recently come into his possession, and which he carefully preserves in the cover of his watch. Clarissa is agitated and unhappy; she accidentally discovered in the escutoir of Horatio, a lock of hair; it was beautifully glossy; she is positive that it never made a part of her own auburn tresses; it was neatly folded in some lines, sweetly pathetic, and tenderly poetical: Perhaps the rope of that immortalized lock, which Dan Pope has so sweetly sung, although it interested the celestials, was not productive of more *real anguish*—and I persuade myself that eve-

ry susceptible fair one will drop a tear over the sorrows of Clarissa. Cordelia, whose attachment to her nuptial lord is still unbroken, hath passed *months of dissatisfaction*, occasioned by her incertitude, relative to the disposal of a pair of sleeve-buttons, which she formerly presented to her Henry as a pledge of love.

"But these are all unjustifiable sources of inquietude—they are the imbecilities of the mind, and, originating in the *caprice* of affection, they are of too small moment to merit attention; and they are, besides, too reprehensible to be countenanced."

I grant they are at present *comparatively* small; yet if I am unhappy, I am unhappy, whatever may have produced the evil; and when the peace of a family, or even of an individual is involved, a full explanation, with every attempt to soothe, is as necessary as it is generous; and it should always be remembered, that the unextinguished flame, which, raging with increasing violence, pursues its desolating career, and issues in the most distressing conflagration, was once a lambent spark; whose genial warmth might easily have been suppressed; and whose agency, under a judicious direction, might have produced the most beneficial effects.

Yes, the peace of families is too often sacrificed to false delicacy, and to an ill-judged silence on facts and circumstances, which ought to have been scrupulously narrated and critically examined. Inviolable secrecy, preserved for any considerable length of time, supposing the event we are solicitous to conceal of importance to those with whom we are intimately connected, is hardly within the chapter of possibilities; a word, or even a look, accidentally transpiring, will give the alarm; the truth, however latent, is thus *in part* divulged; curiosity commenceth the pursuit, and a clue is obtained, which may be just sufficient to introduce the interested person into a labyrinth, from which, never being able to extricate himself, he may be despoiled of all that treasured serenity, which he had vainly hoped would serve as a fund, for the support of a life of rational enjoyment.

A lovely woman at this moment rushes upon my recollection;

recollection; she is not personally known to me, but although the vast Atlantic rolls its waves between us, yet, with reiterated pleasure, I have frequently traced the lineaments of her fair mind, as I have seen it portrayed in many a well-written page, the product of her inimitable pen. She hath, I am told, a pleasing exterior, and her understanding is elevated much above the level of mediocrity. Nature, when she bestowed upon her uncommon parts, endowed her also with an exquisite tenderness of soul. Her imagination is lively and fertile, and she has a taste capable of distinguishing, and highly enjoying the beauties of poetry. Early enlisting in the service of the Muses, she became one of their most successful votaries; and, from the beautiful parterres which ornament the Parnassian grounds, she hath skilfully and happily combined many an elegant fancied bouquet. She was always a nymph of the *sober-suited train*, and to airs the most pensively melodious her lyre was uniformly attuned.

Sweet Eliza! in the enchanting walks of poesy, thy feet have ceased to stray; that confirmed melancholy, which the sunny beams of hope can no longer impress, will no more permit thee to attune the neglected chords; the voice of the chantréss is forever mute, and the lovely minstrel hath forgotten to charm. Unhappy fair one! the rose of thy tranquillity is blighted, and "*thy violets, alas! have all withered.*"

It is to the ill-judged silence of Eliza, and her maternal parent, that her misfortunes must be imputed. The story of her life is simple: I owed unreturnable obligations to her father; it was to him I was indebted for the systematic and rational mode of thinking, which has constituted the most tranquil and refined moments of my existence. He was a man in the literary line; his writings are copious and energetic; and for strength of argument, perspicuity of diction, and self-evident demonstration, he hath never yet been surpassed; but having attained, in his favourite pursuit, the highest possible excellence; he became nearly absorbed in those contemplations from which originated so large a part of his felicity, and reprehensibly

thenfibly inattentive to every confideration which he deemed of lefs moment. It too often happens that real or original genius, although rich in refources, and diftinguifhed by the moft fhining qualifications, is nevertheless found deftitute of thofe very neceffary requifites, which can alone beftow a capability of a beneficial intercourfe with mankind.

Mr. Mortimor, the father of Eliza, made his nuptial choice with fo little difcretion, as to exchange the marriage vow with a woman, who, at the very moment fhe met him at the altar, knew herfelf to be the wife of another ! With this perfidiously abandoned ingrate, he lived in total ignorance of her criminal connexion ; and lavifhing upon her every proof of an attachment almoft unexampled, until the perjured mifcreant, having ftripped him of every valuable article which he poffeffed, found means to abfcond with the paramour of her choice, at a period when the treacheroufly betrayed Mortimor was engaged in the difcharge of fome benevolent offices, which his philanthropic difpofition had impofed upon him as duties.

It was not until after her elopement, that the turpitude of her life was difclofed to him ; and yet he could not, even then, although convinced of her atrocity, be perfuaded to take meafures calculated to bring her to condign punifhment ! Many years elapfed before the wound he had received admitted a cure ; his tendernes of foul, and his innate fenfe of rectitude, ftill combated his peace, and reafon, for a long time, plead in vain. At length, however, the lenient hand of affuaging years, aided by the intellectual accomplifhments, and prepofteffing exterior, of a truly deferving female, effectuated the moft falutary change. Hope once more dawned in his bofom ; it gleamed like fome heavenly vifitant athwart the melancholy region of his benighted foul ; by degrees it obliterated the gloomy ideas which hovered there, and he again afferted the native dignity of his character. To the fweet foother of his sorrows, his hours of leifure were invariably devoted ; a sentimental intercourfe commenced ; it was ameliorated by the ftrictest amity, and it terminated in an attachment of the tenderest kind. Hymen

Hymen once more light for Mortimor his sacred torch ; and had he attended to some legal steps, which should previously have been taken, the auspices under which he entered into this second engagement, would have been most happy : Yet, those arrangements, which slower souls would have deemed indispensable, must have occasioned delays ; the process of the law was tedious ; Mortimor had many enemies ; obstacles might be interposed ; and if upon application he should not be able to obtain the necessary form of divorce, his expectation of happiness would be defeated. What was to be done ? Concealment was a ready resource ; and, wrapping himself about in the veil of secrecy, in his own retired apartment, in the presence of the holy priest and a few select friends, he plighted his willing faith. Mrs. Mortimor (still received merely as the friend of her husband) retained her family name ; and, although many might suspect, those only who were bound to secrecy could decisively pronounce.

At length, however, revolving months ushered into the world the infant Eliza ; and impenetrable mystery standing sentinel at her birth, she was produced in society by the name of Montague ; and her parents introduced her as the orphan daughter of deceased relatives. Indeed, having conducted their engagement with so little observance of forms, however *innocent in intention* and in *fact* the parties in reality were, the severe penalty annexed by the laws of England, against that irregularity or breach, a description of which would undeniably involve their connexion, rendered it incumbent upon them carefully to avoid an explanation.

Eliza was educated with the most scrupulous attention ; she was nurtured by the hand of elegance, and trained to the observance of every virtue. As early as her opening reason authorized a confidence so important, under the strongest injunctions of inviolable silence, she was made acquainted with the secret of her birth ; and that discretion, armed by filial piety, with which she guarded a communication on which was suspended the life of her father, abundantly justified the reposing a trust of such a nature in so tender a bosom.

bosom. Fifteen happy years were passed by Eliza, amid the soft endearments of parental tenderness; each cheerful morn was ushered in by new proofs of provident care, and the feathery hours were all marked by gentle admonitions, tender cautions, or well-judged advice; and each returning evening saw her encircled by those arms, and pressed to the faithful bosoms of persons, who sealed upon her balmy lips their wishes for the repose of the night, always concluding their pious benedictions by so natural an avowal of feelings, which were the genuine offspring of a species of tenderness that perhaps cannot be surpassed. How fatal for Eliza was the hour, that just at this period robbed her of a father, who, actuated by a spirit of universal benevolence, and breathing the mildest and most benign expressions of philanthropy, glowed with uncommon tenderness for a daughter, whom, in his most unimpassioned moments, he could not but acknowledge as highly deserving, every way amiable, and comprising in herself the sum total of a father's wishes.

The demise of Mr. Mortimor presented a moment, in which it would have been wisdom to have opened on society, with a full and unequivocal eclaireissement. Death had placed the victim the law would have demanded, beyond the reach of its penalties; and, clothed in the habiliments of conscious integrity, *they had then nothing to hazard by an explanation.* The priest, who joined the hands of the parents of Eliza, could, at that juncture, have been produced; and the few friends who were present at the marriage, were still in existence.—Alas, alas! they are now consigned to the silent tomb! And, strange to tell, letting slip the golden season of opportunity, Mrs. Mortimor was still known by the name of Loughton, while Eliza was addressed by that of Montague!

It is certain that reserves, *except imposed by necessity*, are never justifiable; and the *necessity of mystery*, ceased with the death of Mr. Mortimor. From this period five succeeding years performed their annual round, ere the discreet Eliza selected from the circle of those who respectfully presented themselves as candidates for

her election, a youth with whom her gentle heart could unhesitatingly consent to inweave the silken bands of tender, conjugal and indissoluble amity. But her choice once made, she deferred not to banish from the bosom of him she approbated, that perturbed suspense that so fatally corrodes each promised joy; and although her every step was pointed by virgin delicacy, yet did she skilfully enwreath therewith a noble and dignified frankness, which hushed that tumultuous whirlwind of the passions, that hath shipwrecked the peace of many a manly breast. Pity she was not permitted to be uniformly explicit; but the maternal prohibition was strangely and unaccountably interposed, and her nuptials were solemnized under that disguise, which, although justifiable for a time, was most imprudently continued, and should never have been worn in the presence of a man, whom, in every other respect, she had honoured by the most unbounded confidence; but she remained perseveringly, reprehensibly silent! and this silence hath been fatal to her peace. The first years of her wedded life were uncommonly serene; she bore to Altamont many fine children; and none but tranquil days seemed written for her. How precarious are terrestrial joys! An untoward accident suddenly reversed the scene. A paper, written by herself, and addressed to her mother, breathing the language of ambiguity, deeply fraught with mystery, and yet obscurely hinting at the truth, unfortunately met the eye of Altamont! To the nicest sense of honour Altamont is exquisitely alive—the soul of ingenuity is his, and the delicacy of his sentiments refuseth to tolerate the most distant appearance of deception. He drank in the contagious lines; every word operated as an envenomed draught; and while he shrunk from the fearful contents, they became, in effect, like those subtil poisons, which are said to procure immediate death; for they infixed their deadly fangs in the very vitals of that tranquillity, which he had fondly hoped was beyond the malice of fate.

Instantly the fiend, despair, embodied its ministers; they were busy about his heart; complacency was chased

chased from his bosom; the smiles of benevolence are no more; a deep and settled melancholy lowers upon his brow; and the sullen-silence which he obstinately observes, effectually bars an eclaireissement. His house, once the seat of social happiness—now, alas! dire suspicion, dark conjecture, and baleful jealousy, hover there; and although months and years have revolved, no beam of elucidation hath yet illumined those heartfelt glooms, by which he is enveloped. The tear is upon the cheek of Eliza; and her dream of happiness, of terrestrial happiness, is gone forever.

The deep melancholy which impressed the mind of Altamont, was immediately succeeded by the most alarming estrangement; his temper seems totally ruined. He regards the partner of his sufferings with a mistrustful kind of indignation; she has lost his confidence; she has every reason to believe she no longer possesses his affection; and, the probability is, that was she now to come forward with a full and undisguised explanation, it would produce no salutary effect; her vouchers, as we observed, are numbered with the dead; Altamont is haughty and implacable, and Eliza, being once indisputably deceived him, it is to be feared that he will yield her no future credence!!!

N^o. XXXIV.

Ten thousand ills from false conclusions rise;
Investigation oft new views supplies.
With cautious steps let wary judgment tread,
And all her lights elucidation spread.

I HAVE, for many weeks back, been largely in arrears to correspondents; and I have frequently contemplated a Gleaner, which should be wholly occupied by their various addresses, observations, and complaints. But such of my friends, whose letters have been long since received, will have the goodness to forgive my publishing those which have more recently come to hand, when they observe, that the interesting subjects they take up, require immediate attention.

And,

And, in the interim, I give ~~them~~ my word of honour, that my first unappropriated Essay shall be devoted to their service. • Having thus premised, I proceed to bring forward three explanatory letters.

L E T T E R I

To the GLEANER.

Liberty Hall, December 15th, 1794.

UPON my word, Mr. Gleaner, I believe you are a sly old fellow, after all. Let me tell you, Sir, it ill suits with your *assumed gravity*, to be thus foisting yourself into the secrets of all the young, handsome, married women of your acquaintance. Mighty fine, mighty fine, truly. *Delicacy, forsooth, forbid Monimia to question her husband*; but *delicacy*, it seems, did not think proper to interfere, while she contrived to pour her pity-moving tale into the bosom of *nobody knows who—one who is here, and there, and every where, and very possibly not of much importance any where*. *A perfect Proteus to the imagination, assuming a thousand fantastical forms, and becoming stationary in no one respectable character*; a bird of passage, emigrating from state to state, and picking up a scanty pittance, after a whole month's toil, which but ill repays the labour of travelling through the dull pages he is so studious to multiply. You may think me severe, Mr. Gleaner, but I have the satisfaction of knowing I am *just*; and I add, that you might have gone on with your itinerant gleanings, to the end of the chapter, for me, if you had not roused the feelings of an injured husband, by thus palpably insinuating, that you are a greater favourite with his wife than he is himself! Really, Mr. Morality, you make a very pretty *consistent, heterogeneous* figure; and I should like vastly to have your motley image stuck up in a shop, by way of relief to the studies of the chubby-faced school-boy, as he trudges along the academical-way to his daily labours.

The wife man says, that laughter doeth good like a medicine; and it is undeniably true, that the ludicrous is a wonderful specific in every intellectual complaint. But let me whisper you, good Mr. Prig, you are a coxcomb;

cockcomb; and you may bless your stars that I am not able to collect the trio, which you have huddled together in your last Gleaner; for, if I could name my fellow-sufferers, we would unite together in obtaining a most signal revenge; but you are such a doughty hero, and, withal, so evanescent a spright, that you elude the force of common exertions.

How you became acquainted with Monimia's tale of sorrow, is an enigma, of which it will be conceived that *delicacy* forbids me to seek an explanation! The probability is, that you have practised upon her simplicity, and, insinuating yourself into the good graces of the afflicted fair one, by some illicit methods, you have at length obtained her confidence; and, as I am one of the best natured men in the world, extending the sceptre of my clemency, I shall view, with proper indulgence, the *imbecilities of nature*. Doubtless, I could have restored the tranquillity of my wife, without troubling either you or myself with my observations; but, besides that I conceive your temerity merits chastisement, as you have impertinently precipitated me, and an affair which was wholly mine, to public view, I am induced to believe, that the eclairsissement hath thus acquired a kind of right to publicity.

Monimia will remember, that I not long since paid a visit to my relations at B——. My kinsman S—— has a daughter, *not yet twelve years old*, who is very ingenious, and handles her scissors to admiration; *she cut my watch-paper, and she will be proud of furnishing Monimia with any little fancy pieces which she may wish*. On my return home, I made a display of my acquisition. Monimia, *bashfully and tremulously, made some round about inquiries, relative to the fair artificer—these I would not understand—I dislike every symptom of suspicion in ladies; suspicion looks so like jealousy, and jealousy looks so like want of confidence, I remained silent, and affected a kind of, what the ladies call, delicate embarrassment*. Perhaps I was wrong; but had I been apprised that the impression made by *so light a thing as a watch-paper*, could have been so serious, I should certainly have endeavoured to erase it.

I have, Mr. Meddler, the honour—the honour—no, that's wrong—I have not the honour—I have the conde-

scension to be, with honest wishes for your reformation, and little or no esteem, your constant reader,

EUGENIO.

L E T T E R I I

To the GLEANER.

Candor-Place, December 18th, 1794.

MR. VIGILLIUS,

AS you have given your examples under fictitious names, I am not furnished with a rational cause of anger; and yet, Sir, you have so well pointed circumstances, that it is impossible for the real claimant to avoid assuming habiliments, which can fit no one but himself.

Mystery is indeed the parent of conjecture, and concealment most surely engenders suspicion. Authors are doubtless justifiable, in procuring every warrantable illustration of their sentiments, and of those inferences which they wish to deduce; and even a *desire* to inform, or to improve, is entitled to grateful respect. If my Clarissa, or her favoured Altamont, can furnish either amusement or instruction to the Gleaner and his numerous readers, any little anecdote, relative to us, is extremely at their service. My Clarissa is more dear to my soul than the life-blood which warms me to existence; she hath not, she never had, nor ever can have, a rival in my affections. She reigns sole mistress in my heart, and to her peerless virtues my every thought does homage. Yet, while I avow a fealty so unreserved, I am bold enough to confess my property in the beautifully glossy lock of hair, a discovery of which has been so surreptitiously obtained; that I have treasured up this lock of hair, I also acknowledge; nor will I consent to part with it, until the last breath shall quiver upon my lips. Further, my own hands severed the contested lock from the head of a lovely female, who was dear to me as nature, as amity, or as my fondest hopes of happiness. All this is most true; and it is likewise true, that this female was not Clarissa!

Are you immeasurably astonished? Step to the other side of the piece, and it will assume another hue. I am not a native of America; I have lived only five years in this paradise of liberty. I had a sister—good God!

God ! how unfortunate was that sister ! amiable as virtue, and indulgent as Heaven ; she merited every thing short of adorations from that world which persecuted her, almost from the first hour of her existence. Execrable world !—the virtues of a Clarissa were necessary to reconcile me to an abode among thy deeply designing and treacherously murderous inhabitants ! I have forborne to narrate to my Clarissa the story of my sister's woes ; her misfortunes were too strongly marked with anguish, to be imposed upon the exquisitely tender feelings of that susceptible bosom, which melts with soft regrets at the tale of woe, and which has a sigh even for the common ills of life. Nay, those deplorable circumstances which hovered round the steps of my ill-fated sister, I have sedulously fought to blot even from my own memory. I would remember only her virtues, her angel goodness, her beauteous image, and her saint-like fortitude ; but, alas ! those recollections are so interwoven with the cruel events of her life, as to render a separation impossible.

Orphanaged in her earliest bud ; the sport of caprice, malice and duplicity, through the unsuspecting morn of life ; and, in her marriage choice, placing her virtuous confidence in a man, who, by a specious exterior, villanously deceived her ; who wore the garb of integrity, honour, generosity, and a mild and conceding disposition of soul, on purpose to betray her easy faith ; who no sooner exchanged the nuptial vow, than throwing off the mask, and commencing tyrant, he became unweariedly ingenious in his devices to torment the victim of his power ; who persecuted her to the death, nor suspended, for a single moment, his savage and detested operations, until, with a broken heart, she yielded up her breath, falling the martyr of assumed prerogative, cruelty and despotism.

Angelic sufferer ! mild and submissive, thou uttered no complaint ; not a vindictive expression escaped thee ; and had thy murderer possessed but common prudence, the knowledge of thy unprecedented wrongs would have been consigned to the grave with thee. Through all thy hard fortune, I followed still an impotent spectator of thy injuries ; but, while appearan-

ces were preserved, custom forbid a brother's interference, and an impeachment of thy husband's character would have been an incurable wound to thy delicacy. What shall I further say? He who made her, regarding her with sacred pity, the pity of a God, her emancipation was accelerated, and she drew her last breath in my arms! I saw her lovely bosom surcease the corroding sigh; I saw her heavenly form quietly disposed upon the bed of death; and, my Clarissa, it was in that agonized moment, that I severed from its kindred tresses, the shining ringlet, which, straying from its inclosure, fell unconscious upon her snowy forehead.

I grieve that it hath been to you the source of inquietude; but its value, at that distressing period, appeared to me immense; nor has reason or time essentially depreciated its importance. I could never persuade myself to part with it to an artist, who would have ostensibly returned it to me, in the form of cherubs, urns and inscriptions; for I have still preferred contemplating its natural beauties; and I employed my first serene moments in preparing those lines, in which to enshrine it, that have been erroneously called poetical. For the gratification of the curiosity of your readers, Mr. Gleaner, I take leave to subjoin a copy of them:

Alas! then is the conflict no more?
And hath the forgotten to weep?
Will nought the blest vision restore?
Hush! pity no laurels to reap!

How loud was that shriek of despair!
The blossoms of hope are all fled;
No altars to friendship I rear,
For friendship and honour are fled.

The ties are all broke which remain'd,
The storm hath uprooted my peace;
Dark malice its purpose hath gain'd,
And love from my bosom shall cease.

How bright was the morn of her days!
How charming the bud of her years!
Her form, it transcended all praise,
And her sorrow was virtue in tears.

How soothing the words of her tongue!
While harmony wafted the strain,
The chauntress melodiously sung,
And gladden'd the listening swain.

Bright honour enlited the fair,
Mark'd her priestess, she hall'd;
Ordain'd her paths to prepare,
The virgin her altars unveil'd.

But envy, with serpentine tread,
And scorn, with its merciless sting,
The wiles of destruction outspread;
How deadly the arrows they fling!

What glooms have pervaded the plain,
The shepherds are silent around,
Neglected each sweet flowing strain;
So deep is the festering wound.

And must I her counsels resign,
The guide and the star of my youth?
Must friendship no longer be mine,
Integrity, kindness, and truth?

Alas! no lov'd solace sustains;
How deep is the void in my breast!
This ringlet is all that remains
Of what I so largely possess'd!

Dear vestige of pleasures enjoy'd,
By cruelty snatch'd from my grasp,
By rancour insatiate destroy'd,
Tho' still the sweet shadows I clasp.

Memento of friendship possess'd,
On nature which blossom'd and grew,
And deep on my bosom impress'd,
As innocence tender and true.

Although you unconscious entwine,
Yet beauty your texture design'd;
Sweet relic of charms that were mine,
Of elegance bland and refin'd.

My pensive regrets you shall aid,
Companion of every woe,
Of sorrow the talisman made,
While my tears all unceasing fall.

The

The reader will indulge his own reflections; and I have chosen this method of making my communications to Clarissa; as the emotions which swell my bosom, when I would attempt to retrace the misfortunes of my injured sister, are too big for utterance.

I am, Sir, with due respect, and unfeigned wishes for your private felicity, and public celebrity, your most obedient humble servant,
ALTAMONT.

L E T T E R III.

To the GLEANER.

{ Sententious Alley, No. 3.
{ December 21st, 1794.

COURTEOUS GLEANER,

IF Cordelia will take the trouble to order her servant to make the proper inquiries at Mr. Lovegold, the jeweller's, in Middle-street, she will find that her sleeve-buttons are laid up there, for the purpose of obtaining the necessary repairs. As Cordelia and you seem to understand one another, I thought best to give her this information through the channel of your paper.

I am, most profound and sage, Sir, the inconsiderate, and *timely admonished*
HENRY.

"Malice doth merit, as its shade, pursue."

I could very modestly propose myself as a new proof of the truth of this oft-cited sentiment, which, if I mistake not, time and observation hath elevated into an approved axiom. I could, I say, leaving those who are offended to chew the cud of resentment, easily console myself, by so convenient an *appropriation*; but I freely confess, that I set a high value upon the opinion of the world; *I mean the worthy part of the world, to be sure*; and that thus stimulated, I feel myself impelled to make my defence, by producing a short sketch of my plan of operations.

When I was first seized with the mania of scribbling, I very wisely endeavoured to combat it by much deliberate consideration, and many a salutary antidote. Wisdom, attired in the alluring habiliments of tranquillity, and armed with the rhetoric of reason, sagely advanced

advanced her plea, and with great perspicuity, and energy of argument, she advocated that kind of serenity, which is the accompaniment of the unambitious man; who, gliding down the stream of time, inhaleth not the feverish gale; but wafted onward by the equal breath of contentment, partakes its mildly influence, and lives but to bless the gently undulating zephyr, that is thus silently impelling him athwart that ocean, upon which the *adventurous* voyager is fated to contend with hopes and fears, and with all those tumultuous winds of passion, which frequently involving him in a fearful hurricane, fail not to wreck his peace, whelming beneath their tremendous waves the brightest moments of his existence! Wisdom pointed out the wretched state of inquietude, anxiety, nightly watchings, and daily fatigues, to which that unhappy and misguided wight is condemned, who, betrayed by an *ignis fatuus*, is allured from the humble vale of soft and silent repose; from the calm possession of each social and domestic enjoyment, to encounter the various ills attendant upon a pursuit of *artificial good*. Wisdom enumerated a host of weary toils, of woe-begone regrets, of unrecompensed deeds of worth, of thankless achievements, and of barbed disappointments; and she painted in glowing colours the ingratitude of that world to which I would madly devote those hours, that might otherwise revolve, marked by the most refined, rational and exquisite satisfaction.

Wisdom delineated the thorny circles which begin the hill of fame; she bid me haste from the magic of her voice, from the mad contagion of her votaries; and, sheltering in the sweet and flowery walks of humility, she conjured me to embosom my aspiring views in the deepest recesses of my native shades; and, that she might forever dash my proud pretensions, and invigorate that despair, which, with icy grasp, and torpid influence, hovered round my steps, she represented in forms tremendously terrific, those deadly fiends, that with ghastly features, and unrelenting rigour, eternally guard the glittering domes of fame. Envy, with snakey locks, empoisoned veins, and pestilential breath

—Malice.

—Malice, with tongue envenomed, armed with ten thousand shafts of instant death, and smiling at destruction—Pale disappointment, marked by sorrow's train, with sad and solemn step, heaving corroding sighs, quaffing her copious tears, and in despondence garbed—and, last of all, deep shame, with face averted, eyes withdrawn, and red consuming anguish, confessed thy power, heart appalling, spirit wounding, soul abashing scorn. Afflicting ridicule—satires dread sting—the critic's whip, which hissed along the air—with every plague which a poor author ever knew—these Wisdom summoned, and in fearful order the direful phalanx stood.

Yet my aspiring mind, steeled for the conflict, all in armour-clad, and shielded by temerity—assuming resolution, and armed by pertinacity, presumed with daring steps, and enterprizing rashness, to penetrate the embodied opposition, and *Reason plead in vain*. Headlong ambition, all precepts notwithstanding, continued inflexibly persevering, and triumphed in the conflict. Ambition selected its ornaments, and it wore on its left breast, close to the heart, a bouquet, whose perfumed buds were, with intrepid daring, snatched from the stock of ever-blooming hope. In this it prided much, and fondly fancied that some future day, bedecked with sunny beams, would give the deathless flowrets to enwreath its time distinguished, time adorned brow. Thus breathing mid such odoriferous airs; incense so sweet inhaling, intoxicated reason, treading enchanted ground, by magic spells enfolded, and wrapped in gay delusion, its firmness lost—Ambition seized the reins—the die was cast—and helter-skelter round the world we drove.

But, seriously, although thus rashly embarked, *judgment* occasionally officiates; and while temerity sets at the helm, *she* often, matron like, interposes her cautionary directions, and to be duly influenced by her counsels, is a prime object, even in the arrangements of ambition.

There is hardly any thing I have so much feared, as the sands of oblivion; and that I might produce a stream of sufficient depth to fleet my little skiff, my faculties,

faculties, diligently exercised, have been almost constantly employed. Mankind have generally furnished my reservoir; and I have set in the circles which I frequent, industriously improving a hint, marking the sentiment of worth, catching every unwrought gem, and eagerly availing myself of those circumstances, which I conceived I might *honestly* appropriate. Names I have been careful to conceal; and studiously embellishing events, and qualifying them to convey amusement, information, or even instruction, I have produced them as candidates for the attention of a vacant moment. Thus occupied, it will cease to be matter of surprise, that I have treasured even the *whispers*, of conversation; my ear is constantly on duty, and it hath proved to me a truly faithful scout. Collected in myself, I am often regarded as a mute in society; but I am careful to hoard every remark, and bearing the multifarious burden to my working hive, it undergoeth a chymical process; and, after receiving in my pericranium the destined form, it is with all due humility submitted to public observation.

Thus Eugenio, if he will give his candour full play, may perceive, that without being the favourite confidante, "*of all the young, handsome married women of my acquaintance,*" I may, *the loquacity of the sex considered,* legally become possessed of *secrets*, which are *whispered to select friends*, which are gathered from *mysterious words*, and which sometimes result from those *expressive looks*, in which the *female world* are such proficients, and which they so well know *when to assume*. On the whole, while I have generally aimed at utility, I have studiously endeavoured to avoid all occasion of offence; but if my honest intentions have not been crowned with success, as it is impossible to recal the past, I can only assure Eugenio, and every reader of his description, that I will be indefatigably industrious to render my future numbers less exceptionable.

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